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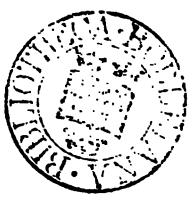
THE ALDINE EDITION OF THE BRITISH POETS

THE POEMS OF SAMUEL BUTLER

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL I



G. Adcock sc.

Samuell Butler

THE POETICAL WORKS OF

SAMUEL BUTLER

VOLUME I

LONDON
BELL AND DALDY FLEET STREET
1866

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VOL I

lost. It is true that the poem abounds with curious and uncommon learning, with original thoughts, happy images, quaint and comic turns of expression, and new and fanciful rhymes. But the humour, instead of being diffused quietly and unostentatiously over the whole poem, in rich harmonious colouring, is collected into short epigrammatic sentences, pointed apothegms, and unexpected allusions. It has the same merits and defects as a poem of a very different kind—Young's Night Thoughts,—copious invention, new and pleasing images, and brilliant thoughts; with a want of sufficient connexion in the subject, and progress in the story. There is no poem at all resembling Hudibras in character in our language; but parts of it are not dissimilar to the style and manner of some prose writings of the time, which were published under the name of 'Characters,' and which, like Butler's poem, dazzle rather than delight by successive flashes of wit, and a rapid play of fancy. It may be observed that the defects and merits of this work are *practically* made known by the manner in which it is read. Its want of story and incident seldom permits a continued perusal; while the abundance of its wise[4]

design is not kept up. He sinks into little true particulars about the Widow, &c. The enthusiastic Knight, and the ignorant Squire, over religious in two different ways, and always quarrelling together, is the chief point of view in it." —(Pope) v. Spence's Anecdotes, p. 208. It appears from some passages in Warburton's Correspondence, that *Gray* did not much admire this poem of Butler's.

[4] "Though scarcely any author was ever able to express his thoughts in so few *words* as Butler, he often employs too many thoughts on one subject, and thus becomes prolix after

Samuell Butler

he accepted the Secretaryship to Richard, Earl of Carbury, Lord President of the Principality of Wales, who made him Steward of Ludlow Castle, where the court of the marches was removed. About this time, he married Mrs. Herbert,[7] a gentlewoman of good family, but who had lost most of her fortune, by placing it on bad securities, in those very dangerous and uncertain times. A. Wood says, that he was Secretary to George, Duke of Buckingham, when he was Chancellor of Cambridge, that the Duke treated him with kindness and generosity; and that in common with almost all men of wit and learning, he enjoyed the friendship of the celebrated Earl of Dorset. The author of his Life, prefixed to his Poems, says, that the integrity of his life, the acuteness of his wit, and the easiness of his conversation, rendered him acceptable to all; but that he avoided a multiplicity of acquaintance. The accounts both of the patronage of the Duke of Buckingham and the

pressly style Sir Samuel Luke, Sir Hudibras;" the name was borrowed from Spenser, F. Q. 11. i. 17.

> He that made love unto the eldest dame
> Was hight Sir Hudibras, an hardy man.

It is supposed that Lilly the astrologer was represented under the person of Sidrophel; though Sir Paul Neal, who denied Butler to be the author of Hudibras, has been mentioned as the person intended. Vide Grey's Hudibras, ii. 105, 388, 1st edit.; and Nash's Hudibras, vol. ii. p. 308, that *Whachum* was meant for Sir George Wharton, does not appear to rest on any proof; v. Biographia, Art. Sherborne, note (B).

[7] A. Wood says, that she was a widow, and that Butler supported himself by her jointure, deriving nothing from the practice of the law.

Secretaryship are disbelieved by Dr. Johnson, on the following grounds:—"Mr. Wycherley," says Major Packe, "had always laid hold of any opportunity which offered of representing to the Duke of Buckingham how well Mr. Butler had deserved of the royal family, by writing his inimitable Hudibras, and that it was a reproach to the Court that a person of his loyalty and wit, should suffer in obscurity, and under the wants he did. The duke always seemed to hearken to him with attention enough, and after some time undertook to recommend his pretentions to his Majesty. Mr. Wycherley, in hopes to keep him steady to his word, obtained of his Grace to name a day, when he might introduce that modest and unfortunate poet to his new patron. At last an appointment was made, and the place of meeting was agreed to be the Roebuck. Mr. Butler and his friend attended accordingly; the duke joined them, but as the devil would have it, the door of the room where they sat was open, and his Grace, who had seated himself near it, observing a pimp of his acquaintance (the creature too was a knight) trip by with a brace of ladies, immediately quitted his engagement to follow another kind of business, at which he was more ready than to do good offices to those of desert, though no one was better qualified than he, both in regard to his fortune and understanding, to protect them; and from that time to the day of his death, poor Butler never found the least effect of his promise."

This story may be believed or not; to me, I confess, it appears more like a well-dressed fiction

of Wycherley's than the truth; why the accidental interruption of the interview should never after have been repaired, does not appear; but there is a better testimony in some verses of Butler, which were published by Mr. Thyer: "which are written (says Johnson) with a degree of acrimony, such as neglect and disappointment might naturally excite, and such as it would be hard to imagine Butler capable of expressing against a man who had any claim to his gratitude."

In 1663, the first part of Hudibras, in three cantos, was published,[8] when more than fifty years had matured the author's genius, and given large scope to his experience of mankind. It was speedily known at court, through the influence of the Earl of Dorset.[9] The king praised, the courtiers, of course, admired, and the royalists greeted a production which certainly covered their now fallen enemies with all the derision and contempt which wit and genius could command. In 1664, the second part appeared; and the author, as well as the public, watched with anxiety for the reward which he was to receive from the gratitude of the king; like the other expectants of Charles's bounty, which was drained off into very different channels, they watched in vain. Clarendon, says Wood,

[8] Some verses in the first edition of Hudibras were afterwards omitted for reasons of state, as

> Did not the learned Glynne and Maynard,
> To make good subjects traitors, strain hard.
> Was not the king, by proclamation,
> Declared a traitor through the nation.

[9] See Prior's Dedication to his Poems.

gave him reason to hope for places and employments of value and credit, but he never received them; and the story of the king's presenting him with a purse of three hundred guineas appears also to rest on no competent authority. To compensate for the neglect of the court, and of a king, who, in truth, cared for no one but himself, and who possessed neither public honour, nor private principle, it is difficult to say, whether Butler may have been satisfied with the approbation of the people; or how far the love of his art, confidence in his own genius, and a natural fondness for a successful production, may have induced him to continue his poem; certainly in four years more he published the third part, which still leaves the work unfinished. What he ultimately intended, it is impossible to conjecture from a narrative which has no consistent plan, or progress. He may have been wearied of it, or he may not have had time to continue it; for he died two years after its appearance, in his sixty-ninth year, on the 25th of September, 1680;[1] and was buried very privately by his friend Mr. Longueville, in the church-yard of St. Paul, Covent-Garden, at his private expense; for he had in vain solicited an honourable and public funeral in Westminster Abbey. His grave was at the west-end of the

[1] A. Wood says he died of a consumption; Oldham says he was carried off by a fever; but as he was near three score and ten, we may be spared any further investigation. Mr. Longueville says he lived for some years in Rose Street, Covent Garden, and probably died there: that notwithstanding his disappointments he was never reduced to want or beggary, and that he did not die in any person's debt.

church-yard on the north side; "his feet," says Aubrey, "touch the wall; his grave, two yards distant from the pilaster of the door, by his desire six foot deep. About twenty-five of his old acquaintances at his funeral, I myself being one." The burial service was read over him by the learned Dr. Simon Patrick, then Rector of the parish, and afterwards Bishop of Ely. Dr. Johnson says, that Mr. Lowndes of the Treasury, informed Dr. Zachary Pearce,[2] that Butler was allowed a yearly pension of a hundred pounds; but this, as Johnson says, is contradicted by all tradition, by the complaints of Oldham,[3] and the reproaches of Dryden. About forty years after, Mr. Barber, whose name is familiar to all persons conversant with the literature of that time, who was a printer, and Lord Mayor of London, erected a monument in Westminster Abbey to the poet's memory; the inscription will prove how warmly he approved his principles.[4]

[2] See Granger's Biog. Hist. of England, vol. iv. p. 40.

[3] See Oldham's 'Satire against Poetry,' and Dryden's 'Hind and Panther,' and Otway's 'Prologue to the Tragedy of Constantine the Great.' Butler twice transcribed the following distich in his Common-place Book:

To think how *Spenser* died, how *Cowley* mourn'd,
How *Butler's* faith and service were return'd.

[4] In the additions to Pope's works, published by George Steevens, i. p. 13, are some lines said to be written by Pope on this monument erected by Barber.

Respect to Dryden Sheffield justly paid,
And noble Villars honour'd Cowley's shade.
But whence this Barber? that a name so mean
Should, join'd with Butler's, on a tomb be seen;
The pyramid would better far proclaim
To future ages humbler Settle's name;

M. S.
SAMUELIS BUTLERI,
Qui Strenshamiæ in agro Vigorn. nat. 1612,
obiit Lond. 1680.

Vir doctus imprimis, acer, integer;
Operibus ingenii, non item præmiis fœlix:
Satyrici apud nos carminis artifex egregius;
Quo simulatæ religionis larvam detraxit,
Et perduellium scelera liberrime exagitavit;
Scriptorum in suo genere, primus et postremus.
Ne, cui vivo deerant ferè omnia,
Deessit etiam mortuo tumulus,
Hoc tandem posito marmore, curavit
Johannes Barber, civis Londinensis, 1721.[5]

After his death, three small volumes were published bearing the title of his posthumous pieces in verse and prose; they are, however, all spurious, except the ode on Duval and two of the prose tracts: but the volumes subsequently given to the

Poet and patron then had been well pair'd,
The city printer and the city bard.

The lines also by Samuel Wesley are well known (vide Poems, 4to. 1736, p. 62.)

While Butler, needy wretch, was yet alive,
No generous patron would a dinner give;
See him, when starved to death and turn'd to dust,
Presented with a monumental bust.
The poet's fate is here in emblem shown,
He ask'd for bread, and he received a stone.

[5] See Delineation of Butler's Monument in Dart's Westminster Abbey, pl. 3, tom. 1, pp. 78, 79. With regard to the monument erected in St. Paul's, Covent Garden, in 1786 (when the church was repaired), at the expense of some of the parishioners, on the south side of the church (inside) with the inscription, see Nash's Life of Butler, xiii. See engraving of it in Nash's Life of Butler, p. xxxix. An engraving of the monument in Westminster Abbey is in the same work, p. 678. Within the last few years a marble tablet has been erected to his memory in the parish church of his native village, Strensham, by John Taylor, Esq., who now owns the estate on which the poet was born.

world by Mr. Thyer, keeper of the public library at Manchester, are genuine[6] and valuable. "As to these *remains* of Butler," says Warburton in his Letters (cxxxi), "they are certainly his; but they would not strike the public, if that public was honest; but the public is a malicious monster, which cares not what it affords to dead merit, so it can but depress the living. There was something singular in this same Butler; besides an infinite deal of wit, he had great sense and penetration, both in the sciences and in the world. Yet with all this, he could never plan a work or tell a story well. The first appears from his Hudibras; the other from his Elephant in the Moon. He evidently appears to be dissatisfied with it, by turning it into long verse, but that was his forte; the fault lay in the manner of telling, not but he might have another reason for trying his talents at heroic verse—emulation. Dryden had burst out in a surprising manner; and, in such a case, the poetic world, as we have seen by a late instance, is always full of imitations.[6] But Butler's heroics are poor stuff; indeed only doggerel made languid by heavy expletives. This attempt in the change of his measure was the sillier, not only as he acquired the mastery in

[6] What genuine remains of Butler Thyer did *not* publish, were all in the hands either of Dr. R. Farmer or Dr. Nash, and had been seen by Atterbury. See Life by Nash, xvi. James Massey, Esq. of Rosthern, Cheshire, had Butler's Common Place Book. Some law cases from Coke upon Littleton, drawn up in Norman-French by Butler, were bought by Dr. Nash of Butler's relation in Buckinghamshire. He had also a French Dictionary compiled by him, and part of a tragedy of Nero.

the short measure, but as that measure, somehow or other, suits best with his sort of wit. His characters are full of cold puerilities, though intermixed with abundance of wit and with a great deal of good sense. He is sometimes wonderfully fine both in his sentiment and expression, as when he defines 'the Proud Man to be a Fool in fermentation;' and when speaking of the Antiquary, he says, 'he has a great veneration for words that are stricken in years and are grown so aged that they have outlived their employments:' but the great fault in these characters is that they are a bad and false species of composition.[7] As for his editor he is always in the wrong when there was a possibility of his mistaking. I could not but smile at his detecting Pope's plagiarisms about the Westphalia hogs, when I reflected, that in a very little time, when the chronology is not well attended to, your fine note about the ambergris will be understood by every one as a ridicule upon it; and, indeed, an excellent one it is: notwithstanding, I wish this fellow would give us a new edition of Hudibras, for the reason he mentions."

A. Wood ascribed to Butler two pamphlets, supposed, he says, falsely to be William Prynn's. The one entitled "Mola Asinaria," or the unreasonable and insupportable Burden pressed upon the Shoulders of this groaning Nation. London, 1659, in one sheet, 4to. The other, Two Letters; one from John Audland, a quaker, to William Prynn; the other, Prynn's Answer; in three

[7] See some excellent observations on this style of writing in Retrosp. Rev. vol. iii. art. iv. 'Fuller's Church History.'

sheets in folio, 1672. The author of his life also adds, that he had seen a small poem, of one sheet in quarto, on Duval the highwayman, said to be written by Butler. These formed part of the posthumous pieces above mentioned; to which may be added the fragment given to Mr. Aubrey by the poet himself, and printed by the writer of his life. It is said that Butler did not shine in conversation till he had taken a cheerful glass, though he was no intemperate drinker. The following story is told in the British Biography:—"Before he (Butler) was personally known to the Earl of Dorset, that nobleman had a great desire to spend an evening with him as a private gentleman; and with that view prevailed on Mr. Fleetwood Shepherd to introduce him into his company at a tavern which they used, in the character only of a common friend. This being done, Mr. Butler, we are told, whilst the first bottle was drinking, appeared very flat and heavy, at the second bottle extremely brisk and lively, full of wit and learning, and a most pleasant agreeable companion, but before the third bottle was finished, sunk again into such stupidity and dulness, that hardly any body could have believed him to be the author of Hudibras, a book abounding with so much wit, learning, and pleasantry. Next morning Mr. Shepherd asked his lordship's opinion of Mr. Butler, who answered, 'He is like a nine-pin, little at both ends, but great in the middle.'[8] Johnson sums up the personal history of the poet by say-

[8] A. Wood says, "Butler was a boon and witty companion, especially among the company he knew well."

ing, 'In this mist of obscurity passed the life of Butler, a man whose name can only perish with his language.' The date of his birth is doubtful, the mode and place of his education are unknown, the events of his life are variously related, and all that can be told with certainty is that he was poor."

A list of the portraits of Butler, in painting and engraving, may be found in Granger's History of England;[9] a portrait of him by Lely is in the Picture Gallery at Oxford; and another, by the same hand, formerly in the possession of Mr. Longueville, became the property of Mr. Hayter of Salisbury. Another likeness of him by Zoort, was formerly in the collection of the celebrated Mr. Charles Jennins. Several prints of him by Vertue are also prefixed to different editions of his works.

The merit of Hudibras (it has been well observed),[1] certainly lies in its style and execution, and by no means in the structure of the story. The action of the story as it stands, and interrupted as it is, occupies but three days, and it is clear from the opening line, 'When civil dudgeon first grew high,' that it was meant to bear date

[9] See vol. iv. p. 38, &c. A mezzotint print of Lord Grey has been altered to Butler.

[1] See Campbell's Specimens of Br. Poets, vol. iv. p. 205. The principal actions of the poem, says Nash, are four. 1. Hudibras's victory over Crowdero. 2. Trulla's victory over Hudibras. 3. Hudibras's victory over Sidrophel. 4. The Widow's antimasquerade. The rest is made up of the adventures of the Bear, of the Skimmington, Hudibras's conversations with the Lawyer and Sidrophel, and his long disputations with Ralpho and the Widow.

with the civil wars. Yet after two days and nights are completed, the Poet skips at once, in the third part, to Oliver Cromwell's death, and then returns to retrieve his hero, and conduct him through the last canto. Before the third part of Hudibras appeared, a great space of time had elapsed, since the publication of the first. Charles the Second had been fifteen years asleep on the throne, and Butler seems to have felt that the ridicule of the sectaries was a stale subject. The final interest of the piece, therefore, dwindles into the Widow's repulse of Sir Hudibras, a topic which has been suspected to allude not so much to the Presbyterians, as to the reigning monarch's dotage upon his mistresses. "Burlesque," says Shenstone, "may perhaps be divided into such as turns chiefly on the thought and such as depends more on the expression, or we may add a third kind, consisting in thoughts ridiculously dressed, in language much above or below their dignity. The Splendid Shilling of Phillips, and the Hudibras of Butler are the most obvious instances. Butler, however, depended much on the ludicrous effect of his double rhymes; in other respects, to declare your sentiments, he is rather a witty writer, than a humorous one."[2] The defect of Butler's poem undoubtedly consists, in what has been already mentioned,—the poverty of the incidents, and the incompleteness and irregularity of the design. The slender strain of narrative which is just visible in the commencement,[3] soon dwindles away and is

[2] Shenstone's Works, vol. ii. p. 182, third ed.

[3] "Butler set out on too narrow a plan, and even that

"The hero of Butler is a presbyterian justice, who, in the confidence of legal authority and the rage of zealous ignorance, ranges the country to repress superstition and correct abuses, accompanied by an *independent* clerk, disputatious and obstinate, with whom he often debates, but never conquers him.

"Cervantes had so much kindness for Don Quixote, that, however he embarrasses him with absurd distresses, he gives him so much sense and virtue, as may preserve our esteem. Wherever he is or whatever he does, he is made by matchless dexterity, commonly ridiculous, but never contemptible.

"But for poor Hudibras, his poet had no tenderness, he chooses not that any pity should be shewn, or respect paid him. He gives him up at once to laughter and contempt, without any quality that can dignify or protect him. In forming the character of Hudibras, and describing his person and habiliments, the author seems to labour with a tumultuous confusion of dissimilar ideas. He had read the history of the mock knights-errant, he knew the notions and manners of a Presbyterian magistrate, and tried to unite the absurdities of both, however distant, in one personage.[6] Thus he gives him that pedantic osten-

[6] "One great object," says Nash, "of our Poet's satire, is to unmask the hypocrite and to exhibit in a light at once odious and ridiculous, the Presbyterians and Independents, and all other sects, which in our Poet's days amounted to near two hundred, and were enemies to the king; but his further view was to banter all the false and erase all the suspicious pretences to learning that prevailed in his time, such as astrology, sympathetic medicine, alchymy, transfusion of

tation of knowledge, which has no relation to chivalry, and loads him with martial encumbrances, that can add nothing to his civil dignity. He sends him out a *colonelling*, and yet never brings him within sight of war. If Hudibras be considered as the representative of the Presbyterians, it is not easy to say why his weapons should be represented as ridiculous or useless; for whatever judgment might be passed on their knowledge, or their arguments, experience had sufficiently shown that their swords were not to be despised. The hero, thus compounded of swagger and pedant, of knight and justice, is led forth to action, with his Squire Ralpho, an independent enthusiast. Of the contexture of events planned by the author, which is called the action of the poem, since it is left imperfect, no judgment can be made. It is probable that the hero was to be led through many luckless adventures, which would give occasion, like his attack upon the Bear and Fiddle, to expose the ridiculous rigour of the sectaries, like his encounter with Sidrophel and Whachum, to make superstition and credulity contemptible; or like his recourse to the low retailer of the law, discover the fraudulent practices of different professions.

"What series of events he would have formed, or in what manner he would have rewarded or

blood, trifling experimental philosophy, fortune-telling, incredible relations of travellers, false wit and injudicious affectation of ornament to be found in the poets and romance writers; thus he frequently alludes to Purchas's Pilgrims, Sir K. Digby's books, Bulwar's Artificial Changeling, Brown's Vulgar Errors, Burton's Melancholy, the early Transactions of the Royal Society, &c."

punished his hero, it is now vain to conjecture. His work must have had, it seems, the defect which Dryden imputes to Spenser, the action could not have been one: those could only have been a succession of incidents, each of which might have happened without the rest, and which could not all co-operate to any single conclusion. The discontinuity of the action might, however, have been easily forgiven; if there had been action enough, but I believe every reader regrets the paucity of events, and complains that in the poem of Hudibras, as in the History of Thucydides, there is more said than done. The scenes are too seldom changed, and the attention is tired with long conversation. It is indeed much more easy to form dialogues than to contrive adventures. Every position makes way for an argument, and every objection dictates an answer. When two disputants are engaged on a complicated and extensive question, the difficulty is not to continue, but to end the controversy. But whether it be, that we comprehend but few of the possibilities of life, or that life itself affords little variety, every man who has tried, knows how much labour it will cost to form such a combination of circumstances as shall have at once the grace of novelty and credibility, and delight fancy without violence to reason. Perhaps the dialogue of this poem is not perfect. Some power of engaging the attention might have been added to it, by quicker reciprocation, by seasonable interruptions, by sudden questions, and by a nearer approach to dramatic sprightliness; without which,

fictitious speeches will always tire, however sparkling with sentences, and however variegated with allusions. The great source of pleasure is variety. Uniformity must tire at last, though it be an uniformity of excellence. We love to expect, and when expectation is disappointed, or gratified, we want to be again expecting. For this impatience of the present, whoever would please must make provision. The skilful writer, *irritat, mulcet*, makes a due distribution of the still and animated parts. It is for want of this artful intertexture, and those necessary changes, that the whole of a book may be tedious, though all the parts are praised.

"If inexhaustible wit could give perpetual pleasure, no eye could ever leave half-read the work of Butler; for what poet has ever brought so many remote images so happily together? It is scarcely possible to peruse a page without finding some association of images that was never found before. By the first paragraph the reader is amused, by the next he is delighted, and by a few more strained to astonishment, but astonishment is a toilsome pleasure. He is soon weary of wandering, and longs to be diverted.

> Omnia vult belle Matho dicere, dic aliquando
> Et bene, dic neutrum, dic aliquando male.

Imagination is useless without knowledge; nature gives in vain the power of combination, unless study and observation supply materials to be combined. Butler's treasures of knowledge appear proportioned to his expense. Whatever topic

employs his mind, he shows himself qualified to expand and illustrate it with all the accessories that books can furnish. He is found not only to have travelled the beaten road, but the bye-paths of literature; not only to have taken general surveys, but to have examined particulars with minute inspection. If the French boast the learning of Rabelais, we need not be afraid of confronting them with Butler. But the most valuable parts of his performance are those which retired study and native wit cannot supply. He that merely makes a book from books may be useful, but can scarcely be great. Butler had not suffered life to glide by him unseen or unobserved. He had watched with great diligence the operations of human nature, and traced the effects of opinion, humour, interest, and passion. From such remarks proceeded that great number of sententious distichs, which have passed into conversation, and are added as proverbial axioms to the general stock of practical knowledge. When any work has been viewed and admired, the first question of intelligent curiosity is, how was it performed? Hudibras was not a hasty effusion; it was not produced by a sudden tumult of imagination, or a short paroxysm of violent labour. To accumulate such a mass of sentiments at the call of accidental desire, or of sudden necessity, is beyond the reach and power of the most active and comprehensive mind. I am informed by Mr. Thyer, of Manchester, that excellent editor of this author's reliques, that he could show something like Hudibras in prose. He has in his possession the

common-place book in which Butler reposited not such events and precepts as are gathered by reading, but such remarks, similitudes, allusions, assemblages, or inferences, as occasion prompted, or meditation produced, those thoughts that were generated in his own mind, and might be usefully applied to some future purpose. Such is the labour of those who write for immortality:[7] but human works are not easily found without a perishable part. Of the ancient poets every reader feels the mythology tedious and oppressive; of Hudibras, the manners being founded on

[7] Butler crowds into his confined circle all the treasures of art and the accumulations of learning. He gives full measure to his readers, heaped up and running over. Thought crowds upon thought, and witticism on witticism, in rapid and dazzling succession. Every topic and every incident is made the most of: his bye-play always tells. Many of his happiest sallies appear to escape him as if by accident. Many of his hardest hits appear to be merely chance-blows. A description of a bear-ward brings in a sneer at Sir K. Digby, and his powder of sympathy; and an account of a tinker's doxy introduces a pleasantry on Sir W. Davenant's Gondibert. There is always an undercurrent of satiric allusion beneath the main stream of his satire. The juggling of astrology, the besetting folly of alchymy, the transfusion of blood, the sympathetic medicines, the learned trifling of experimental philosophers, the knavery of fortune-tellers, and the folly of their dupes, the marvellous relations of travellers, the subtleties o the school divines, the freaks of fashion, the fantastic extravagancies of lovers, the affectations of piety, and the absurdities of romance, are interwoven with his subject, and soften down and relieve his dark delineation of fanatical violence and perfidy. * * Butler was by no means deficient in humour, but it is cast into a dim eclipse by the predominance of his wit. His characters do not show themselves off unconsciously as fools or coxcombs: they are set up as marks at which the author levels all the shafts of his ridicule and sarcasm. *v.* Retrosp. Rev. vol. iii. p. 333.

opinions, are temporary and local, and therefore become every day less intelligible and less striking. What Cicero says of philosophy is true likewise of wit and humour, that time effaces the fictions of opinion, and confirms the determinations of nature. Such manners as depend upon standing relations and general passions are co-extended with the race of man; but those modifications of life and peculiarities of practice, which are the progeny of error and perverseness, or at best, of some accidental influence, or transient persuasion, must perish with their parents. Much, therefore, of that humour which transported the last century with merriment is lost to us, who do not know the sour solemnity, the sullen superstition, the gloomy moroseness, and the stubborn scruples of the ancient Puritans; or, if we know them, derive our information only from books, or from tradition; have never had them before our eyes, and cannot but by recollection and study understand the lines in which they are satirized. Our grandfathers knew the picture from the life; we judge of the life by contemplating the picture.

"It is scarcely possible, in the regularity and composure of the present time, to image the tumult of absurdity and clamour of contradiction, which perplexed doctrine, disordered practice, and disturbed both public and private quiet, in that age when subordination was broken, and awe was hissed away; when any unsettled innovator, who could hatch a half-formed notion, produced it to the public; when every man might become a preacher, and almost every preacher could collect a

congregation. The wisdom of the nation is very reasonably supposed to reside in the parliament; what can be concluded of the lower classes of the people, when in one of the parliaments summoned by Cromwell, it was seriously proposed, that all the records in the Tower should be burned, that all memory of things passed should be effaced, and that the whole system of life should commence anew! We have never been witnesses of animosities excited by the use of mince pies and plum porridge, nor seen with what abhorrence those who could eat them at all other times of the year, should shrink from them in December. An old Puritan, who was alive in my childhood, being at one of the feasts of the Church, invited by a neighbour to partake his cheer, told him that if he would treat him at an alehouse with beer brewed for all times and seasons, he should accept his kindness, but would have none of his superstitious meats and drinks. One of the puritanical tenets was the illegality of all games of chance, and he that reads Gataker upon Lots, may see how much learning and reason one of the first scholars of his age thought necessary to prove that it was no crime to throw a die, or play at cards, or hide a shilling for the reckoning. Astrology, however, against which so much of the satire is directed, was not more the folly of the Puritans than of others; it had in that time a very extensive dominion; its predictions raised hopes and fears in minds which ought to have rejected it with contempt. In hazardous undertakings care was taken to begin under the influence of a propitious planet; and when the

king was prisoner in Carisbrook Castle, an astrologer was consulted what hour would be found most favourable to an escape. What effect this poem had upon the public, whether it shamed imposture, or reclaimed credulity, is not easily determined, cheats can seldom stand long against laughter; it is certain that the credit of planetary intelligence wore fast away, though some men of knowledge, and Dryden among them, continued to believe that conjunctions and oppositions had a great part in the distribution of good or evil, and in the government of sublunary things.

"Poetical action ought to be probable upon certain suppositions; and such probability as burlesque requires is here violated only by one incident. Nothing can show more plainly the necessity of doing something, and the difficulty of finding something to do, than that Butler was reduced to transfer to his hero the flagellation of Sancho, not the most agreeable fiction of Cervantes, very suitable indeed to the manners of that age and nation, which ascribed wonderful efficacy to voluntary penances; but so remote from the practice and opinions of the Hudibrastic time, that judgment and imagination are alike offended. The diction of this poem is grossly familiar, and the numbers purposely neglected, except in a few places where the thoughts by their native excellence secure themselves from violation, being such as mean language cannot express. The mode of versification has been blamed by Dryden, who regrets that the heroic measure was not rather chosen. To the critical sentence of Dryden the

highest reverence would be due, were not his decisions often precipitate, and his opinions immature. When he wished to change the measure, he probably would have been willing to change more. If he intended that when the numbers were heroic, the diction should still remain vulgar, he planned a very heterogeneous and unnatural composition. If he preferred a general stateliness both of sound and words, he can only be understood to wish Butler had undertaken a different work. The measure is quick, sprightly, and colloquial, suitable to the vulgarity of the words, and the levity of the sentiments, but such numbers and such diction can gain regard only when they are used by a writer whose vigour of fancy and copiousness of knowledge entitle him to contempt of ornaments, and who in confidence of the novelty and justness of his conceptions, can afford to throw metaphors and epithets away. To another that conveys common thoughts in careless versification, it will only be said, 'Pauper videri Cinna vult, et est pauper.' The meaning and diction will be worthy of each other, and criticism may justly doom them to perish together. Nor even though another Butler should arise, would another Hudibras obtain the same regard. Burlesque consists in a disproportion between the style and the sentiments, or between the adventitious sentiments and the fundamental subject. It, therefore, like all bodies compounded of heterogeneous parts, contains in it a principle of corruption. All disproportion is unnatural, and from what is unnatural we can derive only the pleasure

which novelty produces. We admire it awhile as a strange thing; but when it is no longer strange we perceive its deformity. It is a kind of artifice which by frequent repetition detects itself: and the reader, learning in time what he is to expect, lays down his book, as the spectator turns away from a second exhibition of those tricks, of which the only use is to show they can be played."

NOTES.

Page vii.

ON Sir Samuel Luke being represented by Hudibras, see Dr. Grey's Preface, p. iv. where by a reverend and learned person, *Warburton* is meant, see D'Israeli's Curiosities of Literature (new series) vol. i. p. 235, on this point. The Grub Street Journal says, one Col. Rolle, a Devonshire man. The old tutelar saint of Devonshire was Hugh de Bras, see Edinburgh Review, No. LXVII. 159. The author of a curious article in the Censor, No. XVI. (*v.* Gent. Mag.) called "Memoirs of Sir Samuel Luke," observes, An unauthenticated story prevails that Butler once lived in the service of Sir Samuel Luke, and has increased with a succession of writers, like a rolling ball of snow. Wood and Aubrey, who had both access to credible information, say nothing about it; and it first occurs in an anonymous life prefixed to his poems. Towneley, in his Memoir, insinuates that he behaved with ingratitude; 'Il me semble qu'il doit épargner le chevalier Luke, son bienfaiteur, que la gratitude et la reconnaissance auraient du mettre à couvert contre les traits de la satire de votre auteur.' But for the climax of this representation we are in-

debted to the Edinb. Review (Art. Hogg's Jacobite Relics), in which the critic roundly asserts that "Butler lived in the family, supported by the bounty of Sir Samuel Luke, one of Cromwell's captains, at the very time he planned his Hudibras, of which he was pleased to make his kind friend and hospitable patron the Hero." Now (he continues) we defy the history of whiggism to match this anecdote, or to produce so choice a specimen of the human nettle!

P. x. Gratitude of the king.] According to the verses in Butler's 'Hudibras at Court,' (*v.* Remains).

Now you must know, Sir Hudibras
With such perfections gifted was,
And so peculiar in his manner,
That all that saw him, did him honor.
Among the rest this prince was one
Admired his conversation.
This prince, whose ready wit and parts
Conquer'd both men and women's hearts:
Was so o'ercome with Knight and Ralph,
That he could never clear it off.
He never eat, nor drank, nor slept,
But Hudibras still near him kept;
Nor would he go to church, or so,
But Hudibras must with him go.
Nor yet to visit concubine,
Or at a city feast to dine;
But Hudibras must still be there,
Or all the fat was in the fire.
Now after all, was it not hard
That he should meet with no reward,
That fitted out this Knight and Squire,
This monarch did so much admire;
That he should never reimburse
The man for th' equipage and horse,
Is sure a strange ungrateful thing
In any body but a king;
But this good king, it seems, was told
By some that were with him too bold,

If e'er you hope to gain your ends,
Caress your foes, and trust your friends.
Such were the doctrines that were taught,
Till this unthinking king was brought
To leave his friends to starve and die,
A poor reward for loyalty.

Oldham, in his Satire against Poetry, writes thus:

On Butler, who can think without just rage,
The glory and the scandal of the age?
Fair stood his hopes, when first he came to town,
Met everywhere with welcomes of renown.
Courted and loved by all, with wonder read,
And promises of princely favour fed.
But what reward for all had he at last,
After a life in dull expectance past?
The wretch, at summing up his misspent days,
Found nothing left but poverty and praise.
Of all his gains by verse he could not save
Enough to purchase flannel and a grave.
Reduced to want, he in due time fell sick,
Was fain to die, and be interred on tick,
And well might bless the fever that was sent
To rid him hence, and his worse fate prevent.

And Dryden, in the Hind and Panther:

Unpitied Hudibras, your champion friend
Has shown how far your charities extend.
This lasting verse shall on his tomb be read,
'He shamed you living, and upbraids you dead.'

P. xiii. Epitaph on Butler, by John Dennis, never before published, in D'Israeli's Curiosities of Literature, (new series), vol. i. p. 240:

Near this place lies interred
The body of Mr. Samuel Butler,
Author of Hudibras.
He was a whole species of poet in one,
Admirable in a manner,
In which no one else has been tolerable:
A manner which began and ended with him,
In which he knew no guide,
And has found no followers.

NOTES.

P. xx. On the [illegible] of [illegible] — Dryden's Ded. [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] Johnson alludes. See also [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] No. ix. See also [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

But shall we [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
To drag her [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]?
And [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
As [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]?
Yet he, [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
When [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
His noble negligence [illegible]
What [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
He, perfect [illegible], [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
And [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
If, after some [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
He drops his [illegible], and seems to [illegible]
Straight [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
He rises higher [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
With wonder you [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
And owe your pleasure to your [illegible]
But like poor Andrew I advance,
False [illegible] of my [illegible] [illegible]
Around the [illegible] a while I sprawl,
And thence, though low, [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

APPENDIX.

I.

BUTLER'S Hudibras; the first part printed by T. G. for Richard Mariot, under St. Dunstan's Church, Fleet Street, 1663, 8vo. p. 268.[1] In the Mercurius Aulicus, Jan. 1-8, 166$\frac{2}{3}$, is an advertisement.—"There is stolen abroad a most false and imperfect copy of a poem called Hudibras, without name, either of printer or bookseller; the true and perfect edition printed by the author's original, is sold by Richard Mariot, near St. Dunstan's Church, in Fleet Street. That other nameless impression is a cheat, and will but abuse the buyer as well as the author, whose poem deserves to have fallen into better hands."

II. Hudibras, the second part, 1663. This spurious second part was published after Butler had printed his first part, and before he printed the second, and is very scarce. It ran through three editions in the

[1] I have also met with 'Mercurius Menippeus, the Loyal Satirist, or Hudibras in Prose; written by an unknown hand, in the time of the late rebellion, but never till now published, 1682,' a curious tract.

same year; the first two do not differ except in the type. But there was another edition still, "Hudibras, the second part, with the continuation of the third canto, to which is added a fourth canto."

Hudibras; the second part, by the author of the first; printed by T. R. for John Martyn and James Allestrey, at the Bell, in St. Paul's Churchyard, 1664, 8vo. and 12mo. It has on the title-page a wood-cut, with the publishers' device, a bell, and the letters M. A. at bottom. In the Mercurius Publicus for Nov. 20, 1663, is this very singular advertisement:— "Newly published, the second part of Hudibras, by the author of the former, which (if possible) has outdone the first."—In the B. Museum (Misc. Pap. Bibl. Birch. No. 4293), is the following injunction:— Charles R., our will and pleasure is, and we do hereby strictly charge and command, that no printer, bookseller, stationer, or other person, whatsoever within our kingdom of England, or Ireland, do print, reprint, utter, or sell, or cause to be printed, reprinted, uttered, or sold, a book or poem, called Hudibras, or any part thereof, without the consent and approbation of Samuel Boteler, Esq or his assignes, as they, and every of them will answer the contrary at their perils. Given at our Court at Whitehall, the 10th day of September, in the year of our Lord God, 1677, and in the 29th year of our reign, by his Majesty's command. Jo. Birkenhead.

Hudibras; the third and last part, written by the author of the first and second parts; printed for Simon Miller, at the sign of the Star, at the west end of St. Paul's, 1678, 8vo. p. 285. This part had no notes during the author's life, and who inserted them afterwards, is not known.

The first and second parts were republished in

1674. Hudibras, the first and second parts, written in the time of the late wars, corrected and amended with several additions and annotations, London, 1674, part i. p. 202; part ii. pp. 223-412.

III. See some lines from the first canto of Hudibras, admirably translated into Latin verse by Christopher Smart, published in The Student, or Oxford and Cambridge Miscellany; published by Thornton in 1750.—See Beloe's Anecdotes, vol. vi. p. 419. Some also by Dr. Harmer, Greek Professor at Oxford, may be seen in the notes to the Biographia Britannica.

IV. Dr. Grey's edition of Hudibras was published first in 1744. See on it Gent. Mag., 1819, vol. xii. N. S. p. 416, 'Dr. Grey's valuable but *incorrect* edition.' In Grey's edition the Meditations of Justice Adam Overdo in the stocks, are inserted from B. Jonson's Bartholomew Fair. "The soliloquy is ingeniously split into a dialogue, and one-half given to *Adam*, the other half to *Overdo*. The consulship of Julius and Cæsar was nothing to this." Dr. Grey left large additional notes, designed for a new edition, which were in the hands of Mr. Nichols. As regards the posthumous works of Butler, it appears from the authority of Mr. Thyer that very few (only three) of them are authentic. Jacob, in his Lives of the Dramatic Poets, p. 21, says, "not one line of those poems lately published under his (Butler's) name is genuine." See also Gent. Mag. May, 1819, vol. xii. N. S. p. 417, and Thyer's Remains, vol. i. p. 145, 302, 327. One passage occurs in the speech of the Earl of Pembroke which is curious from its strong verbal coincidence with a passage in Burke's will—"My will is that I have no

monument, for then I must have epitaphs and verses, but all my life long I have had too much of them," *v.* Burke's Will, in Bisset's Life, p. 578. " I desire that no *monument* beyond a middle-sized tablet, with a small and simple inscription on the church-wall, or on the flag stone, be erected; but *I have had in my lifetime but too much of noise and compliment.*"

V. John Townley, the translator of Hudibras, was an officer of the Irish brigade, and a knight of the military order of St. Louis, he was uncle to Charles Townley, Esq. who possessed the marbles and statues. See Nichols' Hogarth, p. 145, and Notice sur la vie et les écrits de M. Larcher, p. 135, in Class. Journal, No. 19. When the critical reviewers reviewed Tytler's Essay on Translation, they would not believe in the existence of this book, it was so scarce. See Beloe's Anecdotes, i. p. 216, 220. The publication was superintended by M. L'Abbé Tuberville Needham, and illustrated with notes by Larcher. There is an engraving of Mr. Townley by Skelton, with the following inscription:—

Ad impertiendum amicis inter Gallos
Linguæ Anglicanæ nonnihil peritis
Facetum poema Hudibras dictum
Accurate, festiveque gallice convertit
Hic Johannes Towneley
Caroli Towneley de Towneley
In agro Lancastriensi armigeri filius
Nat. A. D. 1679. Denat. A. D. 1782.
Grato, pioque animo fieri curavit
Johannes Towneley, nepos 1797

Reprinted, Paris, 1819, 12mo. 3 vols. said to be a faithful reprint with the *addition* of notes by Larcher, and a Key to Hudibras by Zottin le jeune, and some account of the translator.

From the Literary Cyclopædia, p. 83.

VI. In estimating the poem of Hudibras, we should consider that genius takes every variety of form, adapts itself to every change of circumstance, and out of every object selects, according to its purpose, what is most essential to the view of truth, the exhibition of beauty or the chastisement of folly. There are conventional notions on the subject which would restrict the honours of genius to the few master minds which have led to the discovery of some great laws of nature, or displayed the highest forms of creative imagination. But it is sometimes as great proof of genius to draw pictures from daily and familiar life, and to work upon its elements, as it is to soar above them; and it is still a question for the philosophical critic to decide, whether to raise a gorgeous pyramid of dreams out of the abstractions of thought, be a higher task to master the fallacies of existence, and paint reality in all its strange and grotesque combinations. The author of Hudibras might alone afford scope to a controversy of this nature, for while he presents few, if any, of those characteristics which belong to the loftier class of minds, he so wonderfully adopts whatever is to be found in the actual world, or learnt from books, as to make his memorable lesson against bigotry one of the most remarkable productions of human ingenuity. But whatever may be the class to which Butler belongs in the Temple of Fame, there can only be one opinion respecting the value of his works, as a rich collection of lively sarcasms, often intermingled with wit, on those errors and foibles of human nature, which at once verge upon extravagance and mischief. A practical observer of the world, and an active sharer in its concerns, Butler never forgets the pleasant and

every day character of mankind. His mind was tho roughly impressed with the subject on which he wrote, and that subject embraced the whole circle of motives, which set society in action at the period when he lived. His wit is consequently often spent upon follies which are no longer conspicuous, and his experience made lessons which it would now be unprofitable to study. There is yet so much imperishable wisdom in his writings—so many warnings against evil tempers and absurdities, of which the seeds have never to this hour been eradicated from human nature, that Butler may still be estimated as one of the noblest writers of sententious maxims to be found in the English language.

VII. *From Retrospective Review*, vol. iii. 307.

LIST OF THE IMITATIONS OF HUDIBRAS.

1 Hudibras, second part . . . . . London 1663
2 Butler's Ghost; or, Hudibras, the fourth part . . 1682
3 Hogan Moganides; or, the Dutch Hudibras . . 1674
4 The Irish Hudibras; or, Fingallian Prince, &c. . 1689
5 The Whig's Supplication, by S. Colvil 1695
6 Pendragon; or, the Carpet Knight, his Kalendar . 1698
7 The Dissenting Hypocrite; or, Occasional Conformist 1704
8 Vulgus Britannicus; or, the British Hudibras, in fifteen cantos, &c. by the Author of the London Spy, second edition 1710
9 Hudibras Redivivus, &c. by E. Ward, no date.
10 The Republican Procession; or, the Tumultuous Cavalcade, second edition 1714
11 The Hudibrastic Brewer, a satire on the former (No. 10) 1714
12 Four Hudibrastic Cantos, being poems on four of the greatest heroes 1715
13 Posthumous Works in Prose and Verse of Mr. S. Butler, 3 vols. 12mo. 1720, and in one vol. . 1754

14 England's Reformation, &c. a Poem, by Thomas Ward 1747
15 The Irish Hudibras, Hesperi-neso-graphia, by William Moffet, 1755, a reprint of No. 4.
16 The Poetical Works of William Meston 1767
17 The Alma of Matthew Prior.

For a very judicious and elegant criticism on the merits and defects of these various poems, the reader is advised to consult the article in the work from which our list is taken. The present editor, who has carefully read most of the above poems, bears his testimony to the truth and justice of the observations upon them.

"Pope, in classing the English poets for his projected discourse on the rise and progress of English Poetry, has considered Sir John Mennis and Thomas Baynal as the original of Hudibras. See Dr. Warton's Essays. Some of these pieces certainly partake of the wit, raillery, and playful versification of Butler; and this collection, it is just to remember, made its appearance eight years before the publication of Hudibras. Dr. Farmer has traced much of Butler in Cleveland." Musarum Deliciæ, first printed, 1655.

VIII. *An Epitaph on James Duke of Hamilton.*

He that three kingdoms made one flame,
Blasted their beauty, burnt the frame,
Himself now here in ashes lies,
A part of this great Sacrifice:
Here all of HAMILTON remains,
Save what the other world contains.
But (*Reader*) it is hard to tell
Whether that world be Heav'n, or Hell.

A *Scotch* man enters Hell at 's birth,
And 'scapes it when he goes to earth,
Assur'd no worse a Hell can come
Than that which he enjoy'd at home.
Now did the Royall Workman botch
This Duke, halfe-*English*, and halfe-*Scotch!*
A Scot an English Earldom fits,
As *Purple* doth your Marmuzets;
Suits like *Nol Cromwell* with the Crown,
Or *Bradshaw* in his Scarlet-gown.
Yet might be thus disguis'd (no lesse)
Have slipt to Heav'n in's *English* dresse.
But that he' in hope of life became
This mystick *Proteus* too as well
Might cheat the Devill 'scape his Hell,
Since to those pranks he pleas'd to play
Religion ever pav'd the way;
Which he did to a *Faction* tie,
Not to reforme but crucifie.
'Twas he that first alarm'd the *Kirke*
To this prepost'rous bloody worke,
Upon the *King's* to place *Christ's throne*,
A step and foot-stoole to his owne;
Taught Zeal a hundred tumbling tricks,
And Scriptures twin'd with Politicks;
The Pulpit made a Jugler's Box,
Set Law and Gospell in the Stocks,
As did old *Buchanan* and *Knox*,
In those daies when (at once[1]) the *Pox*
And Presbyters a way did find
Into the world to plague mankind.
'Twas he patch'd up the new Divine,
Part *Calvin*, and part Catiline,

[1] *The Pox, Presbytery, and Jesuitisme, are of the same standing.*

Could too transforme (without a Spell)
Satan into a *Gabriel;*
Just like those pictures which we paint
On this side Fiend, on that side *Saint.*
Both this, and that, and every thing
He was; for and against the King:
Rather than he his ends would misse,
Betray'd his Master with a kisse,
And buri'd in one common Fate
The glory of our *Church* and *State:*
The *Crown* too levell'd on the ground;
And having rook't all parties round,
'Faith it was time then to be gone,
Since he had all his businesse done.
Next on the fatall *Block* expir'd,
He to this *Marble-Cell* retir'd;
Where all of HAMILTON remains
But what Eternity contains.

Digitus Dei, or God's Justice upon Treachery and Treason, exemplified in the Life and Death of the late James Duke of Hamilton, whereto is added an Epitaph upon him. 4to. London, 1649.

This poem is ascribed to Marchamont Needham. It is curious as being much in the style of Butler, and being published fourteen years before Hudibras appeared.

As it has been said, on the authority of Pope, that Butler was indebted for the peculiarities of his style to "Musarum Deliciæ, or Wit's Recreation;" and as that work is not in the possession of any but a few persons who are curious in poetry, it has been thought advisable to afford an extract or two from it. It was first printed in 1655.

"A letter to Sir John Mennis, when the Parliament denied the King money to pay the army, unless priest, whom the King had reprieved, might be ecuted. Sir John at the same time wanting the oney for provisions for his troop, desired me by his tter to goe to the priest, and to persuade him to ve for the good of the army, saying,

What is't for him to hang an houre,
To give an army strengthe, and power?"

THE REPLY.

By my last letter, John, thou see'st
What I have done to soften priest,
Yet could not with all I could say
Persuade him hang, to get thee pay.
Thou swad, quoth he, I plainly see
The army wants no food by thee.
Fast oft'ner, friend, or if you'll eate,
Use oaten straw, or straw of wheate;
They'l serve to moderate thy jelly,
And (which it needs) take up thy belly.
As one that in a taverne breakes
A glasse, steales by the barre and sneaks,
At this rebuke, with no less haste, I
Trudg'd from the priest and prison hasty.
The truth is, he gave little credit
To th' armies wants, because I said it;
And if you'll press it further, John,
'Tis fit you send a learned man.
For thou with ease can friends expose,
For thy behoof, to fortune's blows.
Suppose we being found together,
Had pass'd for birds of the same feather,
I had perchance been shrewly shent,
And maul'd too by the Parliament.
Have you beheld the unlucky ape
For roasted chestnuts mump and gape,
And offering at them with his pawes,
But loath he is to scorch his clawes.
When viewing on the hearth asleep

A puppy, gives him cause to weep,
To spare his own, he takes his helpe,
And rakes out nuts with foot of whelpe;
Which done, as if 'twere all but play,
Your name-sake looks another way.
The cur awakes, and finds his thumbs
In paine, but knows not whence it comes;
He takes it first to be some cramp,
And now he spreads, now licks his vamp.
Both are in vain, no ease appeares;
What should he doe? he shakes his eares;
And hobling on three legs, he goes
Whining away with aking toes.
Not in much better case perhaps,
I might have been to serve thy chaps,
And have bestrewed my finger's end
For groping so in cause of friend;
Whilst thou wouldst munch like horse in manger,
And reach at nuts with others' danger,
Yet have I ventured far to serve
My friend that says—he's like to starve.

"An Answer to a letter from Sir John Mennis, wherein he jeeres him for falling so quickly to the use of the Directory."

Friend, thou dost lash me with a story,
A long one too, of Directory;
When thou alone deserves the birch,
That brought'st the bondage on the Church.
Didst thou not treat for Bristow City
And yield it up?—the more's the pity.
And saw'st thou not, how right or wrong
The Common Prayer-Book went along?
Didst thou not scource, as if enchanted,
For articles Sir Thomas granted;
And barter, as an author saith,
Th' articles o' th' Christian faith?
And now the Directory jostles
Christ out o' th' church and his Apostles,
And teares down the communion rayles,
That men may take it on their tayles.
Imagine, friend, *Bochus* the King,
Engraven on *Sylla's* signet ring,
Delivering open to his hands
Jugurth, and with him all the lands

Whom *Sylla* tooke and sent to Rome,
There to abide the Senate's doome.

In the same fortune, I suppose
John standing in 's doublet and hose;
Delivering up amidst the throng
The Common Prayer and Wisdom's song
To hands of *Fairfax*, to be sent
A sacrifice to the Parliament.
Thou little thought'st what geare begun
Wrapt in that treaty, *busie John*.
There lurked the fire that turned to cinder
The Church—her ornaments to tinder.
There bound up in that treaty lyes
The fate of all our Christmas pyes.
Our holy-dayes then went to wrack,
Our wakes were layd upon their back,
Our gossips' spoones away were lurch'd,
Our feastes, and fees for woemen church'd;
All this and more ascribe we might
To thee at Bristow, wretched knight.
Yet thou upbraidst and raylst in rime
On me, for that, which was thy crime.
So froward children in the sun
Amid their sports, some shrewd turne done,
The faulty youth begins to prate
And lays it on his harmlesse mate.
Dated
From *Nymptom*, where the Cyder smiles,
And *James* has horse as lame as *Gyles*.
The fourth of *May*: and dost thou heare,
'Tis, as I take it, the eighth yeare
Since *Portugall* by *Duke Braganza*
Was cut from *Spaine* without a handsaw.

J. S.

Account of Mr. Samuel Butler, from Aubrey's Letters, in the Bodleian Library, edited by Dr. Bliss.

IX. Mr. Samuel Butler was borne at Pershore, in Worcestershire, as we suppose;[1] his brother lives

[1] He was born in Worcestershire, hard by Barton-bridge, ½ a mile from Worcester, in the parish of S[t]. John, Mr. Hill thinkes, who went to schoole with him.

there: went to schoole at Worcester. His father a man but of slender fortune, and to breed him at schoole was as much education as he was able to reach to. When but a boy, he would make observations and reflections on everything one sayd or did, and censure it to be either well or ill. He never was at the university for the reason alledged. He came when a young man to be a servant to the Countesse of Kent,[2] whom he served severall yeares. Here, besides his study, he employed his time much in painting[3] and drawing, and also in musique. He was thinking once to have made painting his profession.[4] His love to and skill in painting made a great friendship between him and Mr. Samuel Cowper (the prince of limners of this age). He then studyed the common lawes of England, but did not practise. He maried a good jointuresse, the relict of.... Morgan, by which meanes he lives comfortably. After the restauration of his ma^{tie}, when the courte at Ludlowe was againe sett up, he was then the king's steward at the castle there. He printed a witty poeme, called *Hudibras*, the first part A^{o} 166. which tooke extremely, so that the king and Lord Chanc. Hyde would have him sent for, and accordingly he was sent for. (The L^{d} Ch. Hyde hath his

[2] Mr. Saunders (ye Countesse of Kent's kinsman) sayd that Mr. J. Selden much esteemed him for his partes, and would sometimes employ him to write letters for him beyond sea, and to translate for him. He was secretairie to the D. of Bucks, when he was Chancellor of Cambridge. He might have had preferments at first; but he would not accept any but very good, so at last he had none at all, and dyed in want.

[3] He painted well, and made it (sometime) his profession. He wayted some yeares on the Countess of Kent. She gave her gent. 20 lib. per an. a-piece.

[4] From Dr. Duke.

picture in his library over the chimney.) They both promised him great matters, but to this day he has got no employment, only the king gave him .... lib.

He is of a middle stature, strong sett, high coloured, a head of sorrell haire, a severe and sound judgement: a good fellowe. He hath often sayd that way (e. g. Mr. Edw. Waller's) of quibling with sence will hereafter growe as much out of fashion and be as ridicule[5] as quibling with words. 2.[d] N. B. He hath been much troubled with the gowt, and particularly, 1679, he stirred not out of his chamber from October till Easter.

He[6] dyed of a consumption Septemb. 25 (Anno D[ni] 1680, 70 circiter), and buried 27, according to his owne appointment in the churchyard of Covent Garden; sc. in the north part next the church at the east end. His feet touch the wall. His grave 2 yards distant from the pillaster of the dore, (by his desire) 6 foot deepe.

About 25 of his old acquaintance at his funeral: I myself being one.

HUDIBRAS UNPRINTED.

No Jesuite ever took in hand
To plant a church in barren land;
Or ever thought it worth his while
A Swede or Russe to reconcile.
For where there is not store of wealth,
Souls are not worth the chandge of health.
Spaine and America had designes
To sell their Ghospell for their wines,
For had the Mexicans been poore,
No Spaniard twice had landed on their shore.
'Twas Gold the Catholic Religion planted,
Which, had they wanted Gold, they still had wanted.

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[5] [Sic. Edit.]
[6] [Evidently written some time after the former part. E.]

He had made very sharp reflexions upon the court in his last part.

Writt my Lord (John[7]) Rosse's Answer to the Marquesse of Dorchester.

Memorandum. Satyricall witts disoblige whom they converse with, &c. consequently make to themselves many enemies and few friends, and this was his manner and case. He was of a leonine-coloured haire, sanguine, cholerique, middle sized, strong.

[7] [In the hand-writing of Anthony à Wood. Edit.]

HUDIBRAS.

HUDIBRAS.

PART I. CANTO I.

THE ARGUMENT.

Sir Hudibras his passing worth,
The manner how he sally'd forth,
His arms and equipage are shown,
His horse's virtues and his own:
Th' adventure of the Bear and Fiddle
Is sung, but breaks off in the middle.*

WHEN civil dudgeon first grew high,
And men fell out they knew not why;
When hard words, jealousies, and fears,
Set folks together by the ears,
And made them fight, like mad or drunk,

* A ridicule on Ronsarde and Davenant.

[1] VAR. 'Civil fury.'—To take in 'dudgeon' is inwardly to resent some injury or affront, and what is previous to actual fury.

[2] It may be justly said, 'They knew not why;' since, as Lord Clarendon observes, "The like peace and plenty, and universal tranquillity, was never enjoyed by any nation for ten years together, before those unhappy troubles began."

[3] By 'hard words' he probably means the cant words used by the Presbyterians and sectaries of those times; such as Gospel-walking, Gospel-preaching, Soul-saving, Elect, Saints, the Godly, the Predestinate, and the like; which they applied to their own preachers and themselves.

For Dame Religion as for punk;
Whose honesty they all durst swear for,
Though not a man of them knew wherefore;
When Gospel-trumpeter, surrounded
With long-ear'd rout, to battle sounded;
And pulpit, drum ecclesiastic,
Was beat with fist instead of a stick;
Then did Sir Knight abandon dwelling,
And out he rode a-colonelling.
A wight he was, whose very sight would
Entitle him Mirror of Knighthood,
That never bow'd his stubborn knee
To anything but chivalry,
Nor put up blow, but that which laid
Right Worshipful on shoulder-blade;
Chief of domestic knights and errant,
Either for chartel or for warrant;
Great on the bench, great in the saddle

[11 12] Alluding to their vehement action in the pulpit, and their beating it with their fists, as if they were beating a drum.

[13] Our author, to make his Knight appear more ridiculous, has dressed him in all kinds of fantastic colours, and put many characters together to finish him a perfect coxcomb.

[14] The Knight (if Sir Samuel Luke was Mr. Butler's hero) was not only a Colonel in the Parliament army, but also Scoutmaster-general in the counties of Bedford, Surrey, &c. This gives us some light into his character and conduct; for he is now entering upon his proper office, full of pretendedly pious and sanctified resolutions for the good of his country. His peregrinations are so consistent with his office and humour, that they are no longer to be called fabulous or improbable.

[17 18] *i. e.* He kneeled to the king, when he knighted him, but seldom upon any other occasion.

[22] 'Chartel' is a challenge to a duel.

[23] In this character of Hudibras all the abuses of human

That could as well bind o'er as swaddle;
Mighty he was at both of these,
And styl'd of War, as well as Peace:
(So some rats, of amphibious nature,
Are either for the land or water).
But here our Authors make a doubt
Whether he were more wise or stout:
Some hold the one, and some the other,
But, howsoe'er they make a pother,
The diff'rence was so small, his brain
Outweigh'd his rage but half a grain;
Which made some take him for a tool
That knaves do work with, call'd a Fool.
For 't has been held by many, that
As Montaigne, playing with his cat,
Complains she thought him but an ass,
Much more she would Sir Hudibras:
(For that's the name our valiant Knight
To all his challenges did write).
But they're mistaken very much;
'Tis plain enough he was not such.
We grant, although he had much wit,
H' was very shy of using it,
As being loth to wear it out,
And therefore bore it not about;
Unless on holydays or so,
As men their best apparel do.
Beside, 'tis known he could speak Greek
As naturally as pigs squeak;
That Latin was no more difficile,
Than to a blackbird 'tis to whistle:

learning are finely satirised: philosophy, logic, rhetoric, mathematics, metaphysics, and school-divinity.

Being rich in both, he never scanted
His bounty unto such as wanted;
But much of either would afford
To many that had not one word.
For Hebrew roots, although they're found
To flourish most in barren ground,
He had such plenty as suffic'd
To make some think him circumcis'd;
And truly so he was, perhaps,
Not as a proselyte, but for claps.
He was in logic a great critic,
Profoundly skill'd in analytic;
He could distinguish, and divide
A hair 'twixt south and south-west side;
On either which he would dispute,
Confute, change hands, and still confute:
He'd undertake to prove, by force
Of argument, a man's no horse;
He'd prove a buzzard is no fowl,
And that a lord may be an owl;
A calf an alderman, a goose a justice,

[55 56] This is the property of a pedantic coxcomb, who prates most learnedly amongst illiterate persons, and makes a mighty pother about books and languages, where he is sure to be admired, though not understood.

[63 64] VAR. 'And truly so perhaps he was,
'Tis many a pious Christian's case.'

[75] Such was Alderman Pennington, who sent a person to Newgate for singing (what he called) 'a malignant psalm.'

Lord Clarendon observes, "That after the declaration of No more addresses to the King, they who were not above the condition of ordinary constables six or seven years before, were now the justices of the peace." Dr. Bruno Ryves informs us, "That the town of Chelmsford in Essex, was governed, at the beginning of the Rebellion, by a tinker, two cobblers, two tailors, and two pedlers."

And rooks Committee-men and Trustees.
He'd run in debt by disputation,
And pay with ratiocination:
All this by syllogism, true
In mood and figure he would do.
  For rhetoric, he could not ope
His mouth, but out there flew a trope;
And when he happen'd to break off
I' th' middle of his speech, or cough,
H' had hard words ready to show why,
And tell what rules he did it by;
Else, when with greatest art he spoke,
You'd think he talk'd like other folk;
For all a rhetorician's rules
Teach nothing but to name his tools.
But, when he pleas'd to show 't, his speech,
In loftiness of sound, was rich;
A Babylonish dialect,
Which learned pedants much affect;
It was a party-colour'd dress
Of patch'd and piebald languages;
'Twas English cut on Greek and Latin,
Like fustian heretofore on satin;
It had an odd promiscuous tone,
As if h' had talk'd three parts in one
Which made some think, when he did gabble,
Th' had heard three labourers of Babel,

[76] In the several counties, especially the Associated ones (Middlesex, Kent, Surrey, Sussex, Norfolk, Suffolk, and Cambridgeshire) which sided with the Parliament, committees were formed of such men as were for the Good Cause, as they called it, who had authority, from the members of the two Houses at Westminster, to fine and imprison whom they pleased.

Or Cerberus himself pronounce
A leash of languages at once.
This he as volubly would vent,
As if his stock would ne'er be spent:
And truly, to support that charge,
He had supplies as vast and large;
For he could coin or counterfeit
New words, with little or no wit;
Words so debas'd and hard, no stone
Was hard enough to touch them on;
And when with hasty noise he spoke 'em;
The ignorant for current took 'em;
That had the orator, who once
Did fill his mouth with pebble stones
When he harangu'd, but known his phrase,
He would have us'd no other ways.
In mathematics he was greater
Than Tycho Brahe or Erra Pater;
For he, by geometric scale,
Could take the size of pots of ale;
Resolve by sines and tangents straight
If bread or butter wanted weight;
And wisely tell what hour o' th' day
The clock does strike, by Algebra.
Beside, he was a shrewd philosopher,

[109] The Presbyterians coined a great number, such as Out-goings, Carryings-on, Nothingness, Workings-out, Gospel-walking-times, &c. which we shall meet with hereafter in the speeches of the Knight and Squire, and others, in this Poem; for which they are bantered by Sir John Birkenhead.

[118] Demosthenes is here meant, who had a defect in his speech.

[120] An eminent Danish mathematician; and William Lilly, the famous astrologer of those times.

And had read ev'ry text and gloss over;
Whate'er the crabbed'st author hath,
He understood b' implicit faith:
Whatever sceptic could enquire for,
For ev'ry why he had a wherefore;
Knew more than forty of them do,
As far as words and terms could go;
All which he understood by rote,
And, as occasion serv'd, would quote;
No matter whether right or wrong;
They might be either said or sung.
His notions fitted things so well,
That which was which he could not tell,
But oftentimes mistook the one
For th' other, as great clerks have done.
He could reduce all things to acts,
And knew their natures by abstracts;
Where Entity and Quiddity,
The ghosts of defunct bodies, fly;
Where truth in person does appear,
Like words congeal'd in northern air.
He knew what's what, and that's as high
As metaphysic wit can fly:
In school-divinity as able
As he that hight Irrefragable;

131 VAR. 'Inquere.'

145 VAR. 'He'd tell where Entity and Quiddity.'

182 Alexander Hales was born in Gloucestershire, and flourished about the year 1236, at the time when what was called School-divinity was much in vogue; in which science he was so deeply read, that he was called 'Doctor Irrefragabilis;' that is, the 'Invincible Doctor,' whose arguments could not be resisted.

A second Thomas, or, at once
To name them all, another Dunce:
Profound in all the Nominal
And Real ways beyond them all:

[153] Thomas Aquinas, a Dominican friar, was born in 1224, studied at Cologne and at Paris. He new-modelled the school-divinity, and was therefore called the 'Angelic Doctor,' and 'Eagle' of divines. The most illustrious persons of his time were ambitious of his friendship, and put a high value on his merits, so that they offered him bishoprics, which he refused with as much ardour as others seek after them. He died in the fiftieth year of his age, and was canonized by Pope John XXII. We have his works in eighteen volumes, several times printed.

[154] Johannes Dun Scotus was a very learned man, who lived about the end of the thirteenth and beginning of the fourteenth century. The English and Scotch strive which of them shall have the honour of his birth. The English say he was born in Northumberland; the Scotch allege he was born at Dunse in the Merse, the neighbouring county to Northumberland, and hence was called 'Dunscotus:' Moreri, Buchanan, and other Scotch historians, are of this opinion, and for proof, cite his epitaph;

Scotia me genuit, Anglia suscepit,
Gallia edocuit, Germania tenet.

He died at Cologne, Nov. 8, 1308. In the 'Supplement' to Dr. Cave's 'Historia Literaria,' he is said to be extraordinary learned in physics, metaphysics, mathematics, and astronomy; that his fame was so great when at Oxford, that 30,000 scholars came thither to hear his lectures: that when at Paris, his arguments and authority carried it for the immaculate conception of the Blessed Virgin, so that they appointed a festival on that account, and would admit no scholars to degrees but such as were of this mind. He was a great opposer of Thomas Aquinas's doctrine; and for being a very acute logician, was called 'Doctor Subtilis,' which was the reason also that an old punster always called him the 'Lathy Doctor.'

[155 156] Gulielmus Occham was founder of the Nominals, and Johannes Dun Scotus of the Reals.

For he a rope of sand could twist
As tough as learned Sorbonist,
And weave fine cobwebs, fit for skull
That's empty when the moon is full;
Such as take lodgings in a head
That's to be let unfurnished.
He could raise scruples dark and nice,
And after solve 'em in a trice;
As if Divinity had catch'd
The itch, on purpose to be scratch'd;
Or, like a mountebank, did wound
And stab herself with doubts profound,
Only to show with how small pain
The sores of Faith are cur'd again;
Although by woful proof we find
They always leave a scar behind.
He knew the seat of Paradise,
Could tell in what degree it lies,
And, as he was dispos'd, could prove it
Below the moon, or else above it;
What Adam dreamt of, when his bride
Came from her closet in his side;
Whether the Devil tempted her
By a High Dutch interpreter;
If either of them had a navel;
Who first made music malleable;
Whether the Serpent, at the Fall,
Had cloven feet, or none at all:
All this, without a gloss or comment,

[157 158] VAR. 'And with as delicate a hand
Could twist as tough a rope of sand.'

[181] Several of the Ancients have supposed that Adam and Eve had no navels; and, among the Moderns, the late learned Bishop Cumberland was of this opinion.

He could unriddle in a moment,
In proper terms, such as men smatter
When they throw out and miss the matter.
For his religion, it was fit
To match his learning and his wit:
'Twas Presbyterian true blue;
For he was of that stubborn crew
Of errant saints, whom all men grant
To be the true Church Militant;
Such as do build their faith upon
The holy text of pike and gun;
Decide all controversies by
Infallible artillery;
And prove their doctrine orthodox,
By Apostolic blows and knocks;
Call fire and sword, and desolation,
A godly, thorough Reformation,
Which always must be carry'd on,
And still be doing, never done;
As if Religion were intended

193 194 Where Presbytery has been established, it has been usually effected by force of arms, like the religion of Mahomet: thus it was established at Geneva in Switzerland, Holland, Scotland, &c. In France, for some time, by that means, it obtained a toleration; much blood was shed to get it established in England: and once, during that Grand Rebellion, it seemed very near gaining an establishment here.

195 196 Upon these Cornet Joyce built his faith, when he carried away the King, by force, from Holdenby: for, when his Majesty asked him for a sight of his instructions, Joyce said, he should see them presently; and so drawing up his troop in the inward court, "These, Sir," said the Cornet, "are my instructions."

199 200 Many instances of that kind are given by Dr. Walker, in his 'Sufferings of the Episcopal Clergy.'

For nothing else but to be mended:
A sect whose chief devotion lies
In odd perverse antipathies;
In falling out with that or this,
And finding somewhat still amiss;
More peevish, cross, and splenetic,
Than dog distract, or monkey sick:
That with more care keep holyday
The wrong, than others the right way;
Compound for sins they are inclin'd to,
By damning those they have no mind to:
Still so perverse and opposite,
As if they worshipp'd God for spite:
The self-same thing they will abhor
One way, and long another for:
Freewill they one way disavow,
Another, nothing else allow:
All piety consists therein
In them, in other men all sin:
Rather than fail, they will defy
That which they love most tenderly;
Quarrel with minc'd-pies, and disparage
Their best and dearest friend, plum-porridge;
Fat pig and goose itself oppose,
And blaspheme custard through the nose.
Th' apostles of this fierce religion,
Like Mahomet's, were ass and widgeon,

[207] The religion of the Presbyterians of those times consisted principally in an opposition to the Church of England, and in quarrelling with the most innocent customs then in use, as the eating Christmas-pies and plum-porridge at Christmas; which they reputed sinful.

[213 214] They were so remarkably obstinate in this respect, that they kept a fast upon Christmas-day.

To whom our Knight, by fast instinct
Of wit and temper, was so linkt,
As if hypocrisy and nonsense
Had got th' advowson of his conscience.
Thus was he gifted and accoutred,
We mean on th' inside, not the outward:
That next of all we shall discuss;
Then listen, Sirs, it follows thus:
His tawny beard was th' equal grace
Both of his wisdom and his face;
In cut and die so like a tile,
A sudden view it would beguile;
The upper part whereof was whey,
The nether orange, mix'd with grey.
This hairy meteor did denounce
The fall of sceptres and of crowns;
With grisly type did represent
Declining age of government,

[235 236] Dr. Bruno Ryves gives a remarkable instance of a fanatical conscience in a captain, who was invited by a soldier to eat part of a goose with him; but refused, because, he said, it was stolen: but being to march away, he who would eat no stolen goose made no scruple to ride away upon a stolen mare; for, plundering Mrs. Bartlet of her mare, this hypocritical captain gave sufficient testimony to the world that the old Pharisee and the new Puritan have consciences of the self-same temper, "To strain out a gnat, and swallow a camel."

[241] Mr. Butler, in his description of Hudibras's beard, seems to have had an eye to Jaques's description of the Country Justice, in 'As you like it.' It may be asked, Why the Poet is so particular upon the Knight's beard, and gives it the preference to all his other accoutrements? The answer seems to be plain: the Knight had made a vow not to cut it till the Parliament had subdued the King; hence it became necessary to have it fully described.

And tell, with hieroglyphic spade,
Its own grave and the State's were made:
Like Samson's heart-breakers, it grew
In time to make a nation rue;
Though it contributed its own fall,
To wait upon the public downfall:
It was monastic, and did grow
In holy orders by strict vow.
Of rule as sullen and severe,
As that of rigid Cordeliere:
'Twas bound to suffer persecution,
And martyrdom, with resolution;
T' oppose itself against the hate
And vengeance of th' incensed state,
In whose defiance it was worn,
Still ready to be pull'd and torn,
With red-hot irons to be tortured,
Revil'd, and spit upon, and martyr'd;
Maugre all which 'twas to stand fast
As long as Monarchy should last;
But when the State should hap to reel,
'Twas to submit to fatal steel,
And fall, as it was consecrate,
A sacrifice to fall of state,
Whose thread of life the Fatal Sisters
Did twist together with its whiskers,
And twine so close, that Time should never,
In life or death, their fortunes sever,
But with his rusty sickle mow
Both down together at a blow.
So learned Taliacotius, from

[257] VAR. It was 'canonic.'
[261] Gaspar Taliacotius was born at Bononia, A.D. 1553,

The brawny part of porter's bum,
Cut supplemental noses, which
Would last as long as parent breech,
But when the date of Nock was out
Off dropt the sympathetic snout.
His back, or rather burthen, show'd
As if it stoop'd with its own load:
For as Æneas bore his sire
Upon his shoulders through the fire,
Our Knight did bear no less a pack
Of his own buttocks on his back;
Which now had almost got the upper-
Hand of his head for want of crupper.
To poise this equally, he bore
A paunch of the same bulk before,
Which still he had a special care
To keep well-cramm'd with thrifty fare,
As white-pot, butter-milk, and curds,
Such as a country-house affords;
With other victual, which anon
We further shall dilate upon,
When of his hose we come to treat,
The cupboard where he kept his meat.
His doublet was of sturdy buff,
And though not sword, yet cudgel-proof,
Whereby 'twas fitter for his use

and was Professor of physic and surgery there. He died 1599. His statue stands in the anatomy theatre, holding a nose in its hand.—He wrote a treatise in Latin called 'Chirurgia Nota,' in which he teaches the art of ingrafting noses, ears, lips, &c. with the proper instruments and bandages. This book has passed through two editions. See 'Græfe de Rhinoplastice, sive arte curtum Nasum ad Vivum restituendi Commentatio,' 4to. Berolin. 1818.

'ear'd no blows but such as bruise.
breeches were of rugged woollen,
ıad been at the siege of Bullen;
l King Harry so well known,
writers held they were his own:
gh they were lin'd with many a piece
munition bread and cheese,
at black-puddings, proper food
arriors that delight in blood.
s we said, he always chose
ry victual in his hose,
ften tempted rats and mice
mmunition to surprise;
hen he put a hand but in
ıe or t'other magazine,
stoutly in defence on't stood,
om the wounded foe drew blood;
ill th' were storm'd and beaten out,
left the fortify'd redoubt.
ıough knights-errant, as some think,
did neither eat nor drink,
ıe when thorough deserts vast
gions desolate they past,
belly-timber, above ground
ler, was not to be found,
they graz'd there's not one word
ir provision on record;
made some confidently write,
ıad no stomachs but to fight:
lse; for Arthur wore in hall
table like a farthingal,
ich, with shirt pull'd out behind,
e before, his good knights din'd:

Though 'twas no table some suppose,
But a huge pair of round trunk-hose,
In which he carry'd as much meat
As he and all the knights could eat,
When, laying by their swords and truncheons,
They took their breakfasts, or their nuncheons.
But let that pass at present, lest
We should forget where we digress'd,
As learned authors use, to whom
We leave it, and to th' purpose come.
His puissant sword unto his side,
Near his undaunted heart, was tied,
With basket-hilt that would hold broth,
And serve for fight and dinner both;
In it he melted lead for bullets
To shoot at foes, and sometimes pullets,
To whom he bore so fell a grutch,
He ne'er gave quarter t' any such.
The trenchant blade Toledo trusty
For want of fighting was grown rusty,
And ate into itself for lack
Of somebody to hew and hack:
The peaceful scabbard, where it dwelt,
The rancour of its edge had felt;
For of the lower end two handful
It had devoured, 'twas so manful,
And so much scorn'd to lurk in case,
As if it durst not show its face.
In many desperate attempts
Of warrants, exigents, contempts,
It had appear'd with courage bolder
Than Serjeant Bum invading shoulder:
Oft had it ta'en possession,

And pris'ners too, or made them run.
  This sword a dagger had, his page,
That was but little for his age,
And therefore waited on him so
As dwarfs upon knights-errant do.
It was a serviceable dudgeon,
Either for fighting or for drudging:
When it had stabb'd, or broke a head,
It would scrape trenchers, or chip bread;
Toast cheese or bacon; though it were
To bate a mouse-trap, 'twould not care:
'Twould make clean shoes, and in the earth
Set leeks and onions, and so forth:
It had been 'prentice to a brewer,
Where this and more it did endure,
But left the trade as many more
Have lately done on the same score.
  In th' holsters at his saddle-bow
Two aged pistols he did stow,
Among the surplus of such meat
As in his hose he could not get:
These would inveigle rats with th' scent,
To forage when the cocks were bent,
And sometimes catch 'em with a snap,
As cleverly as th' ablest trap.
They were upon hard duty still,
And every night stood sentinel,
To guard the magazine i' th' hose
From two-legg'd and from four-legg'd foes.
  Thus clad and fortify'd Sir Knight
From peaceful home set forth to fight.
But first with nimble active force
He got on th' outside of his horse:

For having but one stirrup ty'd
T' his saddle on the further side,
It was so short h' had much ado
To reach it with his desp'rate toe;
But after many strains and heaves,
He got up to the saddle-eaves,
From whence he vaulted into th' seat
With so much vigour, strength, and heat,
That he had almost tumbled over
With his own weight, but did recover
By laying hold on tail and mane,
Which oft he us'd instead of rein.

But now we talk of mounting steed,
Before we further do proceed,
It doth behove us to say something
Of that which bore our valiant Bumkin
The beast was sturdy, large, and tall,
With mouth of meal and eyes of wall,
I would say eye, for h' had but one,
As most agree, though some say none.
He was well stay'd, and in his gait
Preserv'd a grave, majestic state;
At spur or switch no more he skipt
Or mended pace, than Spaniard whipt,
And yet so fiery, he would bound
As if he griev'd to touch the ground;
That Cæsar's horse, who, as fame goes,
Had corns upon his feet and toes,
Was not by half so tender hooft,
Nor trod upon the ground so soft:
And as that beast would kneel and stoop
(Some write) to take his rider up;
So Hudibras his ('tis well known)

Would often do to set him down.
We shall not need to say what lack
Of leather was upon his back,
For that was hidden under pad,
And breech of Knight gall'd full as bad.
His strutting ribs on both sides show'd
Like furrows he himself had plough'd;
For underneath the skirt of pannel,
'Twixt ev'ry two there was a channel.
His draggling tail hung in the dirt,
Which on his rider he would flirt,
Still as his tender side he prickt,
With arm'd heel, or with unarm'd, kickt:
For Hudibras wore but one spur,
As wisely knowing could he stir
To active trot one side of's horse,
The other would not hang an—arse.
A Squire he had whose name was Ralph,
That in th' adventure went his half,
Though writers, for more stately tone,
Do call him Ralpho, 'tis all one;
And when we can, with metre safe,
We'll call him so; if not, plain Ralph;
(For rhyme the rudder is of verses,
With which, like ships, they steer their courses):
An equal stock of wit and valour
He had laid in, by birth a tailor.

[467] Sir Roger L'Estrange ('Key to Hudibras') says, this famous Squire was one Isaac Robinson, a zealous butcher in Moorfields, who was always contriving some new querpo cut in church government: but, in a 'Key' at the end of a burlesque poem of Mr. Butler's, 1706, in folio, p. 12, it is observed, "That Hudibras's Squire was one Pemble, a tailor, and one of the Committee of Sequestrators."

The mighty Tyrian queen, that gain'd
With subtle shreds a tract of land,
Did leave it with a castle fair
To his great ancestor, her heir;
From him descended cross-legg'd knights,
Fam'd for their faith and warlike fights
Against the bloody Cannibal,
Whom they destroy'd both great and small.
This sturdy Squire, he had, as well
As the bold Trojan knight, seen hell,
Not with a counterfeited pass
Of golden bough, but true gold-lace:
His knowledge was not far behind
The Knight's, but of another kind,
And he another way came by't,
Some call it Gifts, and some New-light;
A lib'ral art, that costs no pains
Of study, industry, or brains.
His wit was sent him for a token,
But in the carriage crack'd and broken;
Like commendation nine-pence crookt
With—To and from my love—it lookt.
He ne'er consider'd it, as loth
To look a gift-horse in the mouth,
And very wisely would lay forth
No more upon it than 'twas worth;

485 VAR. 'His wits were sent him.'

487 488 Until the year 1696, when all money, not milled, was called in, a ninepenny piece of silver was as common as sixpences or shillings, and these ninepences were usually bent as sixpences commonly are now, which bending was called, To my love and from my love; and such ninepences the ordinary fellows gave or sent to their sweethearts as tokens of love.

he got it freely, so
ent it frank and freely too:
ints themselves will sometimes be,
s that cost them nothing, free.
ans of this, with hem and cough,
gers to enlighten'd stuff,
ld deep mysteries unriddle,
ily as thread a needle:
of vagabonds we say,
hey are ne'er beside their way,
'er men speak by this new light,
ey are sure to be i' th' right.
dark lantern of the Spirit,
none see by but those that bear it;
t that falls down from on high,
iritual trades to cozen by;
is fatuus, that bewitches,
ads men into pools and ditches,
ke them dip themselves, and sound
ristendom in dirty pond;
e like wild-fowl for salvation,
sh to catch regeneration.
ght inspires and plays upon
se of saint, like bagpipe drone,
eaks through hollow empty soul,
ough a trunk or whisp'ring hole,
anguage as no mortal ear
irit'al eaves-dropper's can hear:
ebus, or some friendly Muse,
nall poets song infuse,
they at second-hand rehearse,

luding to Ralpho's religion, who was probably an ist or Dipper.

Through reed or bagpipe, verse for verse.
Thus Ralph became infallible
As three or four-legg'd oracle,
The ancient cup, or modern chair,
Spoke truth point blank, though unaware.
For mystic learning, wondrous able
In magic, talisman, and cabal,
Whose primitive tradition reaches
As far as Adam's first green breeches;
Deep-sighted in intelligences,
Ideas, atoms, influences;
And much of *Terra Incognita*,
Th' intelligible world, could say;
A deep occult philosopher,
As learn'd as the Wild Irish are,
Or Sir Agrippa, for profound
And solid lying much renown'd:
He Anthroposophus, and Floud,
And Jacob Behmen, understood;
Knew many an amulet and charm,
That would do neither good nor harm;
In Rosicrucian lore as learned
As he that *Verè adeptus* earned:
He understood the speech of birds
As well as they themselves do words;
Could tell what subtlest parrots mean,
That speak and think contrary clean;
What member 'tis of whom they talk
When they cry 'Rope,' and 'Walk, knave, walk.'
He'd extract numbers out of matter,
And keep them in a glass, like water,

[546] Alluding to the Philosophers' stone.

reign pow'r to make men wise;
opt in blear thick-sighted eyes,
make them see in darkest night,
wls, though purblind in the light.
p of these (as he profest)
l First Matter seen undrest:
k her naked, all alone,
one rag of form was on.
ıaos, too, he had descry'd,
ıen quite through, or else he ly'd:
at of pasteboard, which men shew
ɔats at fair of Barthol'mew;
great grandsire, first o' th' name,
e that and Reformation came,
ɔusin-germans, and right able
ıigle and draw in the rabble:
formation was, some say,
younger house to Puppet-play.
ld foretell whats'ever was

e rebellious clergy would in their prayers pretend to things, to encourage people in their rebellion. I th the following instance in the prayers of Mr. Swathe, minister of Denham, in Suffolk: "O my rd God, I praise Thee for discovering the last week, ay-time, a vision, that there were two great armies ork, one of the malignant party about the King, the urty Parliament and professors: and the better side ıave help from Heaven against the worst; about, or ı instant of time, we heard the soldiers at York had p a sconce against Hull, intending to plant fifteen gainst Hull; against which fort Sir John Hotham, of Hull, by a garrison, discharged four great ord- ınd broke down their sconce, and killed divers s in it.—Lord, I praise Thee for discovering this at the instant of time that it was done, to my wife, d then presently confirm her drooping heart, which week had been dejected three or four days, and no

By consequence to come to pass;
As death of great men, alterations,
Diseases, battles, inundations:
All this without th' eclipse o' th' sun,
Or dreadful comet, he hath done
By inward light, a way as good,
And easy to be understood;
But with more lucky hit than those
That use to make the stars depose,
Like Knights o' th' Post, and falsely charge
Upon themselves what others forge;
As if they were consenting to
All mischiefs in the world men do,
Or, like the devil, did tempt and sway 'em
To rogueries, and then betray 'em.
They'll search a planet's house, to know
Who broke and robb'd a house below;
Examine Venus and the Moon,
Who stole a thimble or a spoon;
And though they nothing will confess,
Yet by their very looks can guess,
And tell what guilty aspect bodes,
Who stole, and who receiv'd the goods:
They'll question Mars, and, by his look,
Detect who 'twas that nimm'd a cloak;
Make Mercury confess, and 'peach
Those thieves which he himself did teach.
They'll find i' th' physiognomies
O' th' planets, all men's destinies,

arguments could comfort her against the dangerous times approaching; but when she had prayed to be established in faith in Thee, then presently Thou didst, by this vision, strongly possess her soul that Thine and our enemies should be overcome."

that took the doctor's bill;
llow'd it instead o' th' pill;
nativity o' th' question,
ı positions to be guess'd on,
ıs if they knew the moment
e's birth, tell what will come on't.
ɔel the pulses of the stars,
ut agues, coughs, catarrhs,
what crisis does divine
n sheep, or mange in swine;
what gives or cures the itch,
kes them cuckolds, poor or rich;
ns or loses, hangs or saves;
kes men great, what fools or knaves,
what wise, for only' of those
ı (they say) cannot dispose.
than can the astrologians;
ɐy say right, and like true Trojans:
pho knew, and therefore took
r course, of which we spoke.
was th' accomplish'd Squire endu'd
s and knowledge per'lous shrewd:
l trusty squire with knight,
t with squire, e'er jump more right.
ns and equipage did fit,
s virtues, parts, and wit:
ours, too, were of a rate;
they sally'd at the gate.
iles on horseback had they jogged
ıne unto them turn'd dogged;
a sad adventure met,
anon we mean to treat.
ve venture to unfold

Achievements so resolv'd and bold,
We should, as learned poets use,
Invoke th' assistance of some Muse,
However critics count it sillier
Than jugglers talking to familiar;
We think 'tis no great matter which,
They're all alike, yet we shall pitch
On one that fits our purpose most,
Whom therefore thus do we accost:
Thou that with ale, or viler liquors,
Didst inspire Withers, Pryn, and Vickars,
And force them, though it was in spite
Of Nature, and their stars, to write;
Who (as we find in sullen writs,
And cross-grain'd works of modern wits)
With vanity, opinion, want,
The wonder of the ignorant,
The praises of the author, penn'd
B' himself or wit-insuring friend,
The itch of picture in the front,
With bays and wicked rhyme upon 't,
(All that is left o' th' Forked hill
To make men scribble without skill)
Canst make a poet, spite of Fate,
And teach all people to translate,
Though out of languages in which
They understand no part of speech;
Assist me but this once I 'mplore,
And I shall trouble thee no more.
In western clime there is a town,
To those that dwell therein well known,

665 Brentford, which is eight miles west from London, is here probably meant, as may be gathered from Part II.

Therefore there needs no more be said here,
We unto them refer our reader;
For brevity is very good,
When w' are, or are not understood.
To this town people did repair
On days of market or of fair,
And to crack'd fiddle and hoarse tabor,
In merriment did drudge and labour:
But now a sport more formidable
Had rak'd together village rabble;
'Twas an old way of recreating,
Which learned butchers call Bear-baiting;
A bold advent'rous exercise,
With ancient heroes in high prize;
For authors do affirm it came
From Isthmian or Nemæan game;
Others derive it from the Bear
That's fix'd in northern hemisphere,
And round about the pole does make
A circle, like a bear at stake,
That at the chain's end wheels about,
And overturns the rabble-rout:

Cant. iii. v. 995, &c. where he tells the Knight what befell him there:

> And though you overcame the Bear,
> The dogs beat you at Brentford fair,
> Where sturdy butchers broke your noddle.

667 This game is ushered into the Poem with more solemnity than those celebrated ones in Homer and Virgil. As the Poem is only adorned with this game, and the Riding Skimmington, so it was incumbent on the Poet to be very particular and full in the description: and may we not venture to affirm, they are exactly suitable to the nature of these adventures; and, consequently, to a Briton, preferable to those in Homer or Virgil.

For, after solemn proclamation
In the bear's name (as is the fashion
According to the law of arms,
To keep men from inglorious harms)
That none presume to come so near
As forty foot of stake of bear,
If any yet be so fool-hardy
T' expose themselves to vain jeopardy,
If they come wounded off, and lame,
No honour's got by such a maim,
Although the bear gain much, being bound
In honour to make good his ground
When he's engag'd, and takes no notice,
If any press upon him, who 'tis,
But lets them know, at their own cost,
That he intends to keep his post.
This to prevent and other harms
Which always wait on feats of arms,
(For in the hurry of a fray
'Tis hard to keep out of harm's way)
Thither the Knight his course did steer,
To keep the peace 'twixt Dog and Bear,
As he believ'd he was bound to do
In conscience and commission too;
And therefore thus bespoke the Squire:
We that are wisely mounted higher

689 690 Alluding to the bull-running at Tutbury in Staffordshire; where solemn proclamation was made by the Steward before the bull was turned loose; "That all manner of persons give way to the bull, none being to come near him by forty foot, any way to hinder the minstrels, but to attend his or their own safety, every one at his peril." Dr. Plot's 'Staffordshire.'

714 This speech is set down as it was delivered by th

Than constables in curule wit,
When on tribunal bench we sit,
Like speculators should foresee,
From Pharos of authority,
Portended mischiefs further than
Low Proletarian tithing-men;
And therefore being inform'd by bruit
That Dog and Bear are to dispute,
For so of late men fighting name,
Because they often prove the same
(For where the first does hap to be,
The last does *coincidere*);
Quantum in nobis, have thought good
To save th' expense of Christian blood,
And try if we by mediation
Of treaty and accommodation,
Can end the quarrel, and compose
The bloody duel without blows.
Are not our liberties, our lives,
The laws, religion, and our wives,

Knight, in his own words; but since it is below the gravity of heroical poetry to admit of humour, but all men are obliged to speak wisely alike, and too much of so extravagant a folly would become tedious and impertinent, the rest of his harangues have only his sense expressed in other words, unless in some few places where his own words could not be so well avoided.

715 Had that remarkable motion in the House of Commons taken place, the constables might have vied with Sir Hudibras for an equality at least; "That it was necessary for the House of Commons to have a High Constable of their own, that will make no scruple of laying his Majesty by the heels:" but they proceeded not so far as to name any body, because Harry Martyn (out of tenderness of conscience in this particular) immediately quashed the motion, by saying the power was too great for any man.

Enough at once to lie at stake
For Cov'nant and the Cause's sake?
But in that quarrel Dogs and Bears,
As well as we, must venture theirs?
This feud, by Jesuits invented,
By evil counsel is fomented;
There is a Machiavelian plot
(Though ev'ry nare olfact it not)
And deep design in 't to divide
The well-affected that confide,
By setting brother against brother,
To claw and curry one another.
Have we not enemies *plus satis*,

[736] This was the Solemn League and Covenant, which was first framed and taken by the Scottish Parliament, and by them sent to the Parliament of England, in order to unite the two nations more closely in religion. It was received and taken by both Houses, and by the City of London: and ordered to be read in all the churches throughout the kingdom; and every person was bound to give his consent, by holding up his hand, at the reading of it.

[736] 'And the Cause's sake.' Sir William Dugdale informs us that Mr. Bond, preaching at the Savoy, told his auditors from the pulpit, "That they ought to contribute and pray, and do all they were able to bring in their brethren of Scotland for settling of God's cause: I say (quoth he) this is God's cause; and if our God hath any cause, this is it; and if this be not God's cause, then God is no God for me; but the Devil is got up into Heaven." Mr. Calamy, in his speech at Guildhall, 1643, says, "I may truly say, as the Martyr did, that if I had as many lives as hairs on my head, I would be willing to sacrifice all these lives in this cause;"

Which pluck'd down the King, the Church, and the Laws.
To set up an idol, then nick-nam'd The Cause,
Like Bell and the Dragon to gorge their own maws

as it is expressed in 'The Rump Carbonaded.'

xane et angue pejus hate us?
hall we turn our fangs and claws
our own selves, without cause?
ome occult design doth lie
ody cynarctomachy,
in enough to him that knows
Saints lead Brothers by the nose.
ı myself a pseudo-prophet,
ıre some mischief will come of it,
ı by providential wit,
ce, we averruncate it.
hat design, what interest,
east have to encounter beast?
fight for no espoused Cause,
Privilege, Fundamental Laws,
or a thorough Reformation,
ovenant nor Protestation,
iberty of consciences,
ords' and Commons' Ordinances;
or the Church, nor for Church-lands,
t them into their own hands;
vil Counsellors to bring
tice, that seduce the King;
or the worship of us men,

AR. 'Nor for free Liberty of Conscience.' The word was left out in 1674; and Mr. Warburton thinks for ree; 'free liberty' being a most beautiful and satirical asis for licentiousness, which is the idea the Author tended to give us.

The King being driven from the Parliament, no legal Parliament could be made; therefore when the Lords mmons had agreed upon any bill, they published it, uired obedience to it, under the title of An Ordinance is and Commons, and sometimes, An Ordinance of ment.

Though we have done as much for them.
Th' Egyptians worshipp'd dogs, and for
Their faith made internecine war;
Others ador'd a rat, and some
For that church suffer'd martyrdom;
The Indians fought for the truth
Of th' elephant and monkey's tooth,
And many, to defend that faith,
Fought it out *mordicus* to death;
But no beast ever was so slight,
For man, as for his god, to fight:
They have more wit, alas! and know
Themselves and us better than so.
But we, who only do infuse
The rage in them like *boutè-feus*,
'Tis our example that instils
In them th' infection of our ills.
For, as some late philosophers
Have well observ'd, beasts that converse
With man take after him, as hogs
Get pigs all th' year, and bitches dogs;
Just so, by our example, cattle
Learn to give one another battle.
We read in Nero's time, the Heathen,
When they destroy'd the Christian brethren,
They sew'd them in the skins of bears,
And then set dogs about their ears;
From whence, no doubt, th' invention came
Of this lewd antichristian game.
To this, quoth Ralpho, Verily
The point seems very plain to me;
It is an antichristian game,
Unlawful both in thing and name.

st, for the name; the word Bear-baiting
arnal, and of man's creating,
certainly there's no such word
all the Scripture on record;
erefore unlawful, and a sin:
d so is (secondly) the thing;
ile assembly 'tis, that can
more be proved by Scripture than
vincial, Classic, National,
re human creature-cobwebs all.
irdly, it is idolatrous;
r when men run a-whoring thus
th their inventions, whatsoe'er
e thing be, whether Dog or Bear
is idolatrous and Pagan,
less than worshipping of Dagon.
Quoth Hudibras, I smell a rat;
lpho, thou dost prevaricate:
r though the thesis which thou lay'st
true *ad amussim*, as thou say'st;
'or that Bear-baiting should appear
ure divino lawfuller
an Synods are, thou dost deny
tidem verbis, so do I)
st there's a fallacy in this;
r if by sly *homœosis*,
ussis pro crepitu, an art
nder a cough to slur a f—t,
hou wouldst sophistically imply
th are unlawful,—I deny.
And I, quoth Ralpho, do not doubt
ut Bear-baiting may be made out,
gospel-times, as lawful as is

Provincial, or Parochial Classis;
And that both are so near of kin,
And like in all, as well as sin,
That put 'em in a bag, and shake 'em,
Yourself o' th' sudden would mistake 'em,
And not know which is which, unless
You measure by their wickedness;
For 'tis not hard t' imagine whether
O' th' two is worst, though I name neither.
  Quoth Hudibras, Thou offer'st much,
But art not able to keep touch;
Mira de lente, as 'tis i' th' adage,
Id est, to make a leek a cabbage:
Thou wilt at best but suck a bull,
Or shear swine, all cry and no wool;
For what can Synods have at all,
With Bear that's analogical?
Or what relation has debating
Of Church-affairs with Bear-baiting?
A just comparison still is
Of things *ejusdem generis;*
And then what *genus* rightly doth
Include and comprehend them both?
If animal, both of us may
As justly pass for Bears as they;
For we are animals no less,
Although of diff'rent specieses.
But, Ralpho, this is no fit place,
Nor time, to argue out the case;

851 VAR. 'Thou canst at best but overstrain
A paradox and thy own brain;'
and 'Thou'lt be at best but such a bull,' &c.
860 VAR. 'Comprehend them inclusive both.'
862 VAR. 'As likely.'

the field is not far off
e must give the world a proof
not words, and such as suit
manner of dispute:
/ersy that affords
or arguments, not words;
e must manage at a rate
ss and conduct adequate
our place and fame doth promise,
he Godly expect from us.
they be deceiv'd, unless
ırr'd and outed by success;
the mark no mortal wit,
hand, can always hit:
soe'er we perpetrate,
ıt row, w' are steer'd by Fate,
success oft disinherits,
ious causes, noblest merits.
ions are not always true sons
and mighty resolutions;
he bold'st attempts bring forth
ill equal to their worth;
times fail, and in their stead
and cowardice succeed.
ıave no great cause to doubt,
ons still have borne us out;
ıough they're known to be so ample,
not copy from example;
t the only person durst
this province, nor the first.
ern clime a val'rous knight
om kill his Bear in fight,
nd a Fiddler: we have both
the objects of our wroth,

And equal fame and glory from
Th' attempt, or victory to come.
'Tis sung there is a valiant Mamaluke,
In foreign land yclep'd—
To whom we have been oft compar'd
For person, parts, address, and beard;
Both equally reputed stout,
And in the same cause both have fought:
He oft in such attempts as these
Came off with glory and success;
Nor will we fail in th' execution,
For want of equal resolution.
Honour is like a widow, won
With brisk attempt and putting on;
With ent'ring manfully, and urging,
Not slow approaches, like a virgin.
This said, as yerst the Phrygian knight,
So ours, with rusty steel did smite
His Trojan horse, and just as much
He mended pace upon the touch;
But from his empty stomach groan'd
Just as that hollow beast did sound,
And angry, answer'd from behind,
With brandish'd tail and blast of wind.
So have I seen, with armed heel,
A wight bestride a Common-weal,
While still the more he kick'd and spurr'd,
The less the sullen jade has stirr'd.

[904] The writers of the 'General Historical Dictionary,' vol. vi. p. 291, imagine, "That the chasm here is to be filled with the words, 'Sir Samuel Luke,' because the line before it is of ten syllables, and the measure of the verse generally used in this Poem is of eight."

PART I. CANTO II.

THE ARGUMENT.

The catalogue and character
Of th' enemies' best men of war,
Whom in a bold harangue the Knight
Defies and challenges to fight:
H' encounters Talgol, routs the Bear,
And takes the Fiddler prisoner,
Conveys him to enchanted castle,
There shuts him fast in wooden Bastile.

HERE was an ancient sage philosopher
That had read Alexander Ross over,
swore the world, as he could prove,
made of fighting and of love.
so Romances are, for what else
them all but love and battles?
' first of these w' have no great matter
eat of, but a world o' th' latter,
hich to do the injured right
nean, in what concerns just fight.
s our authors are to blame
o make some well-sounding name
ttern fit for modern knights
py out in frays and fights,
those that a whole street do raze
ild a palace in the place).
never care how many others
kill, without regard of mothers,
ives, or children, so they can

Make up some fierce dead-doing man,
Compos'd of many ingredient valours,
Just like the manhood of nine tailors:
So a wild Tartar, when he spies
A man that's handsome, valiant, wise,
If he can kill him, thinks t' inherit
His wit, his beauty, and his spirit;
As if just so much he enjoy'd,
As in another is destroy'd:
For when a giant's slain in fight,
And mow'd o'erthwart, or cleft downright,
It is a heavy case, no doubt,
A man should have his brains beat out,
Because he's tall and has large bones,
As men kill beavers for their stones.
But as for our part, we shall tell
The naked truth of what befell,
And as an equal friend to both
The Knight and Bear, but more to Troth,
With neither faction shall take part,
But give to each his due desert,
And never coin a formal lie on't
To make the knight o'ercome the giant.
This b'ing profest, we've hopes enough,
And now go on where we left off.
  They rode, but authors having not
Determin'd whether pace or trot
(That is to say, whether tollutation,
As they do term 't, or succussation),
We leave it, and go on, as now
Suppose they did, no matter how;
Yet some, from subtle hints, have got
Mysterious light it was a trot;

.et that pass: they now begun
)ur their living engines on:
ıs whipp'd tops and bandy'd balls,
learned hold, are animals;
)rses they affirm to be
engines made by geometry,
were invented first from engines,
ıdian Britons were from Penguins.
t them be, and, as I was saying,
their live engines ply'd, not staying
. they reach'd the fatal champain
:h th' enemy did then encamp on;
dire Pharsalian plain, where battle
to be wag'd 'twixt puissant cattle,
fierce auxiliary men,
came to aid their brethren,
now began to take the field,
night from ridge of steed beheld.
ıs our modern wits behold,
ıted a pick-back on the old,
ı further off, much further he,
d on his aged beast, could see;
not sufficient to descry
ostures of the enemy,
refore he bids the Squire ride further,
serve their numbers and their order,
, when their motions he had known,
ıight know how to fit his own.
ı-while he stopp'd his willing steed,
t himself for martial deed:
kinds of metal he prepar'd,
)r to give blows or to ward;

[74] VAR. 'From off.'

Courage and steel, both of great force,
Prepar'd for better or for worse.
His death-charg'd pistols he did fit well,
Drawn out from life-preserving victual;
These being prim'd, with force he labour'd
To free 's sword from retentive scabbard,
And after many a painful pluck,
From rusty durance he bail'd tuck:
Then shook himself, to see that prowess
In scabbard of his arms sat loose;
And, rais'd upon his desp'rate foot,
On stirrup-side he gaz'd about,
Portending blood, like blazing star,
The beacon of approaching war.
Ralpho rode on with no less speed
Than Hugo in the forest did;
But far more in returning made,
For now the foe he had survey'd,
Rang'd, as to him they did appear,
With van, main-battle, wings and rear.
I' th' head of all this warlike rabble,
Crowdero march'd expert and able;

85 86 VAR. 'Courage within, and steel without,
To give and to receive a rout.'

92 VAR. 'He clear'd at length the rugged tuck.'

99 100 VAR. 'The Squire advanc'd with greater speed
Than could b' expected from his steed:'

101 102 VAR. But 'with a great deal' more 'return'd,'
For now the foe he had 'discern'd.'

105 So called from 'croud,' a fiddle: This was one Jackson, a milliner, who lived in the New Exchange in the Strand. He had formerly been in the service of the Roundheads, and had lost a leg in it; this brought him to decay, so that he was obliged to scrape upon a fiddle, from one ale-house to

of trumpet and of drum,
kes the warrior's stomach come,
oise whets valour sharp, like beer
der turn'd to vinegar;
. trumpet sound or drum beat
i not a month's mind to combat?)
king engine he apply'd
. neck, on north-east side,
ere the hangman does dispose
al friends the knot of noose:
great grace when statesmen straight
i a friend, let others wait.
ped ear hung o'er the strings,
ras but souse to chitterlings:
, some write, ere they are sodden,
or music or for pudden;
nence men borrow ev'ry kind
relsy, by string or wind.
ly beard was long and thick,
ich he strung his fiddlestick,
o horse-tail scorn'd to owe
t on his own chin did grow:
the four-legg'd bard, had both
and tail of his own growth,
by authors 'tis averr'd
i use only of his beard.
rdshire, where virtuous worth
ie the minstrelsy, not birth,
ulls do choose the boldest king
r o'er the men of string

r his bread. Mr. Butler very judiciously places head of his catalogue: for country diversions are ittended with a fiddler or bagpiper.

(As once in Persia, 'tis said,
Kings were proclaim'd by a horse that neigh'd),
He, bravely vent'ring at a crown,
By chance of war was beaten down,
And wounded sore; his leg then broke
Had got a deputy of oak:
For when a shin in fight is cropt,
The knee with one of timber's propt,
Esteem'd more honourable than the other,
And takes place, though the younger brother.
  Next march'd brave Orsin, famous for
Wise conduct and success in war;
A skilful leader, stout, severe,
Now Marshal to the champion Bear.
With truncheon tipp'd with iron head,
The warrior to the lists he led;
With solemn march and stately pace,
But far more grave and solemn face;
Grave as the emperor of Pegu,
Or Spanish potentate, Don Diego.
This leader was of knowledge great,
Either for charge or for retreat;
He knew when to fall on pell-mell,
To fall back and retreat as well:
So lawyers, lest the Bear defendant
And plaintiff Dog should make an end on't,
Do stave and tail with writs of Error,
Reverse of Judgment, and Demurrer,
To let them breathe awhile, and then

147 VAR. 'Next follow'd.' Joshua Gosling, who kept bears at Paris-garden, in Southwark. However, says Sir Roger, he stood hard and fast for the Rump Parliament.

159 160 VAR. 'Knew when t' engage his bear pell-mell,
And when to bring him off as well.'

ıoop and set them on agen.
ıulus a wolf did rear,
vas dry-nurs'd by a bear,
d him with the purchas'd prey
ıy a fierce and bloody fray;
p, where discipline most rare is,
tary garden Paris:
diers heretofore did grow
lens just as weeds do now,
ome splay-foot politicians
llo offer'd up petitions
ensing a new invention
d found out of an antique engine,
t out all the weeds that grow
lic gardens, at a blow,
ave th' herbs standing. Quoth Sir Sun,
ends, that is not to be done.
ıne! quoth Statesman; Yes, an't please ye,
'tis once known you'll say 'tis easy.
hen let's know it, quoth Apollo:
beat a drum, and they'll all follow.
n! (quoth Phœbus) Troth, that's true,
ty invention, quaint and new:
ough of voice and instrument
e th' undoubted president,
ch loud music do not profess,
evil's master of that office,
it must pass; if 't be a drum,
ıign it with *Cler. Parl. Dom. Com.*;

he House of Commons, even before the Rump had
ed the King, and expelled the House of Lords,
many branches of the Royal prerogative, and par-
y this for granting licences for new inventions.

To him apply yourselves, and he
Will soon despatch you for his fee.
They did so, but it prov'd so ill
Th' had better let 'em grow there still.
But to resume what we discoursing
Were on before, that is, stout Orsin:
That which so oft by sundry writers
Has been apply'd t' almost all fighters,
More justly may b' ascrib'd to this
Than any other warrior, (viz.)
None ever acted both parts bolder,
Both of a chieftain and a soldier.
He was of great descent, and high
For splendour and antiquity,
And from celestial origine
Deriv'd himself in a right line
Not as the ancient heroes did,
Who, that their base births might be hid
(Knowing they were of doubtful gender,
And that they came in at the windore),
Made Jupiter himself and others
O' th' gods, gallants to their own mothers,
To get on them a race of champions,
(Of which old Homer first made lampoons).
Arctophylax, in northern sphere,
Was his undoubted ancestor;
From him his great forefathers came,
And in all ages bore his name.
Learned he was in med'c'nal lore,
For by his side a pouch he wore
Replete with strange hermetic powder,

[211] This is one instance of the Author's making great things little, though his talent lay chiefly the other way.

nds nine miles point-blank would solder;
l chemist with great cost
l from a rotten post;
heav'nlier influence
t which mountebanks dispense,
oy Promethean fire made;
do quack that drive that trade.
vhen slovens do amiss
s' doors, by stool or piss,
ned write a red-hot spit
idently apply'd to it
vey mischief from the dung
part that did the wrong,
lid healing; and, as sure
did mischief, this would cure.
virtuous Orsin was endu'd
rning, conduct, fortitude
rable; and as the prince
, Homer, sung long since,
. leech is better far
lf a hundred men of war;
pear'd, and by his skill,
han dint of sword, could kill.
allant Bruin march'd next him,
age formidably grim,
ged as a Saracen,
of Mahomet's own kin;
a mantle *de la guerre*
a impenetrable fur,
his nose, like Indian king,
, for ornament, a ring;
is neck a threefold gorget,

[238] VAR. Unto the 'breech.'

As rough as trebled leathern target;
Armed, as heralds cant, and langued,
Or, as the vulgar say, sharp-fanged:
For as the teeth in beasts of prey
Are swords, with which they fight in fray,
So swords, in men of war, are teeth
Which they do eat their victual with.
He was by birth, some authors write,
A Russian, some a Muscovite,
And 'mong the Cossacks had been bred,
Of whom we in Diurnals read,
That serve to fill up pages here,
As with their bodies ditches there.
Scrimansky was his cousin-german,
With whom he serv'd, and fed on vermin;
And when these fail'd he'd suck his claws,
And quarter himself upon his paws:
And though his countrymen, the Huns,
Did stew their meat between their bums
And th' horses' backs o'er which they straddle,
And ev'ry man ate up his saddle;
He was not half so nice as they,
But ate it raw when 't came in 's way.
He had trac'd countries far and near
More than Le Blanc the traveller,
Who writes, he spous'd in India,
Of noble house a lady gay,
And got on her a race of worthies
As stout as any upon earth is.
Full many a fight for him between
Talgol and Orsin oft had been,
Each striving to deserve the crown
Of a sav'd citizen; the one

ıis Bear, the other fought
Dog; both made more stout
spurs of neighbourhood,
llow-membership, and blood:
l, mortal foe to cows,
aught of him but blows,
d and heavy, such as he
repaid with usury.
ɔol was of courage stout,
ıish'd oft'ner than he fought;
labour, sweat and toil,
a champion, shone with oil:
ıy a widow his keen blade,
r fatherless, had made;
a boar and huge dun-cow
ınother Guy, o'erthrow:
with him in fight compar'd,
the boar or dun-cow far'd.
ıter troops of sheep h' had fought
ĸ or bold Don Quixote;
ɣ a serpent of fell kind,
gs before and stings behind,
as, poets say, long agone
Jeorge Saint George did the Dragon.
ıe, nor device polemic,
ıor doctor epidemic,
tor'd with deletery med'cines,
hosoever took is dead since)
so vast a colony
he under worlds as he;

tcher in Nowgate-market, who afterwards obptain's commission for his rebellious bravery at Sir R. L'Estrange observes.

For he was of that noble trade
That demi-gods and heroes made,
Slaughter, and knocking on the head,
The trade to which they all were bred;
And is, like others, glorious when
'Tis great and large, but base, if mean:
The former rides in triumph for it,
The latter in a two-wheel'd chariot,
For daring to profane a thing
So sacred with vile bungling.
Next these the brave Magnano came,
Magnano great in martial fame;
Yet when with Orsin he wag'd fight,
'Tis sung he got but little by 't:
Yet he was fierce as forest boar,
Whose spoils upon his back he wore,
As thick as Ajax' sevenfold shield,
Which o'er his brazen arms he held:
But brass was feeble to resist
The fury of his armed fist,
Nor could the hardest iron hold out
Against his blows, but they would through 't.
In magic he was deeply read,
As he that made the brazen-head;
Profoundly skill'd in the black art,
As English Merlin for his heart;
But far more skilful in the spheres,
Than he was at the sieve and shears.
He could transform himself in colour,

[331] Simeon Wait a tinker, as famous an Independent preacher as Burroughs, who, with equal blasphemy to his Lord of Hosts, would style Oliver Cromwell the Archangel giving battle to the Devil.

e Devil as a collier;
hypocrites in show
ıe saints, or crow to crow.
like engines he was author,
r quick dispatch of slaughter:
ɔn, blunderbuss, and saker,
ı' inventor of, and maker:
pet and the kettle-drum
from his invention come,
ıe first that e'er did teach
and how to stop, a breach.
e bore with iron pike,
alf would thrust, the other strike;
ı their forces he had join'd,
d to turn his parts behind.
lla lov'd, Trulla more bright
nish'd armour of her knight;
rago, stout and tall,
ɔf France, or English Mall:
perils both of wind and limb,
thick and thin she follow'd him,
dventure h' undertook,
r him or it forsook:
ı of wall, or hedge surprise,
l i' th' hazard and the prize;

laughter of James Spenser, debauched by Mag-
ıker; so called because the tinker's wife or mis-
commonly called his 'trull.' See 'The Cox-
ɔmedy.
ing probably to Mary Carlton, called 'Kentish
more commonly 'The German Princess;' a per-
ıs at the time this First Part of Hudibras was
She was transported to Jamaica, 1671, but re-
ɔm transportation too soon, she was hanged at
n. 22, 1672-3.

At beating quarters up, or forage,
Behav'd herself with matchless courage,
And laid about in fight more busily
Than th' Amazonian Dame Penthesile.
And though some critics here cry shame,
And say our authors are to blame,
That (spite of all philosophers,
Who hold no females stout but bears,
And heretofore did so abhor
That women should pretend to war,
They would not suffer the stout'st dame
To swear by Hercules's name),
Make feeble ladies, in their works,
To fight like termagants and Turks;
To lay their native arms aside,
Their modesty, and ride astride;
To run a-tilt at men, and wield
Their naked tools in open field;
As stout Armida, bold Thalestris,
And she that would have been the mistress
Of Gundibert, but he had grace,
And rather took a country lass;
They say 'tis false without all sense,
But of pernicious consequence
To government, which they suppose
Can never be upheld in prose;
Strip nature naked to the skin,
You'll find about her no such thing:
It may be so, yet what we tell
Of Trulla that's improbable,
Shall be depos'd by those have seen 't,
Or, what's as good, produc'd in print;
And if they will not take our word,

We'll prove it true upon record.
The upright Cerdon next advanc't,
Of all his race the valiant'st;
Cerdon the Great, renown'd in song,
Like Herc'les, for repair of wrong:
He rais'd the low, and fortify'd
The weak against the strongest side:
Ill has he read that never hit
On him in Muses' deathless writ.
He had a weapon keen and fierce,
That through a bull-hide shield would pierce,
And cut it in a thousand pieces,
Though tougher than the Knight of Greece his,
With whom his black-thumb'd ancestor
Was comrade in the ten-years' war:
For when the restless Greeks sat down
So many years before Troy town,
And were renown'd, as Homer writes,
For well-sol'd boots no less than fights,
They ow'd that glory only to
His ancestor, that made them so.
Fast friend he was to reformation,
Until 'twas worn quite out of fashion;
Next rectifier of wry law,
And would make three to cure one flaw.
Learned he was, and could take note,

[409] 'Cerdon.' A one-eyed cobbler, like his brother Colonel Hewson. The poet observes that his chief talent lay in preaching. Is it not then indecent, and beyond the rules of decorum, to introduce him into such rough company? No: it is probable he had but newly set up the trade of a teacher, and we may conclude that the poet did not think that he had so much sanctity as to debar him the pleasure of his beloved diversion of bear-baiting.

Transcribe, collect, translate, and quote:
But preaching was his chiefest talent,
Or argument, in which being valiant,
He us'd to lay about and stickle,

435 Mechanics of all sorts were then preachers, and some of them much followed and admired by the mob. "I am to tell thee, Christian Reader," says Dr. Featley, Preface to his 'Dipper Dipped,' wrote 1645, and published 1647, p. 1, "this new year of new changes, never heard of in former ages, namely, of stables turned into temples, and, I will beg leave to add, temples turned into stables (as was that of St. Paul's, and many more), stalls into quires, shop-boards into communion-tables, tubs into pulpits, aprons into linen ephods, and mechanics of the lowest rank into priests of the high places.—I wonder that our door-posts and walls sweat not, upon which such notes as these have been lately affixed; on such a day such a brewer's clerk exerciseth, such a tailor expoundeth, such a waterman teacheth.—If cooks, instead of mincing their meat, fall upon dividing of the Word; if tailors leap up from the shop-board into the pulpit, and patch up sermons out of stolen shreds; if not only of the lowest of the people, as in Jeroboam's time, priests are consecrated to the Most High God—do we marvel to see such confusion in the Church as there is?" They are humorously girded in a tract entitled, 'The Reformado precisely character'd, by a modern Churchwarden,' p. 11. "Here are felt-makers," says he, "who can roundly deal with the blockheads and neutral dimicasters of the world; cobblers who can give good rules for upright walking, and handle Scripture to a bristle; coachmen who know how to lash the beastly enormities, and curb the headstrong insolences of this brutish age, stoutly exhorting us to stand up for the truth, lest the wheel of destruction roundly overrun us. We have weavers that can sweetly inform us of the shuttle swiftness of the times, and practically tread out the vicissitude of all sublunary things, till the web of our life be cut off: and here are mechanics of my profession who can separate the pieces of salvation from those of damnation, measure out every man's portion, and cut it out by a thread, substantially pressing the points, till they have fashionably filled up their work with a well-bottomed conclusion."

ı or bull, at Conventicle:
ıtants, like rams and bulls,
with arms that spring from sculls.
olon came, bold man of war,
to blows by fatal star,
pert in command of horse,
l, and without remorse.
ich of Centaur long ago
, and has been wrested to
ıer knights, was true of this;
ıis horse were of a piece.
it did inform them both,
same vigour, fury, wroth;
ras much the rougher part,
ays had a harder heart,
ı his horse had been of those
on man's flesh, as fame goes:
food for horse! and yet, alas!
e true, for flesh is grass.
e was, and no less able
ırcules to clean a stable;
a drover, and as great
too, in hog or neat.
l the womb up of his mother,
ellus, 'cause she wanted fother
render, wherewith to feed
and his less cruel steed.
question whether he
se were of a family
rshipful; till antiquaries
ıey'd almost por'd out their eyes)
learnedly decide

441 'Colon.' Ned Perry, an hostler.

The bus'ness on the horse's side,
And prov'd not only horse, but cows,
Nay pigs, were of the elder house:
For beasts, when man was but a piece
Of earth himself, did th' earth possess.
These worthies were the chief that led
The combatants, each in the head
Of his command, with arms and rage
Ready and longing to engage.
The num'rous rabble was drawn out
Of sev'ral counties round about,
From villages remote, and shires
Of east and western hemispheres.
From foreign parishes and regions,
Of different manners, speech, religions,
Came men and mastiffs; some to fight
For fame and honour, some for sight.
And now the field of death, the lists,
Were enter'd by antagonists,
And blood was ready to be broach'd
When Hudibras in haste approach'd
With Squire and weapons to attack 'em;
But first thus from his horse bespake 'em:
What rage, O Citizens! what fury,
Doth you to these dire actions hurry?
What oestrum, what phrenetic mood,
Makes you thus lavish of your blood,
While the proud Vies your trophies boast,
And unreveng'd walks Waller's ghost?
What towns, what garrisons, might you
With hazard of this blood subdue,

[495] 'Oestrum' signifies the gad-bee or horse-fly.
[497] Sir W. Waller was defeated at Devizes.

· y' are bent to throw away
ıriumphable fray?
ı in civil bloodshed wallow
ınd let the Cause lie fallow?
for which we fought and swore
ıhall we now give o'er?
ıse quarrels still are seen
and swearings to begin,
ı League and Covenant
ı mere God-damme rant,
ıt took it, and have fought,
drunkards that fall out:
make war for the King
nself, the self-same thing,
not stick to swear, we do
ıd for Religion too:
r-baiting we allow,
can Reformation do?
and treasure that's laid out
away, and goes for nought.
the fruits o' th' Protestation,
ype of Reformation,
the saints, and some, since martyrs,
ıeir hats like wedding-garters,

Walker observes, "That all the cheating, bitious persons of the land were united together tle of the Godly, the Saints, and shared the fat between them;" and he calls them the Saints nonized no-where but in the Devil's Calendar.
ı Presbyterians, in all their wars against the ıined still that they fought for him; for they distinguish his political person from his natural litical person, they said, must be, and was with ·nt, though his natural person was at war with

When 'twas resolved by their House
Six Members' quarrel to espouse?
Did they for this draw down the rabble,
With zeal and noises formidable,
And make all cries about the town
Join throats to cry the Bishops down?
Who having round begirt the palace,
(As once a month they do the gallows),
As Members gave the sign about,
Set up their throats with hideous shout.
When tinkers bawl'd aloud to settle
Church-Discipline, for patching kettle;
No sow-gelder did blow his horn
To geld a cat, but cry'd Reform;
The oyster-women lock'd their fish up,
And trudg'd away to cry No Bishop;
The mouse-trap men laid save-alls by,
And 'ganst Ev'l Counsellors did cry;
Botchers left old clothes in the lurch,
And fell to turn and patch the Church;
Some cry'd the Covenant, instead
Of pudding-pies and gingerbread;
And some for brooms, old boots and shoes,
Bawl'd out to purge the Commons House;
Instead of kitchen-stuff, some cry
A Gospel-preaching ministry;
And some for old suits, coats, or cloak,
No Surplices nor Service-book:

630 "Good Lord!" says the 'True Informer,' p. 12, "a deal of dirt was thrown in the Bishops' faces!—wh famous ballads were sung!—what a thick cloud of epid hatred hung suddenly over them! so far, that a dog v black and white face was called a 'Bishop.'"

harmonious inclination
'ees to Reformation.
s all? Is this the end
these carr'ings on did tend?
lic faith, like a young heir,
ık'n up all sorts of ware,
nt' ev'ry tradesman's book,
urn bankrupts and are broke?
i for this bring in their plate,
l as if they came too late?
. they thought the cause had need on't,
s he that could be rid on't.
oin piss-pots, bowls, and flagons,
s of horse and dragoons?
pikes and musqueteers
kers, cups and porringers?
, bodkin, and a spoon,
ıp living men as soon
furnace they were thrown,
he dragon's teeth being sown.
the Cause of gold and plate,
ren's off'rings, consecrate,
[ebrew calf, and down before it
s fell prostrate, to adore it:
Wicked—and will you
sarcasmus scandal true
g after Dogs and Bears,
re unclean than calves or steers?

se flights, which seem most extravagant in our
sally excelled by matter of fact. The Scots (in
Declaration,' 1637, p. 41) begin their petition
ommon Prayer-Book thus:—"We men, women,
and servants, having considered, &c." 'Foulis's
ked Plots.'

Have pow'rful Preachers ply'd their tongues,
And laid themselves out and their lungs;
Us'd all means, both direct and sinister,
I' th' pow'r of Gospel-preaching Minister?
Have they invented tones to win
The women, and make them draw in
The men, as Indians with a female
Tame elephant inveigle the male?
Have they told Prov'dence what it must do,

559 It was a common practice to inform God of the tr
actions of the times. "Oh! my Good Lord God," says
G. Swathe, 'Prayers,' p. 12, "I hear the King hath s
his standard at York against the Parliament and cit
London.—Look Thou upon them, take their cause into T
own hand; appear Thou in the cause of Thy Saints, the
in hand.—It is Thy cause, Lord. We know that the Ki
misled, deluded, and deceived by his Popish, Arminian,
temporising, rebellious, malignant faction and party,"
"They would," says Dr. Echard, "in their prayers
sermons, tell God, that they would be willing to be at
charge and trouble for Him, and to do as it were any kin
for the Lord; the Lord might now trust them, and rely
them, they should not fail Him; they should not be unmi
of His business; His works should not stand still, nor
designs be neglected. They must needs say that they
formerly received some favours from God, and have be
it were beholden to the Almighty; but they did not
question but they should find some opportunity of m
some amends for the many good things, and (as I may sa
civilities which they had received from Him. Indeed,
those that are weak in the Faith, and are yet but bal
Christ, it is fit that they should keep at some distance
God, should kneel before Him, and stand (as I may say
in hand to the Almighty: but as for those that are stro
all Gifts, and grown up in all Grace, and are come to a fu
and ripeness in the Lord Jesus, it is comely enough to t
great chair, and sit at the end of the table, and, with
cock'd hats on their heads, to say, God, we thought i
amiss to call upon Thee this evening, and let Thee know
affairs stand. We have been very watchful since we
last with Thee, and they are in a very hopeful cond

) avoid, and whom to trust to?
d th' Enemy's design,
ɔh way best to countermine?
d what ways it hath to work,
l ne'er advance the Kirk?
he news o' th' last express,
r good or bad success
ıyers, not so like petitions
ures and propositions
the Army did present
Creator, th' Parl'ament),
ı they freely will confess
l not, cannot acquiesce,

that Thou wilt not forget us; for we are very of Thy concerns. We do somewhat long to hear ; and if Thou pleasest to give us such a thing), we shall be (as I may so say) good to Thee in else when it lies in our way." See a remarkable ıyer much to the same purpose, 'Scourge,' by Mr. XVI. p. 130, edit. 1717.

ding probably to their profane expostulations with the pulpit. Mr. Vines, in St. Clement's Church, le-bar, used the following words: "O Lord, Thou given us a victory this long while, for all our fre- ng. What dost Thou mean, O Lord, to fling into ıd there to leave us?" And one Robinson, in his Southampton, Aug. 25, 1642, expressed himself in ing manner: "O God, O God, many are the hands ft up against us, but there is one God, it is Thou) Father, Who does us more mischief than they all." ned to encourage this profanity in their public "Gather upon God," says Mr. R. Harris, 'Fast ıfore the Commons,' "and hold Him to it, as Jacob ; Him with His precepts, with His promises, with with His seal, with His oath, till we do δυσωπειν, reek Fathers boldly speak; that is, if I may speak tly enough, put the Lord out of countenance; put ou would say, to the blush, unless we be masters uests."

Unless the work be carry'd on
In the same way they have begun,
By setting Church and Commonweal
All on a flame, bright as their zeal,
On which the Saints were all agog,
And all this for a Bear and Dog?
The Parl'ament drew up petitions
To 'tself, and sent them, like commissions,
To well-affected persons down,
In every city and great town,
With pow'r to levy horse and men,
Only to bring them back agen?
For this did many, many a mile,
Ride manfully in rank and file,
With papers in their hats, that show'd
As if they to the pill'ry rode?
Have all these courses, these efforts,
Been try'd by people of all sorts,
Velis et remis, omnibus nervis,
And all t' advance the Cause's service;
And shall all now be thrown away
In petulant intestine fray?
Shall we, that in the Cov'nant swore
Each man of us to run before
Another, still in Reformation
Give Dogs and Bears a dispensation?
How will Dissenting Brethren relish it?
What will Malignants say? *Videlicet,*
That each man swore to do his best
To damn and perjure all the rest;
And bid the devil take the hin'most,
Which at this race is like to win most.
They'll say our bus'ness to Reform

h and State, is but a worm;
scribe, unsight, unseen,
own Church discipline,
else but beforehand
and after understand?
we swore to carry on
it Reformation,
to the purest mode
s best reform'd abroad,
we else but make a vow
now not what, nor how?
ee of us will agree
what churches these should be:
eed the self-same case
e that swore *et ceteras;*
nch League, in which men vow'd
the last drop of blood.
ders will be thrown upon
and work we carry on,
it men to run headlong
nces fit for Bedlam,
n gospel-walking times,
htest sins are greatest crimes.
e matter so shall handle

oly League in France, designed and made for ion of the Protestant religion, was the original a the Solemn League and Covenant here was ence only of circumstances) most faithfully Nor did the success of both differ more than nd purpose; for, after the destruction of vast eople of all sorts, both ended with the murder , whom they had both sworn to defend. And manters swore every man to run one before he way of Reformation, so did the French, in gue, to fight to the last drop of blood.

As to remove that odious scandal:
In name of King and Parl'ament,
I charge ye all, no more foment
This feud, but keep the peace between
Your brethren and your countrymen,
And to those places straight repair
Where your respective dwellings are.
But to that purpose first surrender
The Fiddler, as the prime offender,
Th' incendiary vile, that is chief
Author and engineer of mischief;
That makes division between friends,
For profane and malignant ends.
He, and that engine of vile noise
On which illegally he plays,
Shall (*dictum factum*) both be brought
To condign pun'shment, as they ought:
This must be done, and I would fain see
Mortal so sturdy as to gainsay;

673—676 The threatening punishment to the Fiddle much like the threats of the pragmatical troopers to p Ralph Dobbin's waggon, 'Plain Dealer,' vol. i. "I driving," says he, "into a town upon the 29th of where my waggon was to dine. There came up in a rage seven or eight of the troopers that were quartered and asked, 'What I bushed out my horses for?' I told 'To drive flies away.' But they said, I was a Ja rascal, that my horses were guilty of high treason, as waggon ought to be hanged. I answered, 'it was al drawn, and within a yard or two of being quartered; to being hanged, it was a compliment we had no oc for, and therefore desired them to take it back again keep it in their own hands, till they had an opportuni make use of it.' I had no sooner spoke these words they fell upon me like thunder, stript my cattle twinkling, and beat me black and blue with my own branches."

ıke another course,
ce you all by force.
lapt his hand on sword,
ıant to keep his word.
who had long supprest
ı in glowing breast,
ɡan to rage and burn as
flame in furnace,
him: Thou vermin wretched,
sled pork was hatched;
orship, that dost grow
stice as of cow;
ɔu with that sullen luggage
ir'n, and other baggage,
y steed of bones and leather
wind in halting hither,
, I say, adventure thus
lumber against us?
ıpertinence find out
ıploy itself about,
ecure from wooden blow,
ty might'st show?
e a-foot between
ing Brethren?
ɜtion rais'd among
heir wits and those i' th' wrong?
een those combatants

be asked, Why Talgol was the first in night, when it seems more incumbent upon make a defence? Probably Talgol might ɜr; for the character the Poet has given him ıe contrary; and his answer carries strong ıtify the conjecture.
ı lam'd, and tir'd in halting hither.'

O' th' times, the land and water saints,
Where thou might'st stickle, without hazard
Of outrage to thy hide and mazzard,
And not for want of bus'ness come
To us to be thus troublesome,
To interrupt our better sort
Of disputants, and spoil our sport?
Was there no felony, no bawd,
Cut-purse, or burglary abroad?
No stolen pig, nor plunder'd goose,
To tie thee up from breaking loose?
No ale unlicens'd, broken hedge,
For which thou statute might'st allege,
To keep thee busy from foul evil
And shame due to thee from the devil?
Did no Committee sit, where he
Might cut out journey-work for thee,
And set th' a task, with subornation,
To stitch up sale and sequestration;
To cheat, with holiness and zeal,
All parties and the commonweal?
Much better had it been for thee
He 'ad kept thee where th' art us'd to be,
Or sent th' on bus'ness any whither,
So he had never brought thee hither:
But if th' hast brain enough in scull
To keep itself in lodging whole,
And not provoke the rage of stones
And cudgels to thy hide and bones,
Tremble, and vanish while thou may'st,
Which I'll not promise if thou stay'st.
At this the knight grew high in wroth,

[722] VAR. 'To keep within its lodging.'

hands and eyes up both,
he smote on stomach stout,
ɔe, at length, these words broke out:
· this entitled Sir,
th trusty sword and spur,
ıd honour to wage battle,
brav'd by foe to cattle?
pride that makes thee swell
ıou dost blown-up veal;
tricks and sleights to cheat,
y carrion for good meat;
magic to repair
age in tough lean ware,
ıl death appear thy work,
ıe gangrene in stale pork;
force that makes thee proud,
bullock ne'er withstood;
n'd with all thy cleavers, knives,
nade to hew down lives;
ır help thee to evade
f Justice, or this blade,
er sword-bearer, do carry,
ɔed and military.
hese words of venom base,

as shewed less patience upon this than Don upon a like occasion, where he calmly distwixt an affront and an injury. The Knight : the satirical answer of Talgol, and vents his ıner exactly suited to his character; and when was worked up to a height too great to be words, he immediately falls into action; but, first entrance into it, he meets with an unlucky nt; an omen that the success would be as inıe cause in which he was engaged.

Turn death of nature to thy work.'

Which thou hast from their native place,
Thy stomach, pump'd to fling on me,
Go unreveng'd, though I am free;
Thou down the same throat shalt devour 'em,
Like tainted beef, and pay dear for 'em:
Nor shall it e'er be said that wight
With gauntlet blue and bases white,
And round blunt truncheon by his side,
So great a man at arms defy'd
With words far bitterer than wormwood,
That would in Job or Grizel stir mood.
Dogs with their tongues their wounds do heal
But men with hands, as thou shalt feel.
This said, with hasty rage he snatch'd
His gun-shot that in holsters watch'd,
And, bending cock, he levell'd full
Against th' outside of Talgol's scull,
Vowing that he should ne'er stir further,
Nor henceforth cow or bullock murther:
But Pallas came in shape of Rust,
And 'twixt the spring and hammer thrust

781—783 This, and another passage in this Canto, ar
only places where Deities are introduced in this poem.
it was not intended for an Epic Poem, consequently
of the heroes in it needed supernatural assistance; how
comes Pallas to be ushered in here, and Mars afterw
Probably to ridicule Homer and Virgil, whose heroes s
perform any action (even the most feasible) withou
sensible aid of a Deity; and to manifest that it was no
want of abilities, but choice, that made our Poet avoid
subterfuges, he has given us a sample of his judgme
this way of writing in the passage before us, which,
in its naked meaning, is only—that the Knight's pistol
for want of use, grown so rusty, that it would not
or, in other words, that the rust was the cause of hi
appointment.

Her Gorgon shield, which made the cock
Stand stiff, as 'twere transform'd to stock.
Mean-while fierce Talgol, gath'ring might,
With rugged truncheon charg'd the Knight:
But he, with petronel upheav'd
Instead of shield, the blow receiv'd;
The gun recoil'd, as well it might,
Not us'd to such a kind of fight,
And shrunk from its great master's gripe,
Knock'd down and stunn'd with mortal stripe.
Then Hudibras, with furious haste,
Drew out his sword; yet not so fast
But Talgol first, with hardy thwack,
Twice bruis'd his head, and twice his back.
But when his nut-brown sword was out,
With stomach huge he laid about,
Imprinting many a wound upon
His mortal foe, the truncheon:
The trusty cudgel did oppose
Itself against dead-doing blows,
To guard his leader from fell bane,
And then reveng'd itself again.
And though the sword (some understood)
In force had much the odds of wood,
'Twas nothing so; both sides were balanc't
So equal, none knew which was valiant'st:
For wood, with honour b'ing engag'd,

[784] VAR. 'Stand stiff, as if 'twere turn'd t' a stock.'
[786] VAR. 'Smote the Knight.'
[787 788] VAR. 'And he with rusty pistol held . . .
To take the blow on like a shield.'
[787] VAR. 'But when his rugged sword was out.'
[788] VAR. 'Courageously he laid about.'

Is so implacably enrag'd,
Though iron hew and mangle sore,
Wood wounds and bruises honour more.
And now both knights were out of breath,
Tir'd in the hot pursuit of death,
Whilst all the rest amaz'd stood still,
Expecting which should take, or kill.
This Hudibras observ'd; and fretting
Conquest should be so long a-getting,
He drew up all his force into
One body, and that into one blow:
But Talgol wisely avoided it
By cunning sleight; for, had it hit,
The upper part of him the blow
Had slit, as sure as that below.
Meanwhile th' incomparable Colon,
To aid his friend, began to fall on:
Him Ralph encounter'd, and straight grew
A dismal combat 'twixt them two;
Th' one arm'd with metal, th' other with wood
This fit for bruise, and that for blood.
With many a stiff thwack, many a bang
Hard crab-tree and old iron rang,
While none that saw them could divine
To which side conquest would incline:
Until Magnano, who did envy,
That two should with so many men vie,
By subtle stratagem of brain
Perform'd what force could ne'er attain;
For he, by foul hap, having found

[826] VAR. 'But now fierce Colon 'gan draw on,
To aid the distress'd champion;'

[826] VAR. 'A fierce dispute.'

Where thistles grew on barren ground,
In haste he drew his weapon out,
And, having cropt them from the root,
He clapt them underneath the tail
Of steed, with pricks as sharp as nail.
The angry beast did straight resent
The wrong done to his fundament,
Began to kick, and fling, and wince,
As if h' had been beside his sense,
Striving to disengage from thistle,
That gall'd him sorely under his tail;
Instead of which, he threw the pack
Of Squire and baggage from his back,
And blund'ring still, with smarting rump,
He gave the Knight's steed such a thump
As made him reel. The Knight did stoop,
And sat on further side aslope.
This Talgol viewing, who had now
By sleight escap'd the fatal blow,
He rally'd, and again fell to 't;
For catching foe by nearer foot,
He lifted with such might and strength
As would have hurl'd him thrice his length,
And dash'd his brains (if any) out:
But Mars, that still protects the stout,
In pudding-time came to his aid,

844 VAR. 'With prickles sharper than a nail.'

846 VAR. 'And feel regret on fundament.'

855 VAR. 'That stagger'd him.'

864 865 I would here observe the judgment of the Poet: Mars is introduced to the Knight's advantage, as Pallas has been before to his disappointment. It was reasonable that the God of War should come in to his assistance, since a goddess

And under him the Bear convey'd,
The Bear, upon whose soft fur-gown
The Knight with all his weight fell down.
The friendly rug preserv'd the ground,
And head-long Knight, from bruise or wound;
Like feather-bed betwixt a wall
And heavy brunt of cannon-ball.
As Sancho on a blanket fell,
And had no hurt, ours far'd as well
In body, though his mighty spirit,
B'ing heavy, did not so well bear it.
The Bear was in a greater fright,
Beat down and worsted by the Knight;
He roar'd, and rag'd, and flung about,
To shake off bondage from his snout:
His wrath inflam'd, boil'd o'er, and from
His jaws of death he threw the foam;
Fury in stranger postures threw him,
And more than ever herald drew him.
He tore the earth, which he had sav'd
From squelch of Knight, and storm'd and rav'
And vex'd the more because the harms
He felt were 'gainst the law of arms:
For men he always took to be
His friends, and dogs the enemy;

had interested herself on the side of his enemies (agre to Homer and Virgil). Had the Knight directly fall the ground, he had been probably disabled from future a and consequently the battle would too soon have bee termined. Besides, we may observe a beautiful gradat the honour of the hero: he falls upon the Bear, the breaks loose, and the spectators run; so that the Kn fall is the primary cause of this rout, and he might jus he afterwards did, ascribe the honour of the victory to self.

o much hurt had done him,
ide did falling on him.
n to the guts that they,
e had fought so many a fray,
ith loss of blood so long,
such inhuman wrong;
soldier-like condition,
e flung down his commission,
ut him, till his nose
of ring and cord broke loose.
lt himself enlarg'd,
kest of his foes he charg'd,
ay through th' amazed crew;
ran, and some o'erthrew,
ie; for by hasty flight
escape pursuit of Knight,
he fled with as much haste
s he the rabble chas'd:
fled, and so did they,
s fear a sev'ral way.
only kept the field,
from the place he held,
en down, and wounded sore
and a leg that bore
im; not that of bone,
s better, th' wooden one.
Iudibras lie strow'd
ound, like log of wood,
of fall, supposed wound,
rine, in a swound,

AR. ' avoid the conqu'ring Knight.'
AR. ' cast in swound.'

In haste he snatch'd the wooden limb
That hurt i' the ankle lay by him,
And, fitting it for sudden fight,
Straight drew it up, t' attack the Knight;
For getting up on stump and huckle,
He with the foe began to buckle,
Vowing to be reveng'd, for breach
Of Crowd and skin, upon the wretch
Sole author of all detriment
He and his Fiddle underwent.
But Ralpho (who had now begun
T' adventure resurrection
From heavy squelch, and had got up
Upon his legs, with sprained crup),
Looking about, beheld pernicion
Approaching Knight from fell musician:
He snatch'd his whinyard up, that fled
When he was falling off his steed
(As rats do from a falling house)
To hide itself from rage of blows,
And, wing'd with speed and fury, flew
To rescue Knight from black and blue;
Which ere he could achieve, his sconce
The leg encounter'd twice and once.
And now 'twas rais'd to smite agen
When Ralpho thrust himself between;
He took the blow upon his arm,

923 VAR. ' And listing it.'

924 VAR. ' to fall on Knight.'

915 926 VAR. ' Looking about, beheld the Bard
To charge the Knight entranc'd prepar'd.'

944 ' The skin encounter'd,' &c.

947 VAR. ' on side and arm.'

shield the Knight from further harm,
l, joining wrath with force, bestow'd
th' wooden member such a load,
it down it fell, and with it bore
wdero, whom it propp'd before.
him the Squire right nimbly run,
d setting conqu'ring foot upon
s trunk, thus spoke: What desp'rate frenzy
ide thee (thou whelp of Sin) to fancy
yself and all that coward rabble
encounter us in battle able?
w durst th', I say, oppose thy Curship
ainst arms, authority, and worship,
d Hudibras or me provoke,
ough all thy limbs were heart of oak,
d th' other half of thee as good
bear out blows as that of wood?
uld not the whipping-post prevail,
th all its rhet'rick, nor the jail,
keep from flaying scourge thy skin,
d ankle free from iron gin?
ich now thou shalt—but first our care
st see how Hudibras does fare.
This said, he gently rais'd the Knight,
l set him on his bum upright.
rouse him from lethargic dump,
tweak'd his nose, with gentle thump
ock'd on his breast, as if 't had been
raise the spirits lodg'd within:
ey, waken'd with the noise, did fly
m inward room to window eye,
d gently op'ning lid, the casement,

VAR. 'To shield the Knight entranc'd from harm.'

Look'd out, but yet with some amazement.
This gladded Ralpho much to see,
Who thus bespoke the Knight. Quoth he,
Tweaking his nose, You are, great Sir,
A self-denying conqueror;
As high, victorious, and great,
As e'er fought for the Churches yet,
If you will give yourself but leave
To make out what y' already have;
That's victory. The foe, for dread
Of your nine-worthiness, is fled,
All save Crowdero, for whose sake
You did th' espous'd Cause undertake;
And he lies pris'ner at your feet,
To be dispos'd as you think meet,
Either for life, or death, or sale,
The gallows, or perpetual jail:
For one wink of your pow'rful eye
Must sentence him to live or die.
His Fiddle is your proper purchase,
Won in the service of the Churches;
And by your doom must be allow'd
To be, or be no more, a Crowd:
For though success did not confer
Just title on the conqueror;
Though dispensations were not strong
Conclusions, whether right or wrong;
Although Outgoings did confirm,
And Owning were but a mere term;
Yet as the wicked have no right

[1009] It was a principle maintained by the Rebels of t
days, that dominion is founded on grace; and, therefo
a man wanted grace (in their opinion), if he was not a

o th' creature, though usurp'd by might,
he property is in the Saint,
rom whom th' injuriously detain 't:
f him they hold their luxuries,
heir dogs, their horses, whores, and dice,
heir riots, revels, masks, delights,
imps, buffoons, fiddlers, parasites;
ll which the Saints have title to,
nd ought t' enjoy, if th' had their due.
Vhat we take from 'em is no more
han what was ours by right before:
or we are their true landlords still,
nd they our tenants but at will.
At this the Knight began to rouse,
nd by degrees grow valorous:
e star'd about, and seeing none
f all his foes remain but one,
e snatch'd his weapon that lay near him
nd from the ground began to rear him,
owing to make Crowdero pay
or all the rest that ran away.
ut Ralpho now, in colder blood,
is fury mildly thus withstood:
reat Sir, quoth he, your mighty spirit
s rais'd too high; this slave does merit
o be the hangman's bus'ness sooner
han from your hand to have the honour
f his destruction; I that am
Nothingness in deed and name,
id scorn to hurt his forfeit carcase,

a godly man, he had no right to any lands, goods, or chattels. The Saints, as the Squire says, had a right to all, and might take it, wherever they had a power to do it.

Or ill entreat his Fiddle or case:
Will you, great Sir, that glory blot
In cold blood, which you gain'd in hot?
Will you employ your conquering sword
To break a fiddle, and your word?
For though I fought and overcame,
And quarter gave, 'twas in your name:
For great commanders always own
What's prosp'rous by the soldier done.
To save, where you have pow'r to kill,
Argues your pow'r above your will;
And that your will and pow'r have less
Than both might have of selfishness.
This pow'r, which now alive, with dread
He trembles at, if he were dead
Would no more keep the slave in awe,
Than if you were a Knight of straw;
For Death would then be his conqueror,
Not you, and free him from that terror.
If danger from his life accrue,
Or honour from his death, to you,
'Twere policy and honour too
To do as you resolv'd to do:
But, Sir, 'twould wrong your valour much,
To say it needs, or fears a crutch.
Great conqu'rors greater glory gain
By foes in triumph led, than slain:
The laurels that adorn their brows
Are pull'd from living, not dead boughs,
And living foes: the greatest fame
Of cripple slain can be but lame:
One half of him 's already slain,
The other is not worth your pain;

' honour can but on one side light,
worship did, when y' were dubb'd Knight;
herefore I think it better far
keep him prisoner of war,
ıd let him fast in bonds abide,
court of justice to be try'd;
here if h' appear so bold or crafty
ıere may be danger in his safety,
any member there dislike
is face, or to his beard have pique,
r if his death will save or yield,
evenge or fright, it is reveal'd;
hough he has quarter, ne'ertheless
' have pow'r to hang him when you please;
his has been often done by some
f our great conqu'rors, you know whom;
nd has by most of us been held
Tise justice, and to some reveal'd:
or words and promises, that yoke
he conqueror, are quickly broke;
ike Samson's cuffs, though by his own
irection and advice put on.
or if we should fight for the Cause
y rules of military laws,

1066 When the Rebels had taken a prisoner, though they ve him quarter, and promised to save his life, yet if any them afterwards thought it not proper that he should be ved, it was only saying it was revealed to him that such one should die, and they hanged him up, notwithstanding s promises before made. Dr. South observes of Harrison s Regicide, a butcher by profession, and preaching Colonel the Parliament army, "That he was notable for having lled several after quarter given by others, using these rds in doing it: 'Cursed be he who doth the work of the d negligently.'"

As if 'twere ridden post by witch
At twenty miles an hour pace,
And yet ne'er stirs out of the place.
On top of this there is a spire,
On which Sir Knight first bids the Squire
The Fiddle, and its spoils, the case,
In manner of a trophy, place;
That done, they ope the trap-door gate,
And let Crowdero down thereat.
Crowdero making doleful face,
Like hermit poor in pensive place
To dungeon they the wretch commit,
And the survivor of his feet;
But th' other that had broke the peace,
And head of Knighthood, they release,
Though a delinquent false and forged,
Yet b'ing a stranger he's enlarged,
While his comrade, that did no hurt,
Is clapp'd up fast in prison for't:
So justice, while she winks at crimes,
Stumbles on innocence sometimes.

PART I. CANTO III.

THE ARGUMENT.

The scatter'd rout return and rally,
Surround the place: the Knight does sally,
And is made pris'ner: then they seize
Th' enchanted fort by storm, release
Crowdero, and put the Squire in 's place;
I should have first said Hudibras.

Y me! what perils do environ
. The man that meddles with cold iron!
; plaguy mischiefs and mishaps
og him still with after-claps!
hough Dame Fortune seem to smile,
leer upon him for a while,
l after shew him, in the nick
l his glories, a dog-trick.
any man may sing or say
' ditty call'd, 'What if a Day?'
Hudibras, who thought h' had won
field, as certain as a gun,
having routed the whole troop,
victory was cock-a-hoop,
king h' had done enough to purchase
ksgiving-day among the Churches,
rein his mettle and brave worth
ıt be explain'd by holder-forth
register'd by fame eternal
eathless pages of Diurnal,

Found in few minutes, to his cost,
He did but count without his host,
And that a turnstile is more certain
Than, in events of war, Dame Fortune.
For now the late faint-hearted rout,[37]
O'erthrown and scatter'd round about,
Chas'd by the horror of their fear
From bloody fray of Knight and Bear
(All but the Dogs, who in pursuit
Of the Knight's victory stood to 't,
And most ignobly fought to get
The honour of his blood and sweat),
Seeing the coast was free and clear
O' the conquer'd and the conqueror,
Took heart again, and fac'd about[36]
As if they meant to stand it out:
For by this time the routed Bear,
Attack'd by th' enemy i' th' rear,
Finding their number grew too great
For him to make a safe retreat,
Like a bold chieftain fac'd about;
But wisely doubting to hold out,
Gave way to fortune, and with haste
Fac'd the proud foe, and fled, and fac'd,
Retiring still, until he found
H' had got the advantage of the ground,
And then as valiantly made head
To check the foe, and forthwith fled,
Leaving no art untry'd, nor trick
Of warrior stout and politic,
Until, in spite of hot pursuit,

[36] VAR. 'Took heart of grace.'

[37] VAR. 'For now the half-defeated Bear.'

pass, to hold dispute
ırms, and stop the course
l foe. With all his force
ɔharg'd, and for awhile
whole body to recoil;
ir numbers so increas'd,
mself at length oppress'd,
ions so uncertain,
self for better fortune,
ılv'd, rather than yield,
honour in the field,
hide and carcase at
igh and desperate
ɔuld. This resolution
h put in execution,
threw himself among
i' th' greatest throng:
uld single valour do
umerous a foe?
ɔ did, indeed too much
'd, where th' odds were such;
inst a multitude,
ı mortal can make good:
ıe party he oppos'd,
ɜ suddenly inclos'd,
ı left him for retreat
inst a foe so great.
Mastiffs, charging home,
d handy-gripes were come;
ılly himself he bore,
his right foot before,
mself, to shew how tall
vas above them all.

This equal shame and envy stirr'd
In th' enemy, that one should beard
So many warriors, and so stout,
As he had done, and stav'd it out,
Disdaining to lay down his arms,
And yield on honourable terms.
Enraged thus, some in the rear
Attack'd him, and some ev'ry where,
Till down he fell; yet falling fought,
And, being down, still laid about:
As Widdrington, in doleful dumps,
Is said to fight upon his stumps.
But all, alas! had been in vain,
And he inevitably slain,
If Trulla and Cerdon in the nick
To rescue him had not been quick:
For Trulla, who was light of foot
As shafts which long-field Parthians shoot,
(But not so light as to be borne
Upon the ears of standing corn,
Or trip it o'er the water quicker
Than witches when their staves they liquor,
As some report), was got among
The foremost of the martial throng.

[102] 'As shafts which long-field Parthians shoot.' Mr. Warburton is of opinion that 'long-filed' would be more proper as the Parthians were ranged in long files, a disposition proper for their manner of fighting, which was by sudden retreats and sudden charges. Mr. Smith of Harleston, in Norfolk, thinks that the following alteration of the line would be an improvement:

'As long-field shafts, which Parthians shoot.'

'Long-field Parthians' is right, i. e. Parthians who fight from a distance. Ed.

ʒ the vanquish'd Bear,
Cerdon, who stood near,
bloody fight; to whom,
oth she) stand still hum-drum,
t Bruin, all alone,
basely overthrown?
ready h' has achiev'd
to be believ'd,
to us be shame enough
pt to fetch him off.
ıuoth he) venture a limb
ee, and rescue him;
must about it straight,
ıid will come too late:
corns, he is so stout,
e cannot long hold out.
ey wav'd their weapons round
heads to clear the ground,
forces, laid about
hat th' amazed rout
gain, and straight begun,
il drove, to run.
th' approach'd the place where Bruin
ʒag'd to mortal ruin:
ng foe they soon assail'd,
stav'd, and Cerdon tail'd,
lastiffs loos'd their hold;
ɜ! do what they could,
Bear came off with store
ɔunds, but all before.
les, dipt in pond,
iz'd free from wound,
ıgainst dead-doing steel

All over, but the Pagan heel;
So did our champion's arms defend
All of him but the other end,
His head and ears, which in the martial
Encounter lost a leathern parcel.
For as an Austrian archduke once
Had one ear (which in ducatoons
Is half the coin) in battle par'd
Close to his head, so Bruin far'd;
But tugg'd and pull'd on th' other side
Like scriv'ner newly crucify'd,
Or like the late corrected leathern
Ears of the circumcised brethren.
But gentle Trulla into th' ring
He wore in 's nose convey'd a string,
With which she march'd before, and led
The warrior to a grassy bed,
As authors write, in a cool shade
Which eglantine and roses made,
Close by a softly murm'ring stream,
Where lovers us'd to loll and dream:
There leaving him to his repose,
Secured from pursuit of foes,
And wanting nothing but a song
And a well-tun'd theorbo hung
Upon a bough, to ease the pain
His tugg'd ears suffer'd, with a strain.
They both drew up, to march in quest
Of his great leader and the rest.
  For Orsin (who was more renown'd
For stout maintaining of his ground,
In standing fights, than for pursuit,
As being not so quick of foot)

; long able to keep pace
hers that pursu'd the chace,
ıd himself left far behind,
t of heart and out of wind.
to behold his Bear pursued
.y by a multitude,
ə to fall, not by the prowess,
ıbers, of his coward foes,
d, and kept as heavy a coil as
.ercules for loss of Hylas,
the valleys to repeat
ents of his sad regret:
; his breast and tore his hair,
ı of his dear crony Bear,
ıho, from the hollow ground,
ɜful wailings did resound
istfully, by many times,
small poets' splayfoot rhymes,
ake her, in their ruthful stories,
ver to int'rrogatories,
ıst unconscionably depose
gs of which she nothing knows;
ıen she has said all she can say,
ɜsted to the lover's fancy.
ıe, O whither, wicked Bruin!
u fled to my—: Echo, Ruin.
ht th' hadst scorn'd to budge a step
r: quoth Echo, Marry guep.
ot here to take thy part?

This passage is beautiful, not only as it is a moving
ion, and evidences our Poet to be master of the
as well as the sublime style, but also as it compre-
fine satire upon that false kind of wit of making an
t sensibly, and give rational answers.

Then what has quail'd thy stubborn heart?
Have these bones rattled, and this head
So often in thy quarrel bled?
Nor did I ever winch or grudge it
For thy dear sake: Quoth she, Mum budget.
Think'st thou 'twill not be laid i' th' dish
Thou turn'dst thy back? Quoth Echo, Pish.
To run from those th' hadst overcome
Thus cowardly? Quoth Echo, Mum.
But what a vengeance makes thee fly
From me too, as thine enemy?
Or, if thou hast not thought of me,
Nor what I have endured for thee,
Yet shame and honour might prevail
To keep thee thus from turning tail:
For who would grutch to spend his blood in
His honour's cause? Quoth she, A puddin.
This said, his grief to anger turn'd,
Which in his manly stomach burn'd;
Thirst of revenge, and wrath, in place
Of sorrow, now began to blaze:
He vow'd the authors of his woe
Should equal vengeance undergo,
And with their bones and flesh pay dear
For what he suffer'd, and his Bear.
This being resolv'd, with equal speed
And rage he hasted to proceed
To action straight, and, giving o'er,
To search for Bruin any more,
He went in quest of Hudibras,
To find him out where'er he was;
And, if he were above ground, vow'd
He'd ferret him, lurk where he would.

e had he a furlong on
e adventure gone,
ıcounter'd with that crew
ibras did late subdue.
'enge, contempt, and shame,
their breasts inflame.
ı the fierce Magnano was,
foe to Hudibras,
Colon, warriors stout
e, as ever fought;
ıus Orsin thus bespoke:
(quoth he) thus basely brook
ront that paltry ass,
scoundrel, Hudibras,
ıore paltry ragamuffin,
h vapouring and huffing,
pon us, like tame cattle,
l routed us in battle?
t, it shall ne'er be said
ıshing gave my head:
urn my back for fear
s, but loss of my Bear,
I'm like to undergo;
r these fell wounds, or no,
ıiv'd in fight, are mortal,
n all my skill can foretell;
ıow what is become
re than the Pope of Rome.
but find them out
it (as I shall, no doubt,
' in hugger-mugger lurk)
ıem rue their handiwork,

ı. 'Of them, but losing of my Bear.'

And wish that they had rather dar'd
To pull the devil by the beard.
  Quoth Cerdon, Noble Orsin, th' hast
Great reason to do as thou say'st,
And so has ev'ry body here,
As well as thou hast, or thy Bear:
Others may do as they see good;
But if this twig be made of wood
That will hold tack, I'll make the fur
Fly 'bout the ears of that old cur,
And th' other mongrel vermin, Ralph,
That brav'd us all in his behalf.
Thy Bear is safe and out of peril,
Though lugg'd indeed and wounded very ill;
Myself and Trulla made a shift
To help him out at a dead lift,
And having brought him bravely off,
Have left him where he's safe enough:
There let him rest; for if we stay,
The slaves may hap to get away.
  This said, they all engag'd to join
Their forces in the same design,
And forthwith put themselves in search
Of Hudibras upon their march:
Where leave we them a while, to tell
What the victorious Knight befell;
For such, Crowdero being fast
In dungeon shut, we left him last.
Triumphant laurels seem'd to grow
No-where so green as on his brow,
Laden with which, as well as tir'd
With conqu'ring toil, he now retir'd
Unto a neigh'bring castle by,

'o rest his body, and apply
'it med'cines to each glorious bruise
[e got in fight, reds, blacks, and blues;
'o mollify th' uneasy pang
'f ev'ry honourable bang;
Vhich b'ing by skilful midwife drest,
[e laid him down to take his rest.
But all in vain: h' had got a hurt,
' th' inside, of a deadlier sort,
y Cupid made, who took his stand
pon a widow's jointure-land
For he, in all his am'rous battles,
'o 'dvantage finds like goods and chattels),
rew home his bow, and, aiming right,
et fly an arrow at the Knight.
he shaft against a rib did glance,
nd gall him in the purtenance;
ut time had somewhat 'swag'd his pain,
fter he found his suit in vain;
or that proud dame, for whom his soul
'as burnt in 's belly like a coal,
Vhat belly that so oft did ache
nd suffer griping for her sake,
ill purging comfits and ants' eggs
[ad almost brought him off his legs),
s'd him so like a base rascallion,
hat old Pyg—(what d' ye call him)—malion,
hat cut his mistress out of stone,
[ad not so hard a hearted one.
he had a thousand jadish tricks,

315 316 VAR. 'As how he did, and aiming right,
An arrow he let fly at Knight.'

Worse than a mule that flings and kicks;
'Mong which one cross-grain'd freak she had,
As insolent as strange and mad:
She could love none but only such
As scorn'd and hated her as much.
'Twas a strange riddle of a lady;
Not love, if any lov'd her: hey-day!
So cowards never use their might
But against such as will not fight;
So some diseases have been found
Only to seize upon the sound.
He that gets her by heart must say her
The back way, like a witch's prayer.
Meanwhile the Knight had no small task
To compass what he durst not ask:
He loves, but dares not make the motion;
Her ignorance is his devotion:
Like caitiff vile, that for misdeed
Rides with his face to rump of steed,
Or rowing scull, he's fain to love;
Look one way, and another move:
Or like a tumbler that does play
His game, and look another way
Until he seize upon the coney;
Just so does he by matrimony.
But all in vain; her subtle snout
Did quickly wind his meaning out,
Which she return'd with too much scorn
To be by man of honour borne:
Yet much he bore, until the distress
He suffer'd from his spightful mistress
Did stir his stomach, and the pain

[338] VAR. 'Ha-day!'

endur'd from her disdain
o regret so resolute,
resolv'd to wave his suit,
her to renounce her quite
while play least in sight.
olution b'ing put on,
some months, and more had done,
ig brought so nigh by Fate,
'ry he achiev'd so late
his thoughts agog, and ope
to discontinu'd hope,
em'd to promise he might win
ie too, now his hand was in;
it his valour, and the honour
newly gain'd, might work upon her.
easons made his mouth to water
n'rous longings to be at her.
h he, unto himself, Who knows
brave conquest o'er my foes
ich her heart, and make that stoop,
t now have forc'd the troop?
ng can oppugn love,
tue envious ways can prove,
iay not he confide to do
ings both love and virtue too?
u bring'st valour too, and wit,
ings that seldom fail to hit.
a mouse-trap, wit a gin,
women oft are taken in:
Hudibras, why shouldst thou fear
that art, a conqueror?
th' audacious doth *juvare*,
the timidous miscarry:

Then, while the honour thou hast got
Is spick and span new, piping hot,
Strike her up bravely thou hadst best,
And trust thy fortune with the rest.
  Such thoughts as these the Knight did keep,
More than his bangs, or fleas, from sleep:
And as an owl, that in a barn
Sees a mouse creeping in the corn,
Sits still, and shuts his round blue eyes
As if he slept, until he spies
The little beast within his reach,
Then starts, and seizes on the wretch;
So from his couch the Knight did start,
To seize upon the widow's heart,
Crying, with hasty tone and hoarse,
Ralpho, despatch, to horse, to horse!
And 'twas but time; for now the rout,
We left engag'd to seek him out,
By speedy marches were advanc'd
Up to the fort where he ensconc'd,
And had all th' avenues possest
About the place, from east to west.
  That done, a while they made a halt
To view the ground, and where t' assault:
Then call'd a council, which was best,
By siege or onslaught, to invest
The enemy; and 'twas agreed
By storm and onslaught to proceed.
This b'ing resolv'd, in comely sort
They now drew up t' attack the fort;
When Hudibras, about to enter
Upon another-gates adventure,
To Ralpho call'd aloud to arm,

lot dreaming of approaching storm.
Whether Dame Fortune, or the care
f angel bad, or tutelar,
id arm, or thrust him on a danger
o which he was an utter stranger,
hat foresight might, or might not, blot
he glory he had newly got,
r to his shame it might be said,
hey took him napping in his bed;
o them we leave it to expound
hat deal in sciences profound.
His courser scarce he had bestrid,
nd Ralpho that on which he rid,
hen, setting ope the postern gate,
hich they thought best to sally at,
he foe appear'd drawn up and drill'd,
eady to charge them in the field.
his somewhat startled the bold Knight,
rpris'd with th' unexpected sight:
he bruises of his bones and flesh
e thought began to smart afresh;
ill, recollecting wonted courage,
is fear was soon converted to rage;
nd thus he spoke: The coward foe,
hom we but now gave quarter to,
ok, yonder's rallied, and appears
s if they had outrun their fears.
he glory we did lately get,
he Fates command us to repeat;
nd to their wills we must succomb,
uocunque trahunt, 'tis our doom.

437 VAR. 'Might be said.'

444 VAR. 'To take the field, and sally at.'

This is the same numeric crew
Which we so lately did subdue;
The self-same individuals that
Did run, as mice do from a cat,
When we courageously did wield
Our martial weapons in the field,
To tug for victory: and when
We shall our shining blades agen
Brandish in terror o'er our heads,
They'll straight resume their wonted dreads.
Fear is an ague, that forsakes
And haunts, by fits, those whom it takes;
And they'll opine they feel the pain
And blows they felt to-day, again.
Then let us boldly charge them home
And make no doubt to overcome.
  This said, his courage to inflame,
He call'd upon his mistress' name;
His pistol next he cock'd anew,
And out his nutbrown whinyard drew,
And, placing Ralpho in the front,
Reserv'd himself to bear the brunt,
As expert warriors use: then ply'd
With iron heel his courser's side,
Conveying sympathetic speed
From heel of Knight to heel of steed.
  Meanwhile the foe, with equal rage
And speed, advancing to engage,
Both parties now were drawn so close,
Almost to come to handy blows:
When Orsin first let fly a stone
At Ralpho; not so huge a one

472 VAR. 'Haunts by turns.'

hich Diomed did maul
the bum withal,
ıough, if rightly hurl'd,
nt him to another world,
ıbove ground or below,
nts twice dipt are destin'd to.
r startled the bold Squire,
him some few steps retire;
ıras advanc'd to 's aid,
l his spirits half-dismay'd.
doubting lest the shot
ny, now growing hot,
ı distance gall, press'd close
ell-mell to handy-blows.
ıe might their aim decline
ıtill in an oblique line;
ntly forebore to fire,
to breast he had got nigher,
warriors use to do
d to hand they charge their foe.
the advent'rous Knight,
er-like, observ'd in fight;
tune (as she's wont) turn'd fickle.
ıe foe began to stickle:
shame for her Goodyship,
near a friend the slip.
choosing out a stone,
right, it thump'd upon
paunch with such a force
beat him off his horse.
his whinyard and the rein,

'He loos'd his weapon'—and, 'He lost his

But, laying fast hold on the mane,
Preserv'd his seat: and as a goose
In death contracts his talons close,
So did the Knight, and with one claw
The tricker of his pistol draw.
The gun went off; and as it was
Still fatal to stout Hudibras,
In all his feats of arms, when least
He dreamt of it, to prosper best,
So now he far'd; the shot, let fly
At random 'mong the enemy,
Pierc'd Talgol's gaberdine, and grazing
Upon his shoulder, in the passing
Lodg'd in Magnano's brass habergeon,
Who straight A surgeon, cry'd, A surgeon:
He tumbled down, and, as he fell,
Did Murder, Murder, Murder, yell.
This startled their whole body so,
That if the Knight had not let go
His arms, but been in warlike plight,
He'd won (the second time) the fight;
As, if the Squire had but fall'n on,
He had inevitably done.
But he, diverted with the care
Of Hudibras his hurt, forbare
To press th' advantage of his fortune,
While danger did the rest dishearten.
For he with Cerdon b'ing engag'd
In close encounter, they both wag'd

545—548 VAR. 'As Ralpho might, but he with care
Of Hudibras his hurt forbare.'

548 VAR. 'Hudibras his wound.'

561 VAR. 'He had with Cerdon.'

e fight so well, 'twas hard to say
ıich side was like to get the day.
ıd now the busy work of Death
ıd tir'd them so, th' agreed to breathe,
eparing to renew the fight,
hen the disaster of the Knight,
ıd th' other party, did divert
ıeir fell intent, and forc'd them part.
ılpho press'd up to Hudibras,
ıd Cerdon where Magnano was,
ıch striving to confirm his party
ith stout encouragements and hearty.
Quoth Ralpho, Courage, valiant Sir,
nd let revenge and honour stir
our spirits up; once more fall on,
he shatter'd foe begins to run:
or if but half so well you knew
o use your vict'ry as subdue,
hey durst not, after such a blow
s you have given them, face us now,
ut from so formidable a soldier
ad fled like crows when they smell powder.
hrice have they seen your sword aloft
'av'd o'er their heads, and fled as oft;
ut if you let them re-collect
ieir spirits, now dismay'd and checkt,
ou'll have a harder game to play
ıan yet y' have had, to get the day.
Thus spoke the stout Squire, but was heard
Hudibras with small regard;
s thoughts were fuller of the bang

553 VAR. 'So desperately.'

560 VAR. 'And force their sullen rage to part.'

He lately took, than Ralph's harangue:
To which he answer'd, Cruel Fate
Tells me thy counsel comes too late.
The knotted blood within my hose,
That from my wounded body flows,
With mortal crisis doth portend
My days to appropinque an end.
I am for action now unfit
Either of fortitude or wit,
Fortune, my foe, begins to frown,
Resolv'd to pull my stomach down.
I am not apt upon a wound,
Or trivial basting, to despond,
Yet I'd be loth my days to curtal;
For if I thought my wounds not mortal,
Or that w' had time enough as yet
To make an honourable retreat,
'Twere the best course: but if they find
We fly, and leave our arms behind,
For them to seize on, the dishonour
And danger too is such, I'll sooner
Stand to it boldly, and take quarter,
To let them see I am no starter.
In all the trade of war no feat
Is nobler than a brave retreat:
For those that run away and fly,
Take place at least o' th' enemy.
This said, the Squire, with active speed,
Dismounted from his bony steed,
To seize the arms which, by mischance,
Fell from the bold Knight in a trance:
These being found out, and restor'd

587 VAR. 'The clotted blood.'

as, their nat'ral lord,
may say, with might and main
to get up again.
essay'd to mount aloft,
weighty bum as oft
ll'd back, till, having found
age of the rising ground,
led his warlike steed,
ig plac'd him right, with speed
gain to scale the beast;
n, who had newly drest
r scar upon the shoulder
with Promethean powder,
vas searching for the shot
Magnano on the spot,
) sturdy Squire aforesaid,
to climb up his horse-side:
; cure, and, laying hold
ırms, with courage bold
'Tis now no time to dally,
y begin to rally;
t are unhurt and whole
ıd happy man be 's dole.
d, like to a thunderbolt
ith fury to th' assault,
ı' enemy to attack
reach'd his horse's back.
ıs mounted now, and gotten
t his beast with active vau'ting,
his body to recover
ınd cast his right leg over:

'The active Squire, with might and main,
Prepar'd in haste to mount again.'

When Orsin, rushing in, bestow'd
On horse and man so heavy a load,
The beast was startled, and begun
To kick and fling like mad, and run,
Bearing the tough Squire like a sack,
Or stout King Richard, on his back;
Till stumbling, he threw him down,
Sore bruis'd, and cast into a swoon.
Meanwhile the Knight began to rouse
The sparkles of his wonted prowess:
He thrust his hand into his hose,
And found, both by his eyes and nose,
'Twas only choler, and not blood,
That from his wounded body flow'd.
This, with the hazard of the Squire,
Inflam'd him with despiteful ire:
Courageously he fac'd about,
And drew his other pistol out,
And now had half-way bent the cock;
When Cerdon gave so fierce a shock
With sturdy truncheon, 'thwart his arm,
That down it fell and did no harm;
Then, stoutly pressing on with speed,
Assay'd to pull him off his steed.
The Knight his sword had only left,
With which he Cerdon's head had cleft,
Or at the least cropp'd off a limb,
But Orsin came, and rescu'd him.
He with his lance attack'd the Knight
Upon his quarters opposite:
But as a barque, that in foul weather,
Toss'd by two adverse winds together,
Is bruis'd and beaten to and fro,

ɔws not which to turn him to;
the Knight between two foes,
ɜw not which of them t' oppose:
in, charging with his lance
ibras, by spiteful chance
don such a bang, as stunn'd
l him flat upon the ground.
the Knight began to cheer up,
ising up himself on stirrup,
ıt, *Victoria!* lie thou there,
hall straight despatch another
thee company in death;
; I'll halt a while, and breathe:
he might; for Orsin, griev'd
'ound that Cerdon had receiv'd,
relieve him with his lore,
:e the hurt he gave before.
ıile the Knight had wheel'd about
the himself, and next find out
ıntage of the ground, where best
ht the ruffled foe infest.
ng resolv'd, he spurr'd his steed,
at Orsin with full speed,
ıe was busy in the care
on's wound, and unaware:
was quick, and had already
e part apply'd remedy;
ing th' enemy prepar'd,
p and stood upon his guard;
ke a warrior right expert
lful in the martial art,
ıtle Knight straight made a halt,
lg'd it best to stay th' assault,

Until he had reliev'd the Squire,
And then (in order) to retire,
Or, as occasion should invite,
With forces join'd renew the fight.
Ralpho, by this time disentranc'd,
Upon his bum himself advanc'd,
Though sorely bruis'd; his limbs all o'er
With ruthless bangs were stiff and sore:
Right fain he would have got upon
His feet again, to get him gone,
When Hudibras to aid him came:
  Quoth he (and call'd him by his name),
Courage, the day at length is ours,
And we once more, as conquerors,
Have both the field and honour won;
The foe is profligate and run:
I mean all such as can, for some
This hand hath sent to their long home;
And some lie sprawling on the ground,
With many a gash and bloody wound.
Cæsar himself could never say
He got two vict'ries in a day
As I have done, that can say, twice I
In one day *veni, vidi, vici.*
The foe's so numerous, that we
Cannot so often *vincere,*
And they *perire,* and yet enow
Be left to strike an after-blow;
Then lest they rally, and once more
Put us to fight the bus'ness o'er,
Get up and mount thy steed; despatch,
And let us both their motions watch.
  Quoth Ralph, I should not, if I were

case for action, now be here;
r have I turn'd my back, or hang'd
arse, for fear of being bang'd.
was for you I got these harms,
vent'ring to fetch off your arms.
e blows and drubs I have receiv'd
ve bruis'd my body, and bereav'd
r limbs of strength: unless you stoop
ıd reach your hand to pull me up,
ihall lie here, and be a prey
those who now are run away.
That thou shalt not (quoth Hudibras):
e read the Ancients held it was
ore honourable far *servare*
vem than slay an adversary:
ıe one we oft to-day have done,
ıe other shall despatch anon;
ıd, though thou'rt of a diff'rent church,
will not leave thee in the lurch.
This said, he jogg'd his good steed nigher,
ıd steer'd him gently t'wards the Squire,
hen, bowing down his body, stretch'd
is hand out, and at Ralpho reach'd;
Then Trulla, whom he did not mind,
harg'd him like lightening behind.
ıe had been long in search about
agnano's wound, to find it out,
ıt could find none, nor where the shot
hat had so startled him was got;
ıt, having found the worst was past,
ıe fell to her own work at last,
he pillage of the prisoners,
hich in all feats of arms was hers:

And now to plunder Ralph she flew,
When Hudibras his hard fate drew
To succour him; for as he bow'd
To help him up, she laid a load
Of blows so heavy, and plac'd so well,
On th' other side, that down he fell.
  Yield, scoundrel base (quoth she), or die;
Thy life is mine, and liberty:
But if thou think'st I took thee tardy,
And dar'st presume to be so hardy
To try thy fortune o'er afresh,
I'll wave my title to thy flesh,
Thy arms and baggage, now my right,
And, if thou hast the heart to try 't,
I'll lend thee back thyself awhile,
And once more, for that carcase vile,
Fight upon tick.—Quoth Hudibras,
Thou offer'st nobly, valiant lass,
And I shall take thee at thy word:
First let me rise and take my sword.
That sword which has so oft this day
Through squadrons of my foes made way,
And some to other worlds despatcht,
Now, with a feeble spinster matcht,
Will blush, with blood ignoble stain'd,
By which no honour's to be gain'd.
But if thou'lt take m' advice in this,
Consider, whilst thou may'st, what 'tis
To interrupt a victor's course
B' opposing such a trivial force:
For if with conquest I come off
(And that I shall do sure enough),
Quarter thou canst not have nor grace,

law of arms, in such a case;
h which I now do offer freely.
orn (quoth she), thou coxcomb silly
apping her hand upon her breech,
show how much she prized his speech),
arter or counsel from a foe;
hou canst force me to it, do:
t lest it should again be said,
ien I have once more won thy head,
ook thee napping, unprepar'd,
n, and betake thee to thy guard.
This said, she to her tackle fell,
d on the Knight let fall a peal
blows so fierce, and press'd so home,
at he retir'd, and follow'd 's bum.
nd to 't, quoth she, or yield to mercy;
is not fighting *arsie-versie*
all serve thy turn.—This stirr'd his spleen
ore than the danger he was in,
ie blows he felt or was to feel,
though th' already made him reel.
onour, despite, revenge, and shame,
t once into his stomach came;
hich fir'd it so, he rais'd his arm
bove his head and rain'd a storm
f blows so terrible and thick,
s if he meant to hash her quick.
ut she upon her truncheon took them,
nd by oblique diversion broke them,
aiting an opportunity
o pay all back with usury,
hich long she fail'd not of; for now
he Knight with one dead-doing blow

Resolving to decide the fight,
And she with quick and cunning sleight
Avoiding it, the force and weight
He charg'd upon it was so great
As almost sway'd him to the ground.
No sooner she th' advantage found,
But in she flew; and, seconding
With home-made thrust the heavy swing,
She laid him flat upon his side,
And, mounting on his trunk astride,
Quoth she, I told thee what would come
Of all thy vapouring, base scum:
Say, will the law of arms allow
I may have grace and quarter now?
Or wilt thou rather break thy word,
And stain thine honour than thy sword?
A man of war to damn his soul,
In basely breaking his parole!
And when before the fight th' hadst vow'd
To give no quarter in cold blood;
Now thou hast got me for a Tartar,
To make me 'gainst my will take quarter,
Why dost not put me to the sword,
But cowardly fly from thy word?
  Quoth Hudibras, The day's thine own;
Thou and thy stars have cast me down:
My laurels are transplanted now,
And flourish on thy conqu'ring brow:
My loss of honour's great enough,

857–866 VAR.

'Shall I have quarter now, you ruffin?
Or wilt thou be worse than thy huffing?
Thou said'st th' would'st kill me, marry would'st th
Why dost thou not, thou Jack-a-nods thou?'

l'st not brand it with a scoff:
may eclipse thine own,
t blur my lost renown:
now in Fortune's power;
i down can fall no lower.
nt heroes were illustr'ous
benign, and not blustrous
vanquish'd foe: their swords
p and trenchant, not their words;
n fight but cut work out
their courtesies about.
ihe, Although thou hast deserved,
berdegullion, to be serv'd
id'st vow to deal with me
dst got the victory,
l rather act a part
my fame than thy desert:
thy liberty, beside
on th' outside of thy hide,
by military law,
I will not bate one straw;
thy life and limbs, once more,
ɔubly forfeit, I restore.
Hudibras, It is too late
treat or stipulate;
ı command'st I must obey!
whom I expung'd to-day,
wn party, I let go,
them life and freedom too,
ı and Bear, upon their parole,
ook pris'ners in this quarrel.
Trulla, Whether thou or they
ıother run away,

Concerns not me; but was 't not thou
That gave Crowdero quarter too?
Crowdero whom, in irons bound,
Thou basely threw'st into Lob's pound,
Where still he lies, and with regret
His gen'rous bowels rage and fret.
But now thy carcase shall redeem,
And serve to be exchang'd for him.
  This said, the Knight did straight subm
And laid his weapons at her feet.
Next he disrob'd his gaberdine,
And with it did himself resign.
She took it, and forthwith divesting
The mantle that she wore, said jesting,
Take that, and wear it for my sake;
Then threw it o'er his sturdy back.
And as the French we conquer'd once
Now give us laws for pantaloons,
The length of breeches and the gathers,
Port-cannons, periwigs, and feathers;
Just so the proud insulting lass
Array'd and dighted Hudibras.
  Meanwhile the other champions, yerst
In hurry of the fight disperst,
Arriv'd, when Trulla won the day,
To share i' th' honour and the prey,
And out of Hudibras his hide
With vengeance to be satisfy'd;
Which now they were about to pour
Upon him in a wooden show'r,
But Trulla thrust herself between,
And, striding o'er his back agen,
She brandish'd o'er her head his sword,

nd vow'd they should not break her word:
h' had given him quarter, and her blood,
r theirs, should make that quarter good;
or she was bound by law of arms
o see him safe from further harms.
n dungeon deep Crowdero, cast
y Hudibras, as yet lay fast,
Where, to the hard and ruthless stones,
His great heart made perpetual moans;
Him she resolv'd that Hudibras
Should ransom, and supply his place.
This stopp'd their fury, and the basting
Which towards Hudibras was hasting;
They thought it was but just and right
That what she had achieved in fight
She should dispose of how she pleas'd;
Crowdero ought to be releas'd,
Nor could that any way be done
So well as this she pitch'd upon:
For who a better could imagine?
This therefore they resolv'd t' engage in.
The Knight and Squire first they made
Rise from the ground where they were laid,
Then mounted both upon their horses,
But with their faces to the arses.
Orsin led Hudibras's beast,
And Talgol that which Ralpho prest;
Whom stout Magnano, valiant Cerdon,
And Colon, waited as a guard on;
All ush'ring Trulla in the rear,
With th' arms of either prisoner.
In this proud order and array
They put themselves upon their way,

Striving to reach th' enchanted castle,
Where stout Crowdero' in durance lay still.
Thither with greater speed than shows
And triumph over conquer'd foes
Do use t' allow, or than the Bears,
Or pageants borne before lord-mayors,
Are wont to use, they soon arriv'd,
In order soldier-like contriv'd,
Still marching in a warlike posture,
As fit for battle as for muster.
The Knight and Squire they first unhorse,
And, bending 'gainst the fort their force,
They all advanc'd, and round about
Begirt the magical redoubt.
Magnan' led up in this adventure,
And made way for the rest to enter:
For he was skilful in Black Art
No less than he that built the fort,
And with an iron mace laid flat
A breach, which straight all enter'd at,
And in the wooden dungeon found
Crowdero laid upon the ground:
Him they release from durance base,
Restor'd t' his Fiddle and his case,
And liberty, his thirsty rage
With luscious vengeance to assuage:
For he no sooner was at large,
But Trulla straight brought on the charge,
And in the self-same limbo put
The Knight and Squire where he was shut;
Where leaving them in Hockley-i'-th'-hole,
Their bangs and durance to condole,

[1003] VAR. 't' the wretched hole.'

ıd conjur'd into narrow
mansion to know sorrow,
ıe order and array
y advanc'd, they march'd away.
ras, who scorn'd to stoop
ɜ, or be said to droop,
ı himself with ends of verse
ɣs of philosophers.
e, Th' one half of man, his mind,
ɜ, unconfin'd,
t be laid by the heels,
he other moiety feels.
straint or liberty
ɜs men prisoners or free;
bations that possess
or equanimities.
world was not half so wide
der, when he cry'd
ı had but one to subdue,
ɔaltry narrow tub to
who is not said
; that ever I could read)
put finger i' th' eye, and sob,
had ne'er another tub.
nts make two sev'ral kinds
ɜ in heroic minds,
and the passive val'ant,
h are *pari libra* gallant;
o give blows, and to carry,
re equi-necessary:
eats the passive stout
s found to stand it out
'rately, and to outdo

The active 'gainst a conqu'ring foe.
Though we with blacks and blues are suggil'd,
Or, as the vulgar say, are cudgel'd,
He that is valiant and dares fight,
Though drubb'd, can lose no honour by't.
Honour's a lease for lives to come,
And cannot be extended from
The legal tenant: 'tis a chattel
Not to be forfeited in battle.
If he that in the field is slain
Be in the bed of honour lain,
He that is beaten may be said
To lie in Honour's truckle-bed.
For as we see th' eclipsed sun
By mortals is more gaz'd upon
Than when, adorn'd with all his light,
He shines in serene sky most bright;
So valour in a low estate
Is most admir'd and wonder'd at.
  Quoth Ralph, How great I do not know
We may by being beaten grow;
But none that see how here we sit
Will judge us overgrown with wit.
As Gifted Brethren, preaching by
A carnal hour-glass, do imply

1061 1062 In those days there was always an hour-glass stood by the pulpit, in a frame of iron made on purpose for it, and fastened to the board on which the cushion lay, that it might be visible to the whole congregation; who, if the sermon did not hold till the glass was out (which was turned up as soon as the text was taken), would say that the preacher was lazy; and, if he held out much longer, would yawn and stretch, and by those signs signify to the preacher that they began to be weary of his discourse, and wanted to be dismissed. The iron frames of these hour-glasses still

n can convey
what they have to say,
w much; so well enough
to charge, but not draw off:
rithout a cap and bawble,
dued a Bear and rabble,
with honour have come off,
it to a second proof?
cploit, right fit
terian zeal and wit.
udibras, That cuckoo's tone,
ou always harp'st upon:
at anything would'st rail,
st Presbytery thy scale
e height on 't, and explain
gree it is profane.
will not with—(thy what-d'-ye-call)
—jump right, thou call'st Synodical;
yt'ry were a standard
ats'ever's to be slander'd.
emember how this day
y beard wast bold to say
could'st prove Bear-baiting, equal
ds, orthodox and legal?
can'st; for I deny 't,
hee to 't with all thy light.

ne churches of our villages. If they liked his dis-
would sometimes ask him for 'another glass.' ED.
o looked upon their ill plight to be owing to
bad conduct; and, to vent his resentment, he
in the most affecting part of his character, his
his by degrees brings on the old arguments
s. The Poet, who thought he had not suffi-
d classical assemblies, very judiciously completes
is full leisure for it.

Quoth Ralpho, Truly that is no
Hard matter for a man to do
That has but any guts in 's brains,
And could believe it worth his pains:
But since you dare and urge me to it,
You 'll find I 've light enough to do it.
Synods are mystical Bear-gardens,
Where Elders, Deputies, Churchwardens,
And other Members of the Court,
Manage the Babylonish sport;
For Prolocutor, Scribe, and Bear-ward,
Do differ only in a mere word.
Both are but sev'ral Synagogues
Of carnal men, and Bears and Dogs:
Both antichristian assemblies,
To mischief bent as far 's in them lies:
Both stave and tail, with fierce contests,
The one with men, the other beasts.
The diff'rence is, the one fights with
The tongue, the other with the teeth;
And that they bait but Bears in this,
In th' other, Souls and Consciences:
Where Saints themselves are brought to stake
For Gospel-light and Conscience' sake;
Expos'd to Scribes and Presbyters,
Instead of Mastiff Dogs and Curs;
Than whom they've less humanity,
For these at souls of men will fly.
This to the prophet did appear,
Who in a vision saw a Bear,
Prefiguring the beastly rage
Of Church-rule in this latter age;
As is demonstrated at full
By him that baited the Pope's Bull.

lly are beasts of prey,
rapine; so do they.
eir Orders, Constitutions,
ures, Curses, Absolutions,
nystic chains they make,
Christians to the stake?
t Heathen officers,
ogs, about their ears.
bit and dispense,
or to make offence;
heaven to dispose,
h souls at fast and loose;
characters they please,
on sin or godliness;
Church to Gospel-order,
acrilege, and murder;
esbytery supreme,
themselves submit to them;
ll people, though against
ences, to turn Saints;
a pretty thriving trade,
s monopolists are made:
frauds and holy shifts
ations and Gifts,
ness becomes mere ware,
ynod but a fair.
e whelps o' th' Inquisition,
breed of like pernicion,
ig up, became the sires
Commissioners, and Triers:
ness is, by cunning sleight,
gure for men's light;
lines of beard and face,

The physiognomy of Grace;
And by the sound and twang of nose,
If all be sound within disclose,
Free from a crack or flaw of sinning,
As men try pipkins by the ringing;
By black caps underlaid with white
Give certain guess at inward light,
Which Serjeants at the Gospel wear,
To make the Sp'ritual Calling clear.
The handkerchief about the neck
(Canonical cravat of Smeck,
From whom the institution came,
When Church and State they set on flame,
And worn by them as badges then
Of Spiritual Warfaring-men)
Judge rightly if Regeneration
Be of the newest cut in fashion.
Sure 'tis an orthodox opinion,

[1156] These Triers pretended to great skill in this re and, if they disliked the beard or face of a man, they v for that reason alone, refuse to admit him, when presen a living, unless he had some powerful friend to suppor "The questions that these men put to the persons examined were not abilities and learning, but grace in hearts, and that with so bold and saucy an inquisitio some men's spirits trembled at the interrogatories; phrasing it so, as if (as was said at the Council of ' they had the Holy Ghost in a cloke-bag."

Their questions generally were these, or such like: were you converted? Where did you begin to feel th tions of the Spirit? In what year? in what month? in day? about what hour of the day had you the secret motion of the Spirit, to undertake and labour in the mi What work of grace has God wrought upon your soul a great many other questions about regeneration, predes tion, and the like.

[1165] 'Smectymnus' was a club of holders-forth.

is founded in dominion:
consists in pride;
o be sanctify'd:
r, and to control,
he body and the soul,
perfect discipline
rule, and by right divine.
Dragon's chaplains were
rate than these by far:
oor knaves) were glad to cheat,
r wives and children meat;
vill not be fobb'd off so,
have wealth and power too;
h blood and desolation
it out o' th' heart o' th' nation.
se themselves from primitive
en priesthood do derive,
hers were the only clerks,
Presbyters of Kirks;
ctory was to kill,
believe it is so still.
iff'rence is that then
hter'd only beasts, now men.
sacrifice a bullock,
d then, a child to Moloch,
a vile abomination,
slaughter a whole nation.
does but translate
to a free state:
wealth of Popery,
y village is a See
Rome, and must maintain
metropolitan;

Where ev'ry Presbyter and Deacon
Commands the keys for cheese and bacon,
And ev'ry hamlet 's governed
By 's Holiness, the Church's head,
More haughty and severe in 's place
Than Gregory and Boniface.
Such Church must, surely, be a monster
With many heads: for if we conster
What in th' Apocalypse we find,
According to th' Apostle's mind,
'Tis that the whore of Babylon
With many heads did ride upon;
Which heads denote the sinful tribe
Of Deacon, Priest, Lay-elder, Scribe.
  Lay-elder, Simeon to Levi,
Whose little finger is as heavy
As loins of patriarchs, prince-prelate,
And bishop-secular. This zealot
Is of a mongrel diverse kind,
Clerick before and Lay behind;
A lawless linsey-woolsey brother,
Half of one order, half another;
A creature of amphibious nature,
On land a beast, a fish in water:
That always preys on grace or sin;
A sheep without, a wolf within.
This fierce inquisitor has chief
Dominion over men's belief
And manners; can pronounce a saint
Idolatrous, or ignorant,
When superciliously he sifts
Through coarsest boulter others' gifts:
For all men live and judge amiss

ents jump not just with his;
on Gifts with hands, and place
t noddle Light and Grace,
ifacture of the Kirk,
stors are but th' handywork
chanic paws, instilling
n them by feeling;
ince they start up Chosen Vessels,
ontact, as men get measles.
als, they say, do grope
er end the new-made Pope.
old, quoth Hudibras, Soft fire,
does make sweet malt. Good Squire,
ute, not too fast,
(the proverb says) makes waste.
s and cavils thou dost make
and built upon mistake:
ll bring you, with your pack
s, t' Elenchi back;
our arguments in mood
e to be understood.
you by right ratiocination
our vitilitigation,
you keep to th' question close
e *dialecticus*.
estion then, to state it first,
is better or which worst,
Bears? Boars I avow
worst, and Synods thou;
ke good th' assertion,
st they 're really all one.
worst; for if they're *idem*,
tantundem dat tantidem.

For if they are the same, by course
Neither is better, neither worse.
But I deny they are the same,
More than a maggot and I am.
That both are *animalia*
I grant, but not *rationalia:*
For though they do agree in kind,
Specific difference we find;
And can no more make Bears of these,
Than prove my horse is Socrates.
That Synods are Bear-gardens, too,
Thou dost affirm; but I say No:
And thus I prove it, in a word;
Whats'ever Assembly's not empow'r'd
To censure, curse, absolve, and ordain,
Can be no Synod; but Bear-garden
Has no such pow'r; *ergo*, 'tis none:
And so thy sophistry's o'erthrown.
  But yet we are beside the quest'on
Which thou didst raise the first contest on:
For that was, Whether Bears are better
Than Synod-men? I say *Negatur*.
That Bears are beasts, and Synods men,
Is held by all: they're better then;
For Bears and Dogs on four legs go,
As beasts; but Synod-men on two.
'Tis true they all have teeth and nails;
But prove that Synod-men have tails;
Or that a rugged shaggy fur
Grows o'er the hide of Presbyter;
Or that his snout and spacious ears
Do hold proportion with a Bear's.
A Bear's a savage beast, of all
Most ugly and unnatural;

help'd without form, until the dam
as lickt it into shape and frame:
it all thy light can ne'er evict,
iat ever Synod-man was lickt,
: brought to any other fashion
ian his own will and inclination.
But thou dost further yet in this
ppugn thyself and sense; that is,
iou would'st have Presbyters to go
r Bears and Dogs, and Bearwards too:
strange chimera of beasts and men,
ade up of pieces het'rogene;
ich as in Nature never met
eodem subjecto yet.
Thy other arguments are all
ipposures hypothetical,
iat do but beg; and we may choose
ither to grant them or refuse.
uch thou hast said, which I know when
nd where thou stol'st from other men,
Whereby 'tis plain thy Light and Gifts
re all but plagiary shifts),
nd is the same that Ranter said,
'ho, arguing with me, broke my head,
nd tore a handful of my beard:

1309 The Ranters were a vile sect that sprung up in those mes. Alexander Ross observes, "That they held that God, vil, angels, heaven and hell, &c., were fictions and fables; at Moses, John Baptist, and Christ, were impostors; and hat Christ and the Apostles acquainted the world with, as matter of religion, perished with them; that preaching nd praying are useless, and that preaching is but publick ying; that there is an end of all ministry and adminis-rations, and people are to be taught immediately from led," &c.

The self-same cavils then I heard,
When, b'ing in hot dispute about
This controversy, we fell out:
And what thou know'st I answer'd then
Will serve to answer thee agen.
Quoth Ralpho, Nothing but th' abuse
Of human learning you produce;
Learning, that cobweb of the brain,
Profane, erroneous, and vain;
A trade of knowledge as replete
As others are with fraud and cheat;
An art t' encumber Gifts and Wit,
And render both for nothing fit;

1339 Ralpho was as great an enemy to human learn Jack Cade and his fellow rebels. Cade's words to Lo before he ordered his head to be cut off: "I am the bea must sweep the Court clean of such filth as thou art hast most traitorously corrupted the youth of the r erecting a grammar-school; and whereas, before, ou fathers had no other books but the Score and the thou hast caused Printing to be used; and, contrary King, his crown and dignity, thou hast built a Pa It will be proved to thy face, that thou hast men abo that usually talk of a noun and a verb, and such abo words, as no Christian ear can endure to hear."

It was the opinion of those tinkers, tailors, & governed Chelmsford at the beginning of the Re "That learning had always been an enemy to the and that it were a happy thing if there were no univ and that all books were burned except the Bible."

"I tell you (says a writer of those times) wicked b as much wound us as the swords of our adversaries; manner of learning is superfluous and costly: many and languages are only confusion, and only wit, understanding, and scholarship, are the main mea oppose us, and hinder our cause; therefore, if ever w the fortune to get the upperhand—we will down v law and learning, and have no other rule but the Car nor any writing or reading but the Score and the Tal

ght unactive, dull and troubled,
David in Saul's doublet:
nat scholars put upon
n's reason and their own;
error, to ensconce
and ignorance,
ers all the avenues
impervious and abstruse,
g plain things, in debate,
rplext and intricate;
ng goes for Sense or Light,
not with old rules jump right;
s were not in the schools
om truth, but truth from rules.
n, Heathenish, invention
r nothing but contention:
sword-and-buckler fight
do on the target light,
men argue, the great'st part
test falls on terms of art,
fustian stuff be spent,
they fall to th' argument.
Hudibras, Friend Ralph, thou hast
ie constable at last:
art fallen on a new
is senseless as untrue,
e former opposite,
rary as black to white:
arata; that concerning
y, this human learning;
gs s' averse, they never yet
y rambling fancy met.
ll take a fit occasion

T' evince thee by' ratiocination,
Some other time in place more proper
Than this we 're in; therefore let 's stop here [1]
And rest our weary'd bones a while,
Already tir'd with other toil.

PART II. CANTO I.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Knight, by damnable Magician,
Being cast illegally in prison,
Love brings his action on the case,
And lays it upon Hudibras.
How he receives the Lady's visit,
And cunningly solicits his suit,
Which she defers; yet, on parole,
Redeems him from th' enchanted hole.

BUT now, t' observe Romantique method,
Let bloody steel a while be sheathed,
And all those harsh and rugged sounds
Of Bastinadoes, cuts, and wounds,

Arg. [12] VAR.

'The Knight being clapp'd by th' heels in prison,
The last unhappy expedition.'

Arg. [5] VAR. 'How he revi's,' &c.

[1] The beginning of this Second Part may perhaps seem strange and abrupt to those who do not know that it was written on purpose in imitation of Virgil, who begins the Fourth Book of his Æneid in the very same manner, 'At regina gravi,' &c. And this is enough to satisfy the curiosity of those who believe that invention and fancy ought to be measured, like cases in law, by precedents, or else they are in the power of the critic.

[2] VAR. 'Let rusty steel,' and 'To trusty steel.'

g'd to love's more gentle style,
ur reader breathe a while.
h, that we may be as brief as
ble, by way of preface.
t enough to make one strange,
me men's fancy should ne'er change,
ke all people do and say
ne things still the self-same way?
riters make all ladies purloin'd,
ights pursuing like a whirlwind:
make all their knights, in fits
usy, to lose their wits;
wing blood o' th' dames, like witches,
forthwith cur'd of their capriches.
lways thrive in their amours,
ing plaisters off their sores
ples do to get an alms,
do they, and win their dames.
orce whole regions, in despite
raphy, to change their site;
ormer times shake hands with latter,
at which was before come after.
se that write in rhyme still make
e verse for the other's sake;
e for sense, and one for rhyme,
:'s sufficient at one time.
we forget in what sad plight
ilom left the captiv'd Knight

AR. 'And unto love turn we our style,
To let our readers breathe a while,
By this time tir'd with th' horrid sounds
Of blows, and cuts, and blood, and wounds.'

[10] VAR. 'That a man's fancy.'

[22] VAR. 'We lately.'

And pensive Squire, both bruis'd in body,
And conjur'd into safe custody.
Tir'd with dispute, and speaking Latin,
As well as basting and Bear-baiting,
And desperate of any course
To free himself by wit or force,
His only solace was, that now
His dog-bolt fortune was so low,
That either it must quickly end,
Or turn about again, and mend;
In which he found th' event, no less
Than other times, beside his guess.

There is a tall long-sided dame,
(But wond'rous light) ycleped Fame,
That like a thin cameleon boards
Herself on air, and eats her words;
Upon her shoulders wings she wears
Like hanging sleeves, lin'd through with ears,
And eyes, and tongues, as poets list,
Made good by deep mythologist:
With these she through the welkin flies,
And sometimes carries truth, oft lies;
With letters hung, like eastern pigeons,
And Mercuries of furthest regions;
Diurnals writ for regulation
Of lying, to inform the nation,
And by their public use to bring down
The rate of whetstones in the kingdom.
About her neck a packet-mail,

[48] The beauty of this consists in the double meaning. first alludes to Fame's living on Report: the second i insinuation, that if a report is narrowly inquired into, traced up to the original author, it is made to contra itself.

ı advice, some fresh, some stale;
walk'd when they were dead,
monsters brought to bed;
ı big as pullets' eggs,
whelp'd with twice two legs;
ır seen in the west,
'en men at least.
ıs she does sound at once,
ılean contrary tones:
both with the same wind,
e and one behind,
t, only this can tell,
ıds vilely, th' other well;
e vulgar authors name
l, the other Evil Fame.
ng gossip knew too well
ef Hudibras befell;
the spiteful tidings bears
unkind Widow's ears.
ıe'er laugh'd so loud
ı carted through the crowd,
with stately pomp,
ı on in solemn dump,
'd out, until her back,
des, was like to crack.
ıe would go see the sight,
ı distressed Knight;
ice of a neighbour,
ısip at his labour;
ı wooden jail, the stocks,

rattling gossip.'
ıat is to see him deliver'd safe
ı wooden burden, and Squire Raph.'

To set at large his fetter-locks;
And by exchange, parole, or ransom,
To free him from th' enchanted mansion.
This b'ing resolv'd, she call'd for hood
And usher, implements abroad
Which ladies wear, beside a slender
Young waiting damsel to attend her.
All which appearing, on she went
To find the Knight, in limbo pent;
And 'twas not long before she found
Him and his stout Squire in the pound,
Both coupled in enchanted tether
By further leg behind together.
For as he sat upon his rump,
His head, like one in doleful dump,
Between his knees, his hands apply'd
Unto his ears on either side,
And by him in another hole
Afflicted Ralpho, cheek by jowl;
She came upon him in his wooden
Magician's circle on the sudden,
As spirits do t' a conjurer
When in their dreadful shapes th' appear.
No sooner did the Knight perceive her,
But straight he fell into a fever,
Inflam'd all over with disgrace
To be seen by her in such a place;

111 112 There was never certainly a pleasanter scene imagined than this before us; it is the most diverting incident in the whole Poem. The unlucky and unexpected visit of the Lady, the attitude and surprise of the Knight, the confusion and blushes of the lover, and the satirical raillery of a mistress, are represented in lively colours, and conspire to make this interview wonderfully pleasing.

m hang his head, and scowl,
goggle like an owl:
ns begin to swim,
Dame accosted him.
uoth she) they say 's enchanted,
quent spirits haunted,
y'd in chains and scourg'd
ty crimes be purg'd:
two of them appear
have seen somewhere.
aken blocks and posts
)paritions, ghosts,
es, and horns; and some
devil beat a drum;
s are not false glasses
)ng account of faces,
I should be acquainted
njur'd and enchanted;
be disfigur'd somewhat,
ely been in combat,
) a worthy Knight,
)blin is come by 't.
ras the Lady heard
is upon his beard,
i such respect and honour
rd and the beard's owner,
)est to set as good
as he could;
)oke: Lady, your bright
es are in the right;
' identique beard you knew,
erically true;

To take kind notice of his beard.'

Nor is it worn by fiend or elf,
But its proprietor himself.
O heavens! quoth she, can that be true?
I do begin to fear 'tis you;
Not by your individual whiskers,
But by your dialect and discourse,
That never spoke to man or beast
In notions vulgarly exprest:
But what malignant star, alas!
Has brought you both to this sad pass?
Quoth he, The fortune of the war,
Which I am less afflicted for,
Than to be seen with beard and face
By you in such a homely case.
Quoth she, Those need not be asham'd
For being honourably maim'd:
If he that is in battle conquer'd
Have any title to his own beard,
Though yours be sorely lugg'd and torn,
It does your visage more adorn
Than if 'twere prun'd, and starch'd, and lander
And cut square by the Russian standard.
A torn beard 's like a tatter'd ensign;
That 's bravest which there are most rents in.
That petticoat about your shoulders
Does not so well become a soldier's;
And I'm afraid they are worse handled,
Although i' th' rear your beard the van led;
And those uneasy bruises make
My heart for company to ache,
To see so worshipful a friend
I' th' pillory set, at the wrong end.

[164] VAR. 'In such elenctique case.'

ı Hudibras, This thing call'd Pain
ıe learned Stoics maintain)
simpliciter, nor good,
ely as 'tis understood.
deceitful, and may feign
in counterfeiting pain
gross phenomenas,
h it oft mistakes the case.
e th' immortal intellect
free from error and defect,
ıbjects still persist the same)
rom outward bruise or maim,
ıought external can expose
ı material bangs or blows,
/s we can ne'er be sure
we pain or not endure;
t so far are sore and griev'd
ıe fancy is believ'd.
ıve been wounded with conceit,
d of mere opinion straight;
though wounded sore in reason,
contusion nor discretion.
. duke did grow so fat
ce (as histories relate)
s and labyrinths to dwell in
ique parts, without his feeling;
w is 't possible a kick
'er reach that way to the quick?
ı she, I grant it is in vain
that 's basted to feel pain,
the pangs his bones endure
ıte nothing to the cure;
our hurt is wont to rage

With pain no med'cine can assuage
  Quoth he, That honour 's very squeamish
That takes a basting for a blemish;
For what 's more hon'rable than scars,
Or skin to tatters rent in wars?
Some have been beaten till they know
What wood a cudgel 's of by th' blow;
Some kick'd until they can feel whether
A shoe be Spanish or neat's leather;
And yet have met, after long running,
With some whom they have taught that cunning.
The furthest way about t' o'ercome
In th' end does prove the nearest home.
By laws of learned duellists,
They that are bruis'd with wood or fists,
And think one beating may for once
Suffice, are cowards and pultroons;
But if they dare engage t' a second,
They 're stout and gallant fellows reckon'd.
  Th' old Romans freedom did bestow,
Our princes worship, with a blow.
King Pyrrhus cur'd his splenetic
And testy courtiers with a kick.
The Negus, when some mighty lord
Or potentate 's to be restor'd,
And pardon'd for some great offence
With which he 's willing to dispense,
First has him laid upon his belly,
Then beaten back and side t' a jelly:

232 VAR. 'Poltroons.'

239 A king of Ethiopia.

241 242 VAR. 'To his good grace for some offence
Forfeit before, and pardon'd since.'

he rises, humbly bows,
hanks for the princely blows;
: meanly proud, and boasting
nificent rib-roasting.
soldier proves most manful
ıis sword, endures the anvil;
's held more formidable,
ıis valour 's malleable:
; fears a bastinado
vay from his own shadow.
ı I'm now in durance fast
. party basely cast,
change, parole refus'd,
than by the en'my us'd;
asta shut, past hope
alour to elope;
the nearer that they tend
ı, still grow more reverend,
ıs shoot the higher pitches
we let down their breeches,
ıis low dejected fate
ə to a greater height.
ıe, You've almost made me' in love
which did my pity move.
and valours, like great states,
ıes sink with their own weights:
es of glory and of shame,
nd west, become the same:
prince has to his palace
ers than a thief to th' gallows.
ating seem so brave,
əs must a whipping have?
achievements cannot fail

To cast salt on a woman's tail:
For if I thought your nat'ral talent
Of passive courage were so gallant,
As you strain hard to have it thought,
I could grow amorous and dote.
  When Hudibras this language heard,
He prick'd up 's ears, and strok'd his beard;
Thought he, This is the lucky hour,
Wines work when vines are in the flow'r:
This crisis then I'll set my rest on,
And put her boldly to the quest'on.
  Madam, what you would seem to doubt
Shall be to all the world made out;
How I've been drubb'd, and with what spirit
And magnanimity I bear it:
And if you doubt it to be true,
I'll stake myself down against you;
And if I fail in love or troth,
Be you the winner and take both.
  Quoth she, I've heard old cunning stagers
Say, fools for arguments use wagers;
And, though I prais'd your valour, yet
I did not mean to baulk your wit;
Which if you have, you must needs know
What I have told you before now,
And you b' experiment have prov'd;
I cannot love where I'm belov'd.
  Quoth Hudibras, 'Tis a caprich
Beyond th' infliction of a witch;
So cheats to play with those still aim
That do not understand the game.
Love in your heart as idly burns
As fire in antique Roman urns

ıe dead, and vainly light
that see nothing by 't.
ot power to entertain,
love for love again?
can draw in his breath
d force out air beneath.
ove yourself so much,
rivals else a grutch?
an lay a greater curse.
pon yourself would force?
k without love, some say,
k without a key.
of rape to marry
glects or cares not for ye:
oth make it ravishment
gainst the mind's consent?
is the more inhuman,
cted by a woman.
ıu fair, but to entice us
, that you may despise us?
you cannot love, you say,
own fanatic way,
l you not at least allow
love you to do so too?
fly me, and pursue
averse, so I do you;
your own doctrine taught
what you call a fault.
e, If what you say be true,
ly me as I do you;
what we do, but say,
preaching, that must sway.

Fanatique.' Qy. 'Fantastic?'

Quoth he, To bid me not to love
Is to forbid my pulse to move,
My beard to grow, my ears to prick up,
Or (when I'm in a fit) to hiccup.
Command me to piss out the moon,
And 'twill as easily be done.
Love's pow'r's too great to be withstood
By feeble human flesh and blood.
'Twas he that brought upon his knees
The hect'ring kill-cow Hercules,
Transform'd his leager-lion's skin
T' a petticoat, and made him spin;
Seiz'd on his club, and made it dwindle
T' a feeble distaff and a spindle:
'Twas he that made emp'rors gallants
To their own sisters and their aunts;
Set Popes and Cardinals agog,
To play with pages at leap-frog:
'Twas he that gave our Senate purges,
And fluxt the House of many a burgess;
Made those that represent the nation
Submit, and suffer amputation;
And all the Grandees o' th' Cabal
Adjourn to tubs at spring and fall.
He mounted Synod-men and rode 'em
To Dirty-Lane and Little Sodom;
Made 'em curvet like Spanish Jenets,
And take the ring at Madam ——'s.

370 "Stennet was the person whose name was dashed," says Sir Roger L'Estrange, 'Key to Hudibras. "Her husband was by profession a broom-man and lay-elder. She followed the laudible employment of bawding, and managed several intrigues for those Brothers and Sisters whose purity consisted chiefly in the whiteness of their linen."

vas he that made Saint Francis do
›re than the devil could tempt him to,
cold and frosty weather grow
ıamour'd of a wife of snow;
ıd though she were of rigid temper,
ith melting flames accost and tempt her;
hich after in enjoyment quenching,
e hung a garland on his engine.
Quoth she, If love have these effects,
hy is it not forbid our sex?
hy is 't not damn'd and interdicted
r diabolical and wicked?
nd sung, as out of tune, against,
s Turk and Pope are by the Saints?
find I've greater reason for it,
han I believ'd before, t' abhor it.
Quoth Hudibras, These sad effects
pring from your heathenish neglects
f Love's great pow'r, which he returns
Jpon yourselves with equal scorns,
Ind those who worthy lovers slight,
Plagues with prepost'rous appetite:
This made the beauteous Queen of Crete
To take a town-bull for her sweet;
And from her greatness stoop so low,
To be the rival of a cow:
Others to prostitute their great hearts
To be baboons' and monkeys' sweethearts:
Some with the devil himself in league grow,
By 's representative a Negro.
'Twas this made Vestal maids love-sick,
And venture to be bury'd quick:
Some by their fathers and their brothers

To be made mistresses and mothers.
'Tis this that proudest dames enamours
On lacquies and *varlets des chambres*;
Their haughty stomachs overcomes,
And makes them stoop to dirty grooms;
To slight the world, and to disparage
Claps, issue, infamy, and marriage.
  Quoth she, These judgments are severe,
Yet such as I should rather bear
Than trust men with their oaths, or prove
Their faith and secrecy in love.
  Says he, There is as weighty reason
For secrecy in love as treason.
Love is a burglarer, a felon,
That at the windore-eye does steal in
To rob the heart, and with his prey
Steals out again a closer way,
Which whosoever can discover,
He's sure (as he deserves) to suffer.
Love is a fire, that burns and sparkles
In men as nat'rally as in charcoals,
Which sooty chemists stop in holes
When out of wood they extract coals;
So lovers should their passions choke,
That though they burn, they may not smoke.
'Tis like that sturdy thief that stole
And dragg'd beasts backward into 's hole;
So love does lovers, and us men
Draws by the tails into his den,
That no impression may discover
And trace t' his cave the wary lover.

[406] VAR. 'Valets des chambres.'
[418] VAR. 'Window eye.'

doubt I should reveal
intrust me under seal,
nyself as close and virtuous
vn secretary, Albertus.
he, I grant you may be close
what your aims propose:
ons are like parables,
men still mean something else:
ve be all the world's pretence,
he mythologic sense,
ubstance of the shadow
address and courtship's made to.
t he, I understand your play,
o quit you your own way:
ill win his dame must do
oes when he bends his bow;
hand thrust the lady from,
the other pull her home.
, quoth he, wealth is a great
e to am'rous heat:
ıiltres and high diet
es love rampant and to fly out:
y always in the flower,
and blossoms at fourscore:
ɔy which the sun and moon
wn weapons are outdone:
es knights-errant fall in trances,
bout 'em in romances:
, wit, and worth, and all
divine and sacred call;
is worth in anything
ıch money as 'twill bring?
ɔut riches is there known

Which man can solely call his own,
In which no creature goes his half,
Unless it be to squint and laugh?
I do confess, with goods and land,
I'd have a wife at second-hand;
And such you are: nor is 't your person
My stomach 's set so sharp and fierce on,
But 'tis (your better part) your riches
That my enamour'd heart bewitches:
Let me your fortune but possess,
And settle your person how you please;
Or make it o'er in trust to th' devil,
You'll find me reasonable and civil.
Quoth she, I like this plainness better
Than false mock-passion, speech, or letter,
Or any feat of qualm or sowning,
But hanging of yourself or drowning;
Your only way with me to break
Your mind, is breaking of your neck:
For as when merchants break, o'erthrown
Like nine-pins, they strike others down,
So that would break my heart; which done,
My tempting fortune is your own.
These are but trifles; ev'ry lover
Will damn himself over and over,
And greater matters undertake,
For a less worthy mistress' sake:
Yet they're the only ways to prove
Th' unfeign'd realities of love;
For he that hangs, or beats out 's brains,
The devil 's in him if he feigns.
Quoth Hudibras, This way 's too rough

[483] VAR. 'Swooning.'

experiment and proof;
sting trivial matter
i' th' air, or dive in water,
a water-witch try love;
destroy, and not to prove:
an should be dissected,
hat part is disaffected:
er way is to make over,
your fortune to your lover.
trial; if it break,
o desp'rate as a neck:
' experiment 's more certain;
ire necks to gain a fortune:
r does it ev'ry day
the week) for sixpence pay;
ifoggers damn their souls,
with knaves in cheating fools;
hants, vent'ring through the main,
ates, rocks, and horns, for gain.
e way I advise you to;
and see what I will do.
she, I should be loth to run
th' hazard, and you none;
ist be done, unless some deed
aforesaid do precede:
yourself one gentle swing
and I'll cut the string;
iat rev'rend head a maul,
three, against a wall,
ou are a man of mettle,
ngage myself to settle.
ne, My head's not made of brass,
Bacon's noddle was,

Nor (like the Indian's scull) so tough
That, authors say, 'twas musket proof;
As it had need to be, to enter
As yet on any new adventure.
You see what bangs it has endur'd,
That would, before new feats, be cur'd:
But if that's all you stand upon,
Here strike me, Luck, it shall be done.
  Quoth she, The matter's not so far gone
As you suppose; two words t' a bargain:
That may be done, and time enough,
When you have given downright proof:
And yet 'tis no fantastic pique
I have to love, nor coy dislike;
'Tis no implicit nice aversion
T' your conversation, mien, or person;
But a just fear lest you should prove
False and perfidious in love:
For, if I thought you could be true,
I could love twice as much as you.
  Quoth he, My faith as adamantine
As chains of Destiny I'll maintain;
True as Apollo ever spoke,
Or oracle from heart of oak:
And if you'll give my flame but vent,
Now in close hugger-mugger pent,
And shine upon me but benignly
With that one and that other pigsney,
The sun and day shall sooner part
Than love and you shake off my heart;
The sun, that shall no more dispense
His own, but your bright influence.
I'll carve your name on barks of trees

th true-love-knots and flourishes,
at shall infuse eternal spring
d everlasting flourishing;
ink ev'ry letter on 't in stum,
.d make it brisk Champagne become.
ıere'er you tread, your foot shall set
e primrose and the violet;
l spices, perfumes, and sweet powders,
all borrow from your breath their odours;
ıture her charter shall renew,
ıd take all lives of things from you;
ıe world depend upon your eye,
ıd, when you frown upon it, die:
ıly our loves shall still survive,
ɔw worlds and Natures to outlive,
ıd like to heralds' moons remain
l crescents, without change or wane.
Hold, hold, quoth she, no more of this;
r Knight, you take your aim amiss;
ɔr you will find it a hard chapter
ɔ catch me with poetic rapture,
ı which your Mastery of Art
oth shew itself, and not your heart;
or will you raise in mine combustion
y dint of high heroic fustian.
he that with poetry is won
ı but a desk to write upon;
ıd what men say of her they mean
o more than on the thing they lean.
ɔme with Arabian spices strive
'embalm her cruelly alive;
r season her, as French cooks use
ıeir *haut-gouts, bouilles,* or *ragouts*

Use her so barbarously ill
To grind her lips upon a mill,
Until the *facet doublet* doth
Fit their rhymes rather than her mouth;
Her mouth, compar'd t' an oyster's, with
A row of pearl in 't 'stead of teeth.
Others make posies of her cheeks,
Where red and whitest colours mix;
In which the lily and the rose
For Indian lake and ceruse goes.
The sun and moon, by her bright eyes
Eclips'd and darken'd in the skies,
Are but black patches that she wears,
Cut into suns, and moons, and stars;
By which astrologers, as well
As those in heav'n above, can tell
What strange events they do foreshow
Unto her under-world below.
Her voice the music of the spheres,
So loud it deafens mortals' ears,
As wise philosophers have thought,
And that's the cause we hear it not.
This has been done by some, who those
Th' ador'd in rhyme, would kick in prose;
And in those ribands would have hung,
Of which melodiously they sung.
That have the hard fate to write best
Of those still that deserve it least:
It matters not how false or forc'd,
So the best things be said o' th' worst;
It goes for nothing when 'tis said,
Only the arrow's drawn to th' head,
Whether it be a swan or goose

at: so shepherds use
same mark on the hip
ir sound and rotten sheep:
at carry low or wide,
m'd higher, or beside
which else they ne'er come nigh
hey take their aim awry.
onder you should choose
' attack me with your Muse,
out to pass your tricks on,
ms of poetic fiction.
p'd I should no more
you o' th' gallanting score;
ry bastings us'd to prove
st remedies of love,
diet: but if those fail,
easy loop-hol'd jail,
' are hamper'd by the fetlock,
put y' in mind of wedlock;
hat's worse than any hole here,
r serve you for a cooler
ur mettle, all agog
e, the heavier clog:
thank your gentler fate,
bruis'd or broken pate
you from those knobs that grow
er on the marry'd brow.
read can cool your courage
ring on that dragon, marriage;
e quarter, and advance
aims your puissance;
auty and at wit,

642 A cant word for false dice.

The fairest mark is easiest hit.
  Quoth Hudibras, I'm beforehand
In that already with your command;
For where does beauty and high wit,
But in your Constellation, meet?
  Quoth she, What does a match imply
But likeness and equality?
I know you cannot think me fit
To be th' yokefellow of your wit;
Nor take one of so mean deserts
To be the partner of your parts;
A grace which, if I could believe,
I've not the conscience to receive.
  That conscience, quoth Hudibras,
Is misinform'd: I'll state the case.
A man may be a legal donor
Of any thing whereof he 's owner,
And may confer it where he lists,
I' the judgment of all casuists:
Then wit, and parts, and valour, may
Be ali'nated and made away
By those that are proprietors,
As I may give or sell my horse.
  Quoth she, I grant the case is true
And proper 'twixt your horse and you:
But whether I may take, as well
As you may give away or sell?
Buyers, you know, are bid beware;
And worse than thieves receivers are.
How shall I answer Hue and Cry
For a Roan-gelding, twelve hands high,
All spurr'd and switch'd, a lock on 's hoof,
A sorrel mane? Can I bring proof

ı, by whom, and what y' were sold for,
pen market toll'd for?
take you for a stray,
kept a year and day
wn you) here i' th' pound,
are sought, you may be found;
nean time I must pay
provender and hay.
It stands me much upon
:his objection,
ıyself, by topic clear,
as you would infer.
ty 's averr'd
use of loss of beard,
ike embryo in the womb)
the chin become:
woman did invent
ıan's ornament,
f Babylon,
all cut men o' th' stone
beards, and laid foundation
ering operation.
beard, and tell me whether
ar such, or geldings either?
ears I am no horse,
rgue and discourse,
o legs, and ne'er a tail.
, That nothing will avail;
ilosophers of late here,
ıave four legs by Nature,
ı custom makes them go
upon but two;
Germany made good

B' a boy that lost himself in a wood,
And growing down t' a man, was wont
With wolves upon all four to hunt.
As for your reasons drawn from tails,
We cannot say they're true or false,
Till you explain yourself and show
B' experiment 'tis so or no.
  Quoth he, If you'll join issue on't,
I'll give you sat'sfactory account;
So you will promise, if you lose,
To settle all and be my spouse.
  That never shall be done (quoth she)
To one that wants a tail, by me;
For tails by Nature sure were meant,
As well as beards, for ornament;
And though the vulgar count them homely,
In men or beast they are so comely,
So gentee, alamode, and handsome,
I'll never marry man that wants one:
And till you can demonstrate plain
You have one equal to your mane,
I'll be torn piecemeal by a horse
Ere I'll take you for better or worse.
The Prince of Cambay's daily food
Is asp, and basilisk, and toad,
Which makes him have so strong a breath
Each night he stinks a queen to death;
Yet I shall rather lie in 's arms
Than yours on any other terms.
  Quoth he, What Nature can afford
I shall produce, upon my word;
And if she ever gave that boon
To man, I'll prove that I have one;

an by postulate illation,
n you shall offer just occasion:
since y' have yet deny'd to give
heart, your pris'ner, a reprieve,
made it sink down to my heel,
that at least your pity feel;
, for the suff'rings of your martyr,
its poor entertainer quarter;
, by discharge or mainprize, grant
v'ry from this base restraint.
quoth she, I grieve to see your leg
ck in a hole here like a peg;
l if I knew which way to do 't
ur honour safe) I 'd let you out.
t dames by jail-delivery
errant knights have been set free,
en by enchantment they have been,
l sometimes for it too, laid in;
hat which knights are bound to do
order, oath, and honour too.
what are they renown'd and famous else,
aiding of distressed damosels?
for a lady, no ways errant,
free a knight, we have no warrant
any authentical romance,
classic author yet of France;
d I'd be loth to have you break
ancient custom for a freak,
innovation introduce
place of things of antique use,
free your heels by any course
t might b' unwholesome to your spurs:
ich, if I should consent unto,

It is not in my pow'r to do;
For 'tis a service must be done ye
With solemn previous ceremony,
Which always has been us'd t' untie
The charms of those who here do lie.
For as the Ancients heretofore
To Honour's temple had no door
But that which thorough Virtue's lay,
So from this dungeon there 's no way
To honour'd freedom, but by passing
That other virtuous school of lashing;
Where knights are kept in narrow lists
With wooden lockets 'bout their wrists,
In which they for a while are tenants,
And for their ladies suffer penance.
Whipping, that 's Virtue's governess,
Tut'ress of arts and sciences,
That mends the gross mistakes of Nature,
And puts new life into dull matter,
That lays foundation for renown
And all the honours of the gown.
This suffer'd, they are set at large,
And freed with hon'rable discharge:
Then, in their robes, the penitentials
Are straight presented with credentials,
And in their way attended on
By magistrates of ev'ry town;
And, all respect and charges paid,
They're to their ancient seats convey'd.
Now, if you'll venture, for my sake,
To try the toughness of your back,
And suffer (as the rest have done)
The laying of a whipping on,

you prosper in your suit,
h equal vigour do 't),
ıge myself to loose ye,
)ur heels from caperdewsie.
ur sex's modesty
low I should be by,
n oath a fair account,
r too, when you have don 't;
mit you to the place
as due in my good grace.
ny and hanging go
why not whipping too?
)ine else can cure the fits
hen they lose their wits?
oy by poets styl'd,
the rod, and spoil the child.
n emp'ror whipp'd his grannam,
s mother Venus came on;
some rev'rend men approve
y in making love.
oopers hoop their tubs
n and with Phrygian dubs,
ıot whipping have as good
rform'd in time and mood,
y movement, and by art
)n in a lady's heart?
ier way to make
an that which many take.
not rather suffer whipping,
)w toasts of bits of ribbon?
)d verses, treats, and faces

here engage to be your bayl,
nd free you from th' unknightly jayl.'

And spell names over with beer-glasses?
Be under vows to hang and die
Love's sacrifice, and all a lie?
With China-oranges and tarts,
And whining plays, lay baits for hearts?
Bribe chambermaids with love and money
To break no roguish jests upon ye?
For lilies limn'd on cheeks, and roses,
With painted perfumes, hazard noses?
Or, vent'ring to be brisk and wanton,
Do penance in a paper lantern?
All this you may compound for now,
By suff'ring what I offer you;
Which is no more than has been done
By knights for ladies long agone.
Did not the great La Mancha do so
For the Infanta Del Toboso?
Did not th' illustrious Bassa make
Himself a slave for Misse's sake,
And with bull's pizzle, for her love,
Was taw'd as gentle as a glove?
Was not young Florio sent (to cool
His flame for Biancafiore) to school,
Where pedant made his pathic bum
For her sake suffer martyrdom?
Did not a certain lady whip,
Of late, her husband's own lordship?
And, though a grandee of the House,
Claw'd him with fundamental blows;
Ty'd him stark-naked to a bedpost,
And firk'd his hide as if sh' had rid post;
And after in the Sessions court,
Where whipping's judg'd, had honour for 't?

you will perform, and then
from th' enchanted den,
gician's circle, clear.
, I do profess and swear,
rform what you enjoin,
ever see you mine.
uoth she), then turn'd about,
· Squire let him out.
artist could be found
charms another bound,
w low and left the skies,
some write) by ladies' eyes.
ull'd off her veil of light,
her face by day from sight
veil, of brightness made,
her lustre and her shade),
lantern of the night
g horns hung out her light;
s is the proper sphere
alse glories use t' appear.
ng stars began to muster,
with their borrow'd lustre,
the weary'd world reliev'd,
eiting death reviv'd.
ıg penance, till the morn
thought it best t' adjourn,
carry on a work
portance in the dark,
; haste, but rather stay,
ı th' open face of day;
mean-time go in quest
reat to take his rest.

894 VAR. 'I'll free you.'

PART II. CANTO II.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Knight and Squire in hot dispute,
Within an ace of falling out,
Are parted with a sudden fright
Of strange alarm, and stranger sight;
With which adventuring to stickle,
They're sent away in nasty pickle.

'TIS strange how some men's tempers suit
(Like bawd and brandy) with dispute;
That for their own opinions stand fast,
Only to have them claw'd and canvast;
That keep their consciences in cases,
As fiddlers do their crowds and bases,
Ne'er to be us'd but when they're bent
To play a fit for argument;
Make true and false, unjust and just,
Of no use but to be discust;
Dispute, and set a paradox
Like a straight boot upon the stocks,
And stretch it more unmercifully
Than Helmont, Montaigne, White, or Tully.
So th' ancient Stoics, in their porch,
With fierce dispute maintain'd their church,
Beat out their brains in fight and study
To prove that virtue is a body,
That *bonum* is an animal

[2] VAR. 'Brandee.'
[14] VAR. 'Montaign and Lully.'

ade good with stout polemic brawl;
which some hundreds on the place
ere slain outright, and many a face
trench'd of nose, and eyes, and beard,
maintain what their sect averr'd.
l which the Knight and Squire, in wrath,
ıd like t' have suffer'd for their faith;
ch striving to make good his own,
by the sequel shall be shown.
The sun had long since in the lap
Thetis taken out his nap,
ıd, like a lobster boil'd, the morn
om black to red began to turn;
hen Hudibras, whom thoughts and aching
wixt sleeping kept all night, and waking,
gan to rub his drowsy eyes,
ıd from his couch prepar'd to rise,
solving to despatch the deed
vow'd to do, with trusty speed.
ıt first with knocking loud, and bawling,
rous'd the Squire, in truckle lolling;
ıd after many circumstances,
hich vulgar authors in romances
use to spend their time and wits on,
make impertinent description,
ey got (with much ado) to horse,
ıd to the Castle bent their course,
which he to the Dame before
suffer whipping-duty swore.
here now arriv'd, and half unharnest,
carry on the work in earnest,
stopp'd, and paus'd upon the sudden,

[48] VAR. 'Whipping duly swore.'

And with a serious forehead plodding,
Sprung a new scruple in his head,
Which first he scratch'd and after said:
  Whether it be direct infringing
An oath, if I should wave this swinging,
And what I've sworn to bear, forbear,
And so b' equivocation swear;
Or whether 't be a lesser sin
To be forsworn than act the thing,
Are deep and subtle points, which must,
T' inform my conscience, be discust;
In which to err a tittle may
To errors infinite make way:
And therefore I desire to know
Thy judgment ere we further go.
  Quoth Ralpho, Since you do enjoin it,
I shall enlarge upon the point;
And, for my own part, do not doubt
Th' affirmative may be made out.
But first, to state the case aright,
For best advantage of our light:
And thus 'tis: Whether 't be a sin

55 56 This dialogue between Hudibras and Ralph sets before us the hypocrisy and villany of all parties of the Rebels with regard to oaths; what equivocations and evasions they made use of to account for the many perjuries they were daily guilty of, and the several oaths they readily took, and as readily broke, merely as they found it suited their interest, as appears from v. 107, &c. and v. 377, &c. of this Canto, and Part III. Canto III. v. 547, &c. Archbishop Bramhall says, "That the hypocrites of those times, though they magnified the obligation of an oath, yet in their own case dispensed with all oaths, civil, military, and religious. We are now told," says he, "that the oaths we have taken are not to be examined according to the interpretation of men: No! How then?—Surely according to the interpretation of devils."

ad curry your own skin,
· less than to forbear,
you are forsworn forswear.
' th' first: The inward man,
ard, like a clan and clan,
ys been at daggers-drawing,
nother clapper-clawing:
hey really cuff or fence,
piritual mystic sense;
nistake, and make 'em squabble
fray, 's abominable.
ienish, in frequent use
ms and apostate Jews,
icrifice of Bridewells,
rn Indians to their idols;
rel Christians of our times,
ite less with greater crimes,
he foul abomination
and mortification.
ough we're bruis'd and kicked
l members of the Wicked;
s, that are sanctify'd,
nd curry'd back and side;
ist claw ourselves with shameful
ien stripes, by their example?
re there nothing to forbid it)
, because they did it.
fore, may be justly reckon'd
sin. Now to the second:
s may claim a dispensation
nd forswear on occasion,
t but it will appear
iant light; the point is clear.

Oaths are but words, and words but wind;
Too feeble implements to bind;
And hold with deeds proportion, so
As shadows to a substance do.
Then when they strive for place, 'tis fit
The weaker vessel should submit.
Although your Church be opposite
To ours as Blackfriars are to White,
In rule and order, yet I grant
You are a Reformado saint;
And what the saints do claim as due,
You may pretend a title to.
But saints, whom oaths and vows oblige,
Know little of their privilege;
Further (I mean) than carrying on
Some self-advantage of their own.
For if the devil, to serve his turn,
Can tell truth, why the saints should scorn,
When it serves theirs, to swear and lie,
I think there's little reason why:
Else h' has a greater power than they
Which 'twere impiety to say.
We're not commanded to forbear,
Indefinitely, at all to swear;
But to swear idly, and in vain,
Without self-interest or gain.
For breaking of an oath, and lying,
Is but a kind of self-denying,
A saint-like virtue; and from hence
Some have broke oaths by Providence:

[136] When it was first moved in the House of Commons to proceed capitally against the King, Cromwell stood up and told them, "That if any man moved this with design, he

o the Glory of the Lord,
l themselves, and broke their word;
s the constant rule and practice
ur late apostles' acts is.
t the Cause at first begun
erjury, and carried on?
ere an oath the Godly took,
due time and place they broke?
not bring our oaths in first,
our plate, to have them burst,
st in fitter models for
esent use of Church and War?
; our Worthies of the House,
they broke the peace, break vows?
ving freed us first from both
egiance and Suprem'cy oath,
ey not next compel the nation
, and break the Protestation?
ar, and after to recant,
lemn League and Covenant?
e th' Engagement, and disclaim it;
'd by those who first did frame it?
ey not swear, at first, to fight
e King's safety, and his right;
ter march'd to find him out,
arg'd him home with horse and foot;

hink him the greatest traitor in the world; but since ace and necessity had cast them upon it, he should God to bless their counsels." And when he kept ; close prisoner in Carisbrook Castle, contrary to vows estations, he affirmed "The Spirit would not let him s word." And when, contrary to the public faith, rdered him, they pretended they could not resist the of the Spirit.

But yet still had the confidence
To swear it was in his defence?
Did they not swear to live and die
With Essex, and straight laid him by?
If that were all, for some have swore
As false as they, if they did no more.
Did they not swear to maintain Law,
In which that swearing made a flaw?
For Protestant religion vow,
That did that vowing disallow?
For Privilege of Parliament,
In which that swearing made a rent?
And since, of all the three, not one
Is left in being, 'tis well known.
Did they not swear, in express words,
To prop and back the House of Lords;
And after turn'd out the whole houseful
Of Peers, as dang'rous and unuseful?
So Cromwell, with deep oaths and vows,
Swore all the Commons out o' th' House;
Vow'd that the Redcoats would disband,
Ay, marry would they, at their command;
And troll'd them on, and swore, and swore,
Till th' Army turn'd them out of door.
This tells us plainly what they thought,
That oaths and swearing go for nought,
And that by them th' were only meant
To serve for an expedient.
What was the Public Faith found out for,
But to slur men of what they fought for?
The Public Faith, which ev'ry one
Is bound t' observe, yet kept by none;
And if that go for nothing, why

Should Private Faith have such a tie?
Oaths were not purpos'd, more than law,
To keep the Good and Just in awe,
But to confine the Bad and Sinful,
Like mortal cattle in a pinfold.
A Saint's of th' heav'nly realm a Peer;
And as no Peer is bound to swear,
But on the Gospel of his Honour,
Of which he may dispose, as owner,
It follows, though the thing be forg'ry
And false, t' affirm it is no perj'ry,
But a mere ceremony, and a breach
Of nothing but a form of speech,
And goes for no more when 'tis took
Than mere saluting of the Book.
Suppose the Scriptures are of force,
They're but commissions of course;
And Saints have freedom to digress,
And vary from 'em, as they please;
Or misinterpret them by private
Instructions, to all aims they drive at.
Then why should we ourselves abridge,
And curtail our own privilege?
Quakers (that, like to lanterns, bear
Their light within 'em,) will not swear;
Their Gospel is an Accidence,
By which they construe Conscience,
And hold no sin so deeply red,
As that of breaking Priscian's head
(The head and founder of their order,
That stirring hats held worse than murder).
These, thinking they're obliged to troth
In swearing, will not take an oath:

Like mules, who if they've not their will
To keep their own pace stand stock-still:
But they are weak, and little know
What free-born Consciences may do.
'Tis the temptation of the devil
That makes all human actions evil:
For Saints may do the same things by
The Spirit, in sincerity,
Which other men are tempted to,
And at the devil's instance do;
And yet the actions be contrary,
Just as the Saints and Wicked vary.
For, as on land there is no beast
But in some fish at sea 's exprest,
So in the Wicked there 's no vice
Of which the Saints have not a spice;
And yet that thing that's pious in
The one, in th' other is a sin.
Is 't not ridiculous and nonsense
A saint should be a slave to Conscience;
That ought to be above such fancies,
As far as above Ordinances?
She's of the Wicked, as I guess
B' her looks, her language, and her dress:
And though like constables we search
For false wares one another's Church;
Yet all of us hold this for true,
No faith is to the Wicked due.
For truth is precious and divine;
Too rich a pearl for carnal swine.
  Quoth Hudibras, All this is true:
Yet 'tis not fit that all men knew
Those mysteries and revelations;
And therefore topical evasions

ırns and shifts of sense,
vith th' Wicked for pretence:
learned Jesuits use,
terians, for excuse
Protestants, when th' happen
ir Churches taken napping.
. breach of Oath is duple,
way admits a scruple,
e *ex parte* of the maker
nal, than the injured taker;
; strains too far a vow
it, like an o'erbent bow:
t made, and forc'd it, broke it;
t for Convenience took it.
ath is, *quatenus* oath,
all purposes of truth;
laws are ne'er the worse:
ey're broken have no force.
ice to a man, or laws,
comes within their claws?
no pow'r but to admonish;
trol, coerce, or punish,
re broken, and then touch
that do make 'em such.
engagement is allow'd
prison made for good;
hey're set at liberty
m th' engagement too set free.
as write, When any Jew
o God or man a vow
rwards he found untoward
rn to be kept, or too hard,
other Jews o' th' nation

Might free him from the obligation:
And have not two Saints pow'r to use
A greater privilege than three Jews?
The court of Conscience, which in man
Should be supreme and sovereign,
Is 't fit should be subordinate
To ev'ry petty court i' th' state,
And have less power than the lesser,
To deal with perjury at pleasure?
Have its proceedings disallow'd, or
Allow'd, at fancy of pie-powder?
Tell all it does, or does not know,
For swearing *ex officio*?
Be forc'd t' impeach a broken hedge,
And pigs unring'd, at *vis. franc.* pledge?
Discover thieves, and bawds, recusants,
Priests, witches, eaves-droppers, and nuisances?
Tell who did play at games unlawful,
And who fill'd pots of ale but half-full?
And have no pow'r at all, nor shift,
To help itself at a dead lift?
Why should not Conscience have vacation
As well as other Courts o' th' nation;
Have equal power to adjourn,
Appoint appearance and return;
And make as nice distinctions serve
To split a case, as those that carve,
Invoking cuckolds' names, hit joints?
Why should not tricks as slight, do points?
Is not th' High-court of Justice sworn
To judge that law that serves their turn?
Make their own jealousies high treason,
And fix 'em whomsoe'er they please on?

ɜ learned Counsel there
ı in any shape appear?
. as witches do their clay,
ɣ make pictures to destroy;
ɜm into any form
heir purpose to do harm?
until they do confess,
f treason whom they please,
perfidiously condemn
t engag'd their lives for them;
o nothing in their own sense,
they ought by Oath and Conscience?
not juggle, and with slight
ɜe play with wrong and right;
heir blasts of wind as dear,
d witches bottled air?
'ear, Favour, Bribe, and Grudge,
case sev'ral ways adjudge;
ı with the self-same gale,
al diff'rent courses sail?
the sea breaks o'er its bounds,
lows the level grounds,
ıks and dams, that, like a screen,
it out, now keep it in;
tyrannical usurpation
ıe freedom of a nation,
o' th' land, that were intended
t out, are made defend it.
in Chanc'ry ev'ry man swear
ces best for him in his answer?
ı winding up witnesses,
ng, more than half the bus'ness?

R. 'Grutch.' 358 VAR. 'tyrannic.'

For witnesses, like watches, go
Just as they're set, too fast or slow;
And, where in Conscience they're strait-lac'd,
'Tis ten to one that side is cast.
Do not your Juries give their verdict
As if they felt the cause, not heard it?
And, as they please, make matter o' fact
Run all on one side as they're pack't?
Nature has made man's breast no windores,
To publish what he does within doors;
Nor what dark secrets there inhabit,
Unless his own rash folly blab it.
If Oaths can do a man no good
In his own bus'ness, why they should,
In other matters, do him hurt;
I think there 's little reason for 't.
He that imposes an Oath, makes it;
Not he that for Convenience takes it:
Then how can any man be said
To break an Oath he never made?
These reasons may perhaps look oddly
To th' Wicked, though they evince the Godly;
But if they will not serve to clear
My Honour, I am ne'er the near.
Honour is like that glassy bubble
That finds philosophers such trouble,
Whose least part crackt, the whole does fly,
And wits are crackt to find out why.
  Quoth Ralpho, Honour's but a word
To swear by only in a Lord:
In other men 'tis but a huff
To vapour with, instead of proof;
That, like a wen, looks big and swells,

ess, and just nothing else.
(quoth he) be what it will,
e world's opinion still.
en are not wise that run
ıtest hazard they may shun,
ıy a medium be found out
to all the world the doubt;
is, if a man may do 't,
whipt, or substitute.
h nice and dark the point appear
Ralph), it may hold up and clear.
ıers may supply the place
ng Saints, is a plain case.
ives sentence many times
nan for another's crimes.
hren of New England use
[alefactors to excuse,
d the Guiltless in their stead,
the Churches have less need;
't happen'd: In a town
'd a Cobbler, and but one,
of Doctrine could cut Use,
ıd men's lives as well as shoes.
ious Brother having slain
of peace an Indian,
of malice, but mere zeal
he was an Infidel),
hty Tottipottymoy
ur Elders an Envoy,
ıing sorely of the breach
e, held forth by Brother Patch,
the articles in force
both Churches, his and ours;

For which he crav'd the Saints to render
Into his hands, or hang, th' offender.
But they, maturely having weigh'd
They had no more but him o' th' trade
(A man that serv'd them in a double
Capacity, to teach and cobble),
Resolv'd to spare him; yet, to do
The Indian Hoghan Moghan too
Impartial justice, in his stead did
Hang an old Weaver that was bed-rid.
Then wherefore may not you be skipp'd?
And in your room another whipp'd?
For all philosophers, but the Sceptic,
Hold whipping may be sympathetic.
  It is enough, quoth Hudibras,
Thou hast resolv'd and clear'd the case;
And canst, in conscience, not refuse
From thy own Doctrine to raise Use:
I know thou wilt not (for my sake)
Be tender-conscienc'd of thy back:
Then strip thee of thy carnal jerkin,
And give thy outward-fellow a firking;
For when thy vessel is new hoop'd,
All leaks of sinning will be stopp'd.
  Quoth Ralpho, You mistake the matter;
For in all scruples of this nature
No man includes himself, nor turns
The point upon his own concerns.
As no man of his own self catches
The itch or amorous French achès;
So no man does himself convince,
By his own doctrine, of his sins:
And though all cry down self, none means

ılf in a literal sense.
is not only foppish,
lolatrous, and Popish,
an out of his own skin
l whip another's sin;
ı out of schoolboys' breeches
ıd curry their own itches.
ı case it is profane,
too, because in vain;
ıst take our oaths upon it
ıe deed, when I have done it.
Iudibras, That's answer'd soon;
e whip, we'll lay it on.
Ialpho, That we may swear true,
ıperer that I whipp'd you;
with your consent 'tis done,
really your own.
Iudibras, It is in vain
argue 'gainst the grain;
e stars, incline men to
're averse themselves to do:
disputes are weary'd out,
ıt still resolves the doubt.
no reason can confute ye,
force you to your duty;
s, howe'er you mince it,
ı part, I shall evince it;
(if you stand out), whether
r no, your stubborn leather.
ı refuse to bear thy part
c Work, base as thou art?
thus for a few blows,
y Knight an op'lent spouse,

Whose wealth his bowels yearn to purchase
Merely for th' int'rest of the Churches?
And when he has it in his claws
Will not be hide-bound to the Cause;
Nor shalt thou find him a curmudgeon
If thou despatch it without grudging:
If not, resolve, before we go,
That you and I must pull a crow.
Y' had best (quoth Ralpho), as the Ancients
Say wisely, Have a care o' th' main chance,
And Look before you ere you leap;
For As you sow, y'are like to reap:
And were y' as good as George-a-Green,
I should make bold to turn agen;
Nor am I doubtful of the issue
In a just quarrel, and mine is so.
Is 't fitting for a man of honour
To whip the Saints, like Bishop Bonner?
A Knight t' usurp the Beadle's office,
For which y' are like to raise brave trophies?
But I advise you (not for fear,
But for your own sake) to forbear;
And for the Churches, which may chance
From hence to spring a variance,
And raise among themselves new scruples,
Whom common danger hardly couples.
Remember how in arms and politics
We still have worsted all your holy tricks;
Trepann'd your party with intrigue,
And took your Grandees down a peg;
New-modell'd th' army, and cashier'd
All that to Legion Smec adher'd;
Made a mere utensil o' your Church,

; it in the lurch,
build up our own,
had done with 't pull'd it down;
r Rabbins of the Synod,
their Canons with a Why-not;
-men, that were rever'd
and depth of beard);
model prov'd a maggot,
ry an Indian pagod;
their Discipline like a kitten,
had been so long a-sitting;
a holy cheat
date and obsolete,
aints of the first grass
als of Balaam's ass.
Knight grew high in chafe,
furiously on Ralph,
and look'd pale with ire,
st, then red as fire.
h he) been ta'en in fight,
any moons lain by 't,
l other means did fail
change'd for tubs of ale?
y thought me worth a ransom
onsid'rable and handsome,
own sakes, and for fear
ot safe when I was there),
affled by a scoundrel,
ect'ry and a Mongrel,
d out of peccant humours
Church, like wens or tumours,

'er-reach'd.' 'Capoch'd' signifies hooded, or

And, like a maggot in a sore,
Would that which gave it life devour;
It never shall be done or said.
With that he seiz'd upon his blade;
And Ralpho too, as quick and bold,
Upon his basket-hilt laid hold
With equal readiness, prepar'd
To draw and stand upon his guard:
When both were parted on the sudden
With hideous clamour and a loud one,
As if all sorts of noise had been
Contracted into one loud din;
Or that some member to be chosen
Had got the odds above a thousand,
And by the greatness of his noise
Prov'd fittest for his country's choice.
This strange surprisal put the Knight
And wrathful Squire into a fright;
And though they stood prepar'd, with fatal
Impetuous rancour, to join battle,
Both thought it was the wisest course
To wave the fight and mount to horse,
And to secure by swift retreating
Themselves from danger of worse beating:
Yet neither of them would disparage,
By utt'ring of his mind, his courage,
Which made them stoutly keep their ground,
With horror and disdain wind-bound.
And now the cause of all their fear
By slow degrees approach'd so near
They might distinguish diff'rent noise
Of horns, and pans, and dogs, and boys,

[867] VAR. 'They might discern respective noise.'

tle-drums, whose sullen dub
like the hooping of a tub.
ın the sight appear'd in view,
ınd it was an antique shew;
ph that for pomp and state
ıdest Romans emulate.
he Aldermen of Rome,
ıes at training overcome
ıt enlarging territory,
ı mistaken write in story),
ıounted in their best array
car—and who but they?—
low'd with a world of tall lads
ərry dities troll'd and ballads,
ı with many a Good-morrow,
Hey for our town! through the Borough;
ı this triumph drew so nigh
ight particulars descry,
ıver saw two things so pat
aspects as this and that.
e that led the cavalcate
sow-gelder's flagellate,
ch he blew as strong a levet
-feed lawyer on his brev'ate
ıver one another's heads
ıarge (three ranks at once) like Sweads.
ıns and kettles of all keys,
ebles down to double base;
er them, upon a nag
ight pass for a forehand stag,

596 VAR. 'For foes.'
609 610 VAR. 'cavalcade,' 'flagellet.'
614 VAR. 'Swedes.'

A cornet rode, and on his staff
A smock display'd did proudly wave:
Then bagpipes of the loudest drones
With snuffling broken-winded tones,
Whose blasts of air, in pockets shut,
Sound filthier than from the gut,
And make a viler noise than swine
In windy weather when they whine.
Next one upon a pair of panniers,
Full fraught with that which for good manners
Shall here be nameless, mix'd with grains,
Which he dispens'd among the swains,
And busily upon the crowd
At random round about bestow'd.
Then, mounted on a horned horse,
One bore a gauntlet and gilt spurs,
Ty'd to the pummel of a long sword
He held revers'd, the point turn'd downward.
Next after, on a raw-bon'd steed,
The conqu'ror's Standard-bearer rid,
And bore aloft before the champion
A petticoat display'd, and rampant;
Near whom the Amazon triumphant
Bestrid her beast, and on the rump on t
Sat, face to tail and bum to bum,
The warrior whilom overcome,
Arm'd with a spindle and a distaff,
Which as he rode she made him twist off;
And when he loiter'd, o'er her shoulder
Chastis'd the reformado soldier.
Before the Dame and round about
March'd whifflers and staffiers on foot,
With lacquies, grooms, valets, and pages,

lt and proper equipages;
vhom some torches bore, some links,
)re the proud virago-minx,
t was both Madam and a Don,
) Nero's Sporus or Pope Joan;
. at fit periods the whole rout
up their throats with clam'rous shout.
Knight transported, and the Squire,
up their weapons and their ire;
Hudibras, who us'd to ponder
such sights with judicious wonder,
ld hold no longer to impart
an'madversions, for his heart.
uoth he, In all my life till now
'er saw so profane a show:
) a Paganish invention
ch Heathen writers often mention;
. he who made it had read Goodwin,
Ross, or Cælius Rhodogine,
h all the Grecian Speeds and Stows
t best describe those ancient shows,
. has observ'd all fit decorums
find describ'd by old historians.
as a Roman conqueror
t put an end to foreign war,
'ring the town in triumph for it,
) a slave with him in his chariot;
his insulting female brave
:ies behind her here a slave:
. as the Ancients long ago,
:n they in field defy'd the foe,
ig out their mantles *della guerre*,
ier proud Standard-bearer here

Waves on his spear, in dreadful manner,
A Tyrian petticoat for banner.
Next links and torches, heretofore
Still borne before the emperor:
And, as in antique triumph eggs
Were borne for mystical intrigues,
There 's one with truncheon, like a ladle,
That carries eggs too, fresh or addle;
And still at random as he goes
Among the rabble-rout bestows.
  Quoth Ralpho, You mistake the matter;
For all th' antiquity you smatter
Is but a riding us'd of course
When the grey mare 's the better horse;
When o'er the breeches greedy women
Fight to extend their vast dominion,
And in the cause impatient Grizel
Has drubb'd her husband with bull's pizzle,
And brought him under Covert-baron,
To turn her vassal with a murrain;
When wives their sexes shift, like hares,
And ride their husbands, like night-mares,
And they in mortal battle vanquish'd
Are of their charter disenfranchis'd,
And by the right of war, like gills,
Condemn'd to distaff, horns, and wheels:
For when men by their wives are cow'd,
Their horns of course are understood.
  Quoth Hudibras, Thou still giv'st sentence
Impertinently, and against sense:
'Tis not the least disparagement
To be defeated by th' event,
Nor to be beaten by main force;

does not make a man the worse,
ɔugh his shoulders with battoon
law'd and cudgel'd to some tune.
ilor's prentice has no hard
ure, that 's bang'd with a true yard;
to turn tail or run away,
without blows give up the day,
ɔ surrender ere th' assault,
; 's no man's fortune, but his fault;
renders men of honour less
ı all th' adversity of success:
only unto such this shew
orns and petticoats is due.
:e is a lesser profanation,
ı that the Romans call'd Ovation:
as ovation was allow'd
conquest purchas'd without blood,
nen decree those lesser shows
vict'ry gotten without blows,
lint of sharp hard words, which some
ı battle with and overcome:
se mounted in a chair-curule,
ch Moderns call a Cucking-stool,
ch proudly to the river's side,
o'er the waves in triumph ride;
ı dukes of Venice, who are said
Adriatic sea to wed,
have a gentler wife than those
whom the state decrees those shows.
both are Heathenish, and come
n th' Whores of Babylon and Rome,
l by the Saints should be withstood,
ntichristian and lewd;

And we as such should now contribute
Our utmost strugglings to prohibit.
This said, they both advanc'd, and rode
A dog-trot through the bawling crowd
T' attack the leader, and still prest
Till they approach'd him breast to breast.
Then Hudibras with face and hand
Made signs for silence; which obtain'd,
What means (quoth he) this devil's procession
With men of orthodox profession?
'Tis ethnique and idolatrous,
From Heathenism deriv'd to us.
Does not the Whore of Bab'lon ride
Upon her horned Beast astride
Like this proud Dame, who either is
A type of her, or she of this?
Are things of superstitious function
Fit to be us'd in Gospel sunshine?
It is an antichristian opera,
Much us'd in midnight times of Popery;
Of running after self-inventions
Of wicked and profane intentions;
To scandalize that sex for scolding,
To whom the Saints are so beholden.
Women, who were our first apostles,
Without whose aid w' had all been lost else;

[775] The women were zealous contributors to the G
Cause, as they called it. Mr. James Howel observes, "T
unusual voluntary collections were made both in town
country; the seamstress brought in her silver thimble,
chambermaid her bodkin, the cook her silver spoon, into
common treasury of war.—And some sort of females
freer in their contributions, so far as to part with their
and earrings, as if some golden calf were to be molten
set up to be idolized."

eft no stone unturn'd
Cause might be concern'd;
ir children's spoons and whistles
vords, carbines, and pistols;
s, cullies, and sweethearts,
ints' and Churches' parts;
Gifted Brethren in,
ishops would have been,
constant to the party
powerful and hearty;
s robb'd, and made hard shifts
nto their Gifts
rap, and rend, and pilfer,
ends of gold and silver;
he Teachers, tir'd and spent
orth for Parl'ament;
edify'd their zeal
puddings many a meal;
with store of meat,
d points to eat;
em till their guts did ache
ustard, and plum-cake..
y done or what left undone
vance the Cause at London?
nd file with drum and ensign,
City for defence in;
s with their own soft hands,
emy to stands:
wn to oyster wenches
pioneers in trenches,
pickaxes and tools,
men to dig like moles.

[907] VAR. 'Fell.'

Have not the handmaids of the City
Chose of their Members a Committee,
For raising of a common purse,
Out of their wages, to raise horse?
And do they not as triers sit,
To judge what officers are fit?
Have they—At that an egg let fly
Hit him directly o'er the eye,
And, running down his cheek, besmear'd
With orange-tawny slime his beard;
But beard and slime being of one hue,
The wound the less appear'd in view.
Then he that on the panniers rode
Let fly on th' other side a load,
And, quickly charg'd again, gave fully
In Ralpho's face another volley.
The Knight was startled with the smell,
And for his sword began to feel;
And Ralpho, smother'd with the stink,
Grasp'd his, when one that bore a link
O' th' sudden clapp'd his flaming cudgel,
Like linstock, to the horse's touch-hole;
And straight another with his flambeau
Gave Ralpho o'er the eyes a damn'd blow.
The beasts began to kick and fling,
And forc'd the rout to make a ring;

813 814 "The House considered, in the next place, divers weak persons have crept into places beyond abilities; and, to the end that men of greater parts ma put into their rooms, they appointed the Lady Middl Mrs. Dunch, the Lady Foster, and the Lady Anne W by reason of their great experience in soldiery in the l dom, to be a Committee of Triers for the business." "The Parliament of Ladies," p. 6.

ich they quickly broke their way,
. them off from further fray.
disorder'd in retreat,
a stoutly kept his seat:
both their swords and reins,
l with all their strength the manes,
d the foe's pursuit,
ıg put their cattle to 't;
'our were out of wind,
too, ne'er look'd behind.
l paus'd a while, supplying
spent with fight and flying,
as recruited force
action or discourse:
That man is sure to lose
is hands with dirty foes:
o honour 's to be gain'd,
away in being maintain'd.
us we had to do
.on'rable a foe:
:he law of arms doth bar
enom'd shot in war,
ıauseous smell and noisome,
hot savour strong of poison,
ss have been chew'd with teeth
; had a stinking breath;
'e put it to the push,
t giv'n us such a brush.
pultroons that fling dirt
) but cannot hurt;
nour they have won,
.ost, is much at one.
/e made so resolute

839 VAR. 'Rains.'

A brave retreat without pursuit,
For if we had not, we had sped
Much worse, to be in triumph led;
Than which the ancients held no state
Of man's life more unfortunate.
But if this bold adventure e'er
Do chance to reach the widow's ear,
It may, being destin'd to assert
Her sex's honour, reach her heart:
And as such homely treats (they say)
Portend good fortune, so this may.
Vespasian being daub'd with dirt
Was destined to the empire for 't;
And from a scavenger did come
To be a mighty prince in Rome:
And why may not this foul address
Presage in love the same success?
Then let us straight, to cleanse our wounds,
Advance in quest of nearest ponds;
And after (as we first design'd)
Swear I've perform'd what she enjoin'd.

[868] VAR. 'T' avoid pursuit.'

PART II. CANTO III.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Knight, with various doubts possest,
To win the Lady goes in quest
Of Sidrophel the Rosycrucian,
To know the Dest'nies' resolution:
With whom b'ing met, they both chop logic
About the science astrologic;
Till, falling from dispute to fight,
The Conj'rer's worsted by the Knight.

DOUBTLESS the pleasure is as great
Of being cheated, as to cheat;
As lookers-on feel most delight
That least perceive a juggler's sleight,
And still, the less they understand,
The more they admire his sleight of hand.
Some with a noise and greasy light
Are snapt, as men catch larks by night,
Insnar'd and hamper'd by the soul,
As nooses by the legs catch fowl.
Some with a med'cine and receipt
Are drawn to nibble at the bait;
And though it be a two-foot trout,
'Tis with a single hair pull'd out.
Others believe no voice t' an organ
So sweet as lawyer's in his bar-gown,
Until with subtle cobweb-cheats
They're catch'd in knotted law like nets:
All which, when once they are imbrangled,

The more they stir the more they're tangled;
And while their purses can dispute,
There's no end of th' immortal suit.
  Others still gape t' anticipate
The cabinet-designs of Fate,
Apply to wizards to forsee
What shall and what shall never be;
And, as those vultures do forebode,
Believe events prove bad or good:
A flam more senseless than the roguery
Of old auruspicy and aug'ry,
That out of garbages of cattle
Presag'd th' events of truce or battle;
From flight of birds, or chickens' pecking,
Success of great'st attempts would reckon:
Though cheats, yet more intelligible
Than those that with the stars do fribble.
This Hudibras by proof found true,
As in due time and place we'll shew.
  For he, with beard and face made clean,
Being mounted on his steed agen,
(And Ralpho got a-cock-horse too
Upon his beast, with much ado),
Advanc'd on for the Widow's house,
T' acquit himself and pay his vows:
When various thoughts began to bustle,
And with his inward man to justle.
He thought what danger might accrue,
If she should find he swore untrue;
Or if his Squire or he should fail,
And not be punctual in their tale,
It might at once the ruin prove

[25] VAR. 'Run after wizards.'

th of his honour, faith, and love.
t if he should forbear to go,
e might conclude h' had broke his vow;
d that he durst not now for shame
ppear in court to try his claim:
his was the penn'worth of his thought,
o pass time, and uneasy trot.
Quoth he, In all my past adventures
ne'er was set so on the tenters,
r taken tardy with dilemma
hat ev'ry way I turn does hem me,
nd with inextricable doubt
esets my puzzled wits about:
or though the Dame has been my bail,
o free me from enchanted jail,
et as a dog, committed close
or some offence, by chance breaks loose,
nd quits his clog; but all in vain,
e still draws after him his chain:
, though my ankle she has quitted,
y heart continues still committed;
nd, like a bail'd and mainpriz'd lover,
though at large, I am bound over;
nd when I shall appear in court
plead my cause and answer for 't,
nless the judge do partial prove,
hat will become of me and love?
r, if in our account we vary,
r but in circumstance miscarry;
r if she put me to strict proof,
nd make me pull my doublet off
o shew, by evident record
rit on my skin, I've kept my word,

How can I e'er expect to have her,
Having demurr'd unto her favour?
But, faith and love and honour lost,
Shall be reduc'd t' a Knight o' th' Post?
Beside, that stripping may prevent
What I'm to prove by argument,
And justify I have a tail,
And that way too my proof may fail.
Oh, that I could enucleate,
And solve the problems of my fate!
Or find by necromantic art
How far the dest'nies take my part!
For if I were not more than certain
To win and wear her and her fortune,
I'd go no farther in this courtship,
To hazard soul, estate, and worship:
For though an oath obliges not
Where any thing is to be got
(As thou hast prov'd), yet 'tis profane
And sinful when men swear in vain.
  Quoth Ralph, Not far from hence doth dwell
A cunning man, hight Sidrophel,
That deals in Destiny's dark counsels,
And sage opinions of the Moon sells;
To whom all people, far and near,
On deep importances repair:
When brass and pewter hap to stray,
And linen slinks out o' the way;
When geese and pullen are seduc'd,

[106] William Lilly, the famous astrologer of those ti who in his yearly almanacks foretold victories for Parliament with as much certainty as the preachers did their sermons.

sucking pigs are chous'd;
feel indisposition,
' opinion of physician;
in reigns in hogs or sheep,
s languish of the pip;
and outward means do fail,
) pow'r to work on ale;
r does refuse to come,
)ves cross and humoursome;
ı questions, and with urine,
cov'ry flock, or curing.
ıdibras, This Sidrophel
f, and should like it well,
t prove the Saints have freedom
'c'rers when they need 'em.
)ho, There 's no doubt of that;
iples I quoted late
:he Godly may allege
g their privilege,
dev'l himself may go
) motives thereunto:
e is a war between
nd them, it is no sin
ubtle stratagem
? him, as he does them.
s present Parl'ament
the devil sent,
wer'd to treat about
olted witches out?
t he, within a year,
)escore of 'em in one shire?
for not being drown'd,
'or sitting above ground,

Whole days and nights, upon their breeches,
And feeling pain, were hang'd for witches;
And some for putting knavish tricks
Upon green geese and turkey-chicks,
Or pigs that suddenly deceast
Of griefs unnat'ral, as he guess'd;
Who after prov'd himself a witch,
And made a rod for his own breech.
Did not the dev'l appear to Martin
Luther in Germany, for certain;
And would have gull'd him with a trick,
But Mart. was too, too politic?
Did he not help the Dutch to purge,
At Antwerp, their cathedral church?
Sing catches to the Saints at Mascon,
And tell them all they came to ask him?
Appear in divers shapes to Kelly?
And speak i' th' Nun of Loudon's belly?
Meet with the Parl'ament's Committee,
At Woodstock, on a pers'nal treaty?
At Sarum take a cavalier,
I' th' Cause's service, prisoner;
As Withers in immortal rhyme
Has register'd to aftertime?
Do not our great Reformers use
This Sidrophel to forbode news;
To write of victories next year,
And castles taken, yet i' th' air?
Of battles fought at sea, and ships
Sunk, two years hence, the last eclipse?
A total o'erthrow giv'n the King

[169] This Withers was a Puritanical officer in the Parliament army, and a great pretender to poetry, as appears from his poems enumerated by A. Wood.

1 Cornwall, horse and foot, next Spring?
nd has not he point-blank foretold
/hats'e'er the Close Committee would?
[ade Mars and Saturn for the Cause,
he Moon for fundamental laws?
he Ram, the Bull, and Goat, declare
gainst the Book of Common Pray'r?
he Scorpion take the Protestation,
nd Bear engage for Reformation?
[ade all the Royal stars recant,
ompound, and take the Covenant?
Quoth Hudibras, The case is clear.
he Saints may 'mploy a conjurer,
s thou hast prov'd it by their practice:
[o argument like matter of fact is;
nd we are best of all led to
[en's principles by what they do.
hen let us straight advance in quest
'f this profound gymnosophist,
nd, as the fates and he advise,
ursue or wave this enterprise.
his said, he turn'd about his steed,
nd eftsoons on th' adventure rid;
/here leave we him and Ralph a while,
nd to th' conj'rer turn our style,
o let our reader understand
/hat's useful of him beforehand.
He had been long t'wards mathematics,
'ptics, philosophy, and statics,
[agic, horoscopy, astrology,
nd was old dog at physiology;
ut as a dog that turns the spit
estirs himself, and plies his feet

To climb the wheel, but all in vain,
His own weight brings him down again,
And still he's in the self-same place
Where at his setting out he was;
So in the circle of the arts
Did he advance his nat'ral parts,
Till falling back still, for retreat,
He fell to juggle, cant, and cheat.
For as those fowls that live in water
Are never wet, he did but smatter;
Whate'er he labour'd to appear,
His understanding still was clear;
Yet none a deeper knowledge boasted,
Since old Hodge Bacon, and Bob Grosted.
Th' intelligible world he knew,
And all men dream on't to be true,
That in this world there's not a wart
That has not there a counterpart;
Nor can there on the face of ground
An individual beard be found
That has not in that foreign nation
A fellow of the self-same fashion;

[224] Roger Bacon, commonly called 'Friar Bacon,' lived in the reign of our Edward I. and, for some little skill he had in the mathematics, was by the rabble accounted a conjuror, and had the sottish story of the Brazen Head fathered upon him by the ignorant Monks of those days.

Ib. Bishop Grosted was Bishop of Lincoln, 20th Henry III. A.D. 1235. "He was suspected by the clergy to be a conjurer; for which crime he was deprived by Pope Innocent IV. and summoned to appear at Rome." But this is a mistake; for the Pope's antipathy to him was occasioned by his frankly expostulating with him (both personally and by letter) on his encroachments upon the English church and monarchy. He was persecuted by Pope Innocent, but it is not certain that he was deprived, though Bale thinks he was.

o colour'd, and so curl'd,
are in th' inferior world.
ead Dee's prefaces before
'l, and Euclid, o'er and o'er;
h' intrigues 'twixt him and Kelly,
nd th' Emperor, would tell ye:
the moon was more familiar
r was almanack well-willer;
ets understood so clear,
ıe believ'd he had been there;
ıen she was in fittest mood
ng corns or letting blood;
r anointing scabs or itches,
bum applying leeches;
ws and bitches may be spay'd,
hat sign best cyder 's made;
the wane be, or increase,
et garlic or sow pease;
t found out the man i' th' moon,
the Ancients was unknown;
ny Dukes, and Earls, and Peers,
ıe planetary spheres;
y empire, and command;
ral strengths by sea and land;
tions they 've, and what they drive at
vogue, or what in private;
at designs and interests
ty manages contests.
an instrument to know

was a Welshman, and educated at Oxford, where
ıced Doctor, and afterwards travelled into foreign
ıest of chemistry, &c.
rtus Lascus, Lasky, or Alasco, Prince Palatine of
ıcerned with Dee and Kelly.

If the moon shine at full or no;
That would, as soon as e'er she shone, straight
Whether 'twere day or night demonstrate;
Tell what her d'ameter to an inch is,
And prove that she's not made of green cheese.
It would demonstrate that the man in
The moon's a sea Mediterranean;
And that it is no dog nor bitch
That stands behind him at his breech,
But a huge Caspian sea or lake,
With arms, which men for legs mistake;
How large a gulf his tail composes,
And what a goodly bay his nose is;
How many German leagues by th' scale
Cape Snout 's from Promontory Tail.
He made a planetary gin,
Which rats would run their own heads in,
And come on purpose to be taken,
Without th' expense of cheese or bacon.
With lutestrings he would counterfeit
Maggots that crawl on dish of meat;
Quote moles and spots on any place
O' th' body, by the index face;
Detect lost maidenheads by sneezing,
Or breaking wind of dames, or pissing;
Cure warts and corns with application
Of med'cines to th' imagination;
Fright agues into dogs, and scare
With rhymes the toothache and catarrh;
Chase evil spirits away by dint
Of sickle, horse-shoe, hollow flint;
Spit fire out of a walnut-shell,
Which made the Roman slaves rebel;

a mine in China here
ıpathetic gunpowder.
whats'ever 's to be known,
ı more than he knew would own.
d'cine 'twas that Paracelsus
ıke a man with, as he tells us;
ur'd slates are best to make
y surface duck or drake;
wling-stones, in running race
oard, have swiftest pace;
a pulse beat in the black
dappled louse's back;
or diastole move
when he 's in wrath, or love;
o of them do run a race,
they gallop, trot, or pace;
ıy scores a flea will jump
vn length from head to rump,
ocrates and Chærephon
ıssay'd so long agone;
his snout a perfect nose is,
an elephant's proboscis;
ıy diff'rent specieses
ots breed in rotten cheese;
ch are next of kin to those
r'd in a chandler's nose;
not seen, but understood,
in vinegar and wood.
ry wretch he had, half-starv'd,
ı in place of zany serv'd,
hachum, bred to dash and draw,

ıachum,' journeyman to Sidrophel, who was one
es,' a foolish Welshman. In a key to a poem of

Not wine, but more unwholesome law;
To make 'twixt words and lines huge gaps,
Wide as meridians in maps;
To squander paper and spare ink,
Or cheat men of their words, some think.
From this, by merited degrees,
He'd to more high advancement rise,
To be an under conjurer,
Or journeyman astrologer:
His bus'ness was to pump and wheedle,
And men with their own keys unriddle;
To make them to themselves give answers,
For which they pay the necromancers;
To fetch and carry intelligence
Of whom, and what, and where, and whence,
And all discoveries disperse
Among th' whole pack of conjurers;
What cut-purses have left with them
For the right owners to redeem,
And what they dare not vent, find out,
To gain themselves and th' art repute;
Draw figures, schemes, and horoscopes,
Of Newgate, Bridewell, brokers' shops,
Of thieves ascendant in the cart,
And find out all by rules of art:
Which way a serving-man, that's run
With clothes or money away, is gone;
Who pick'd a fob at Holding-forth,
And where a watch for half the worth

Mr. Butler's, Whachum is said to be one 'Richard Gr who published a pamphlet of about five sheets of base ribal and called 'Hudibras in a snare.' It was printed about year 1667.

›deem'd; or stolen plate
ıt conscionable rate.
this he serv'd his master
r of poetaster,
ıes appropriate could make
nonth i' th' almanack;
ms begin and end could tell,
r returns, in doggerel;
Exchequer opes and shuts,
gelder with safety cuts;
n may eat and drink their fill,
ı be temp'rate if they will;
, and when abstain from, vice,
›es, phlebotomy, and spice.
prison mean rogues beat
the service of the great,
ıum beat his dirty brains
e his master's fame and gains;
the devil's oracles,
logg'rel rhymes his spells,
ver ev'ry month's blank page
ınack, strange bilks presage.
an elegy compose
›ts squeez'd out of his nose;
ıumbers write an ode on
ess eating a black pudden;
ı imprison'd air escap'd her,
m with poetic rapture:
›ts charm'd th' attentive crowd,
mouth'd mortal troll'd aloud,
›led with his long-ear'd guests,
heus look'd among the beasts:
ı's horse could not pass by,

But stood ty'd up to poetry;
No porter's burthen pass'd along,
But serv'd for burthen to his song:
Each window like a pill'ry appears,
With heads thrust through, nail'd by the ears;
All trades run in as to the sight
Of monsters, or their dear delight
The gallow-tree, when cutting purse
Breeds bus'ness for heroic verse,
Which none does hear but would have hung
T' have been the theme of such a song.
Those two together long had liv'd
In mansion prudently contriv'd,
Where neither tree nor house could bar
The free detection of a star;
And nigh an ancient obelisk
Was rais'd by him, found out by Fisk,
On which was written, not in words,
But hieroglyphic mute of birds,
Many rare pithy saws concerning
The worth of astrologic learning:
From top of this there hung a rope,
To which he fasten'd telescope,
The spectacles with which the stars
He reads in smallest characters.
It happen'd as a boy one night
Did fly his tarsel of a kite,

[404] Mr. Butler alludes to one 'Fisk,' of whom Lilly serves, that he was a licentiate in physic, and born Framlingham in Suffolk; was bred at a country-school, designed for the university, but went not thither, stud physic and astrology at home, which afterwards he tised at Colchester; after which he came to London, practised there.

gest long-wing'd hawk that flies,
a bird of Paradise,
's martlet, has no legs,
es young ones, nor lays eggs;
was six yards long, milk-white,
l of which there hung a light,
in lantern made of paper,
off like a star did appear:
ophel by chance espy'd,
a amazement staring wide,
quoth he, What dreadful wonder
ppears in heaven yonder?
and without a beard!
at ne'er before appear'd?
in 'tis not in the scroll
se beasts, and fish, and fowl,
ch, like Indian plantations,
ed stock the constellations;
e that drawn for signs have bin
uses where the planets inn.
e supernatural,
be the cannon-ball
t i' th' air point-blank upright,
e to that prodigious height
n'd philosophers maintain,
ame backwards down again,
e airy region yet
ke the body of Mahomet:
be above the shade
he earth's round bulk is made,
ble it may from far
o bullet, but a star.
id, he to his engine flew,

Plac'd near at hand, in open view,
And rais'd it till it levell'd right
Against the glow-worm-tail of kite,
Then peeping through, Bless us! (quoth he)
It is a planet now, I see;
And, if I err not, by his proper
Figure, that's like tobacco-stopper,
It should be Saturn: yes, 'tis clear
'Tis Saturn, but what makes him there?
He's got between the Dragon's tail
And farther leg behind o' th' Whale;
Pray Heav'n divert the fatal omen,
For 'tis a prodigy not common,
And can no less than the world's end,
Or Nature's funeral, portend.
With that he fell again to pry
Through perspective more wistfully,
When, by mischance, the fatal string,
That kept the tow'ring fowl on wing,
Breaking, down fell the star. Well shot,
Quoth Whachum, who right wisely thought
H' had levell'd at a star, and hit it;
But Sidrophel, more subtle-witted,
Cry'd out, What horrible and fearful
Portent is this, to see a star fall!
It threatens Nature, and the doom
Will not be long before it come!
When stars do fall, 'tis plain enough
The day of judgment 's not far off;
As lately 'twas reveal'd to Sedgwick,

[477] William Sedgwick, a whimsical enthusiast, sometimes a Presbyterian, sometimes an Independent, and at other times an Anabaptist; sometimes a prophet, and pretended to

me of us find out by magic:
ince the time we have to live
world's shorten'd, let us strive
ɛe our best advantage of it,
ɣ our losses with our profit.
feat fell out not long before
ıight, upon the forenam'd score,
ɜt of Sidrophel advancing,
ɒw in prospect of the mansion;
he discov'ring, turn'd his glass,
und far off 'twas Hudibras.
chum (quoth he), Look yonder, some
or use our art are come:
e 's the learned Knight; seek out,
ımp 'em what they come about.
um advanc'd with all submiss'ness
st 'em, but much more their bus'ness:
d a stirrup, while the Knight
eathern Bare-bones did alight;
king from his hand the bridle,
ıch'd, the dark Squire to unriddle.
'e him first the time o' the day,
elcom'd him as he might say:
'd him whence they came, and whither
ɔus'ness lay?—Quoth Ralpho, Hither.—

:hings, out of the pulpit, to the destruction of ignorant at other times pretended to revelations; and, upon of a vision that Doomsday was at hand, he retired ɔuse of Sir Francis Russel, in Cambridgeshire; and several gentlemen at bowls, called upon them to for their dissolution; telling them that he had ceived a revelation that Doomsday would be some week following. Upon which they ever after called ɔomsday Sedgwick.'

Did you not lose—Quoth Ralpho, Nay—
Quoth Whachum, Sir, I meant your way.
Your knight—Quoth Ralpho, is a lover,
And pains intol'rable doth suffer;
For lovers' hearts are not their own hearts,
Nor lights, nor lungs, and so forth downwards.—
What time—Quoth Ralpho, Sir, too long;
Three years it off and on has hung.—
Quoth he, I meant what time o' th' day 'tis.—
Quoth Ralpho, Between seven and eight 'tis.—
Why then (quoth Whachum) my small art
Tells me the dame has a hard heart,
Or great estate.—Quoth Ralph, A jointer,
Which makes him have so hot a mind t' her.—
Meanwhile the Knight was making water,
Before he fell upon the matter;
Which having done, the Wizard steps in,
To give him suitable reception;
But kept his bus'ness at a bay,
Till Whachum put him in the way;
Who having now, by Ralpho's light,
Expounded th' errand of the Knight,
And what he came to know, drew near,
To whisper in the conj'rer's ear,
Which he prevented thus: What was 't,
Quoth he, that I was saying last,
Before these gentlemen arriv'd?
Quoth Whachum, Venus you retriev'd,
In opposition with Mars,
And no benign and friendly stars
T' allay the effect. Quoth Wizard, So!
In Virgo? Ha! Quoth Whachum, No.
Has Saturn nothing to do in it?

ı of's circle to a minute.
quoth he.—Sir, you'll excuse
ıess I am forc'd to use;
ıeme and face of heaven,
)ects are dispos'd this even,
ıtemplating upon
ı arriv'd; but now I've done.
Hudibras, If I appear
able in coming here
ı time, to interrupt
:ulations, which I hop'd
e from, and came to use,
at I ask your excuse.
means, Sir, quoth Sidrophel,
your coming did foretell;
ect you here, and knew,
·u spake, your bus'ness too.
Hudibras, Make that appear,
all credit whatsoe'er
me after, on your word,
unlikely or absurd.
'e in love, Sir, with a widow,
, that does not greatly heed you,
hree years has rid your wit
ion without drawing bit;
your bus'ness is to know
all carry her or no.
Hudibras, You're in the right,
the devil you come by 't
nagine; for the stars
can tell no more than a horse;
their aspects (though you pore
s out on them) tell you more

Than th' oracle of sieve and shears
That turns as certain as the spheres:
But if the devil 's of your counsel
Much may be done, my noble Donzel;
And 'tis on his account I come,
To know from you my fatal doom.
  Quoth Sidrophel, If you suppose,
Sir Knight, that I am one of those,
I might suspect, and take th' alarm,
Your bus'ness is but to inform;
But if it be, 'tis ne'er the near,
You have a wrong sow by the ear;
For I assure you, for my part,
I only deal by rules of art,
Such as are lawful, and judge by
Conclusions of astrology;
But for the devil know nothing by him,
But only this, that I defy him.
  Quoth he, Whatever others deem ye,
I understand your metonymy;
Your words of second-hand intention,
When things by wrongful names you mention:
The mystic sense of all your terms,
That are indeed but magic charms
To raise the devil, and mean one thing,
And that is downright conjuring;
And in itself's more warrantable
Than cheat, or canting to a rabble,
Or putting tricks upon the moon,
Which by confed'racy are done.
Your ancient conjurers were wont
To make her from her sphere dismount,
And to their incantations stoop;

They scorn'd to pore through telescope,
Or idly play at bo-peep with her,
To find out cloudy or fair weather,
Which ev'ry almanack can tell
Perhaps as learnedly and well
As you yourself. Then, friend, I doubt
You go the farthest way about.
Your modern Indian magician
Makes but a hole in th' earth to piss in,
And straight resolves all questions by 't,
And seldom fails to be i' th' right.
The Rosycrucian way 's more sure
To bring the devil to the lure;
Each of 'em has a sev'ral gin
To catch intelligences in.
Some by the nose with fumes trepan 'em,
As Dunstan did the devil's grannam;
Others with characters and words
Catch 'em, as men in nets do birds;
And some with symbols, signs, and tricks,
Engrav'd in planetary nicks,
With their own influences will fetch 'em
Down from their orbs, arrest, and catch 'em:
Make 'em depose and answer to
All questions ere they let them go.
Bumbastus kept a devil's bird
Shut in the pummel of his sword,
That taught him all the cunning pranks

[618] St. Dunstan was made Archbishop of Canterbury anno 961. His skill in the liberal arts and sciences (qualifications much above the genius of the age he lived in) gained him first the name of a Conjurer, and then of a Saint; he is revered as such by the Romanists, who keep a holiday in honour of him yearly, on the 19th of May.

Of past and future mountebanks.
Kelly did all his feats upon
The devil's looking-glass, a stone,
Where, playing with him at be-peep,
He solv'd all problems, ne'er so deep.
Agrippa kept a Stygian pug
I' th' garb and habit of a dog,
That was his tutor, and the cur
Read to th' occult philosopher,
And taught him subtly to maintain
All other sciences are vain.
To this quoth Sidrophello, Sir,
Agrippa was no conjurer,
Nor Paracelsus, no, nor Behmen;
Nor was the dog a cacodæmon,
But a true dog, that would shew tricks
For th' Emperor, and leap o'er sticks;
Would fetch and carry, was more civil
Than other dogs, but yet no devil;
And whatsoe'er he 's said to do,
He went the self-same way we go.

631 This Kelly was chief seer, or, as Lilly calls him, Speculator, to Dr. Dee; was born at Worcester, and bred an apothecary, and was a good proficient in chemistry, and pretended to have the grand elixir, or philosopher's stone, which Lilly tells us he made, or at least received ready made from a Friar in Germany, on the confines of the Emperor's dominions. He pretended to see apparitions in a crystal or beryl looking-glass (or a round stone like a crystal). Alasco, Palatine of Poland; Pucel, a learned Florentine; and Prince Rosemberg of Germany, the Emperor's Viceroy in Bohemia; were long of the society with him and Dr. Dee, and often present at their apparitions, as was once the King of Poland himself. But Lilly observes that he was so wicked that the angels would not appear to him willingly, nor be obedient to him.

the Rosy-cross philosophers,
you will have to be but sorcerers,
hey pretend to is no more
rismegistus did before,
oras, old Zoroaster,
pollonius their master,
)m they do confess they owe
t they do, and all they know.
th Hudibras, Alas! what is 't t' us
er 'twere said by Trismegistus,
) nonsense, false, or mystic,
intelligible, or sophistic?
t antiquity, nor author,
akes truth truth, although time's daughter;
he that put her in the pit
he pull'd her out of it;
he eats his sons, just so
ds upon his daughters too.
es it follow, 'cause a herald
ike a gentleman, scarce a year old,
descended of a race
ient kings in a small space,

Such gentry were Thomas Pury, the elder, first ar in Gloucester, then an ignorant solicitor; John m, a poor shopkeeper of Newcastle; John Birch, for-carrier, afterwards Colonel; Richard Salway, Colonel, a grocer's man; Thomas Rainsborough, a skipper , Colonel and Vice-Admiral of England; Colonel Scot, a brewer's clerk; Colonel Philip Skippon, ly a waggoner to Sir Francis Vere; Colonel John serving-man; Colonel Barkstead, a pitiful thimble kin goldsmith; Colonel Pride, a foundling and dray-olonel Hewson, a one-eyed cobbler; and Colonel , a butcher. These and hundreds more affected to ht gentlemen, and lorded it over persons of the first quality.

That we should all opinions hold
Authentic that we can make old.
  Quoth Sidrophel, It is no part
Of prudence to cry down an art,
And what it may perform deny
Because you understand not why;
(As Averrhois play'd but a mean trick
To damn our whole art for eccentric);
For who knows all that knowledge contains?
Men dwell not on the tops of mountains,
But on their sides or rising's seat;
So 'tis with knowledge's vast height.
Do not the hist'ries of all ages
Relate miraculous presages
Of strange turns in the world's affairs
Foreseen b' astrologers, soothsayers,
Chaldeans, learn'd Genethliacks,
And some that have writ almanacks?
  The Median Emp'ror dream'd his daughter
Had piss'd all Asia under water,
And that a vine, sprung from her haunches,
O'erspread his empire with its branches;
And did not soothsayers expound it
As after by th' event he found it?
  When Cæsar in the senate fell,
Did not the sun eclips'd foretell,
And in resentment of his slaughter
Look'd pale for almost a year after?
  Augustus having, b' oversight,
Put on his left shoe 'fore his right,
Had like to have been slain that day
By soldiers mutin'ing for pay.
Are there not myriads of this sort

s of all times report?
nous in all countries
and ravens croak upon trees?
senate, when within
ls an owl was seen,
eir clergy, with lustrations
:alls Humiliations),
ıc'd prodigy t' avert
town or country hurt.
/l have so much pow'r,
not planets have much more,
ʒion far above
s of the air move,
ıee further, and foreknow
ıeir augury below?
once serv'd the polity
ates to govern by;
vhat we take in hand
Art to understand;
we have perform'd, all ages
ı' events of our presages.
; lately in the moon
/ world, to th' old unknown?
ıa and land, Columbus
n could never compass?
ains with our tubes appear,
razing on 'em there?
dibras, You lie so ope
out a telescope,
r tricks out, and descry
ell truth and where you lie:
ɔras, long agone,
well as you, i' th' moon,

And held the sun was but a piece
Of red-hot ir'n as big as Greece;
Believ'd the heav'ns were made of stone,
Because the sun had voided one;
And, rather than he would recant
Th' opinion, suffer'd banishment.
But what, alas! is it to us
Whether i' th' moon men thus or thus
Do eat their porridge, cut their corns,
Or whether they have tails or horns?
What trade from thence can you advance
But what we nearer have from France?
What can our travellers bring home
That is not to be learnt at Rome?
What politics or strange opinions
That are not in our own dominions?
What science can be brought from thence
In which we do not here commence?
What revelations or religions
That are not in our native regions?
Are sweating-lanterns or screen-fans
Made better there than th' are in France?
Or do they teach to sing and play
O' th' guitar there a newer way?
Can they make plays there that shall fit
The public humour with less wit?
Write wittier dances, quainter shows,
Or fight with more ingenious blows?
Or does the man i' th' moon look big,
And wear a huger periwig?
Shew in his gait or face more tricks
Than our own native lunatics?
But if w' outdo him here at home,

What good of your design can come?
Is wind i' th' hypocondries pent
Is but a blast if downward sent,
But if it upward chance to fly
Becomes new light and prophecy;
So when your speculations tend
Above their just and useful end,
Although they promise strange and great
Discoveries of things far set,
They are but idle dreams and fancies,
And savour strongly of the ganzas.
Tell me but what's the natural cause
Why on a sign no painter draws
The full-moon ever, but the half?
Resolve that with your Jacob's staff;
Or why wolves raise a hubbub at her,
And dogs howl when she shines in water?
And I shall freely give my vote
You may know something more remote.
At this deep Sidrophel look'd wise,
And, staring round with owl-like eyes,
He put his face into a posture
Of sapience, and began to bluster;
For having three times shook his head,
To stir his wit up, thus he said:
Art has no mortal enemies
Next ignorance, but owls and geese;
Those consecrated geese in orders
That to the Capitol were warders,
And, being then upon patrol,
With noise alone beat off the Gaul;
Or those Athenian sceptic owls
That will not credit their own souls,

Or any science understand
Beyond the reach of eye or hand,
But, meas'ring all things by their own
Knowledge, hold nothing 's to be known;
Those wholesale critics, that in coffee-
Houses cry down all philosophy,
And will not know upon what ground
In Nature we our doctrine found,
Although with pregnant evidence
We can demonstrate it to sense,
As I just now have done to you,
Foretelling what you came to know.
Were the stars only made to light
Robbers and burglarers by night?
To wait on drunkards, thieves, gold-finders,
And lovers solacing behind doors,
Or giving one another pledges
Of matrimony under hedges?
Or witches simpling, and on gibbets
Cutting from malefactors snippets,
Or from the pill'ry tips of ears
Of rebel saints and perjurers?
Only to stand by and look on,
But not know what is said or done?
Is there a constellation there
That was not born and bred up here,
And therefore cannot be to learn
In any inferior concern?
Were they not, during all their lives,
Most of them pirates, whores, and thieves?
And is it like they have not still
In their old practices some skill?
Is there a planet that by birth

ıot derive its house from earth,
herefore probably must know
is and hath been done below?
nade the Balance, or whence came
ull, the Lion, and the Ram?
ɔt we here the Argo rig,
Berenice's periwig?
› liv'ry does the Coachman wear?
.o made Cassiopeia's chair?
herefore, as they came from hence,
ns may hold intelligence.
deny'd the world can be
n'd without geometry,
noney b'ing the common scale
ngs by measure, weight, and tale,
th' affairs of church and state
ɔth the balance and the weight);
much less can it be without
› astrology made out,
ɔuts the other down in worth
' as heaven 's above the earth.
ıse reasons (quoth the Knight) I grant
ɔmething more significant
any that the learned use
this subject to produce;
'et th' are far from satisfactory
ıblish and keep up your factory.
ɣyptians say, the sun has twice
d his setting and his rise;
› has he risen in the west,
ıny times set in the east:
'hether that be true or no
evil any of you know.

Some hold the heavens, like a top
Are kept by circulation up,
And, were 't not for their wheeling round,
They'd instantly fall to the ground;
As sage Empedocles of old,
And, from him, modern authors hold.
Plato believ'd the sun and moon
Below all other planets run.
Some Mercury, some Venus, sea
Above the sun himself in height.
The learned Scaliger complain'd,
'Gainst what Copernicus maintain'd,
That, in twelve hundred years and odd,
The sun had left its ancient road,
And nearer to the earth is come
'Bove fifty thousand miles from home;
Swore 'twas a most notorious flam,
And he that had so little shame
To vent such fopperies abroad
Deserv'd to have his rump well claw'd;
Which Monsieur Bodin hearing, swore
That he deserv'd the rod much more
That durst upon a truth give doom
He knew less than the Pope of Rome.
Cardan believ'd great states depend
Upon the tip o' th' Bear's tail's end,
That, as she whisk'd it t'wards the sun,
Strow'd mighty empires up and down;
Which others say must needs be false,
Because your true bears have no tails.

875 VAR. ' And, 'twere not.'

894 VAR. ' He knew no more,' &c.

Some say the Zodiac constellations
Have long since chang'd their antique stations
Above a sign, and prove the same
In Taurus now, once in the Ram;
Affirm the Trigons chopp'd and chang'd,
The wat'ry with the fiery rang'd:
Then how can their effects still hold
To be the same they were of old?
This, though the art were true, would make
Our modern soothsayers mistake,
And is one cause they tell more lies
In figures and nativities
Than th' old Chaldean conjurers
In so many hundred thousand years;
Beside their nonsense in translating,
For want of Accidence and Latin,
Like Idus and Calendæ, Englisht
The Quarter-days, by skilful linguist:
And yet with canting, sleight, and cheat,
'Twill serve their turn to do the feat;
Make fools believe in their foreseeing
Of things before they are in being:
To swallow gudgeons ere they're catch'd,
And count their chickens ere they're hatch'd;
Make them the constellations prompt,
And give them back their own accompt;
But still the best to him that gives
The best price for't, or best believes.
Some towns, some cities, some, for brevity,

901 VAR. 'Some say the stars i' th' Zodiac
Are more than a whole sign gone back
Since Ptolemy; and prove the same
In Taurus now, then in the Ram.'

Have cast the 'versal world's nativity,
And made the infant-stars confess,
Like fools or children, what they please.
Some calculate the hidden fates
Of monkeys, puppy-dogs, and cats;
Some running-nags and fighting-cocks;
Some love, trade, law-suits, and the pox;
Some take a measure of the lives
Of fathers, mothers, husbands, wives,
Make opposition, trine, and quartile,
Tell who is barren and who fertile.
As if the planet's first aspect
The tender infant did infect
In soul and body, and instil
All future good and future ill;
Which, in their dark fatal'ties lurking,
At destin'd periods fall a-working,
And break out, like the hidden seeds
Of long diseases, into deeds,
In friendships, enmities, and strife,
And all th' emergencies of life:
No sooner does he peep into
The world but he has done his do,
Catch'd all diseases, took all physic
That cures or kills a man that is sick,
Marry'd his punctual dose of wives,
Is cuckolded, and breaks or thrives.
There's but the twinkling of a star
Between a man of peace and war,
A thief and justice, fool and knave,
A huffing officer and a slave,
A crafty lawyer and pick-pocket,

956 VAR. 'Cookolded.

philosopher and a blockhead,
l preacher and a player,
d physician and man-slayer;
ın from the stars did suck
diseases, and ill-luck,
y, honour, virtue, vice,
ravel, women, claps, and dice,
w, with the first air they breathe,
ıd murder, sudden death.
these fine commodities
ıported from the skies,
ded here among the rabble
le goods and warrantable?
ney by the Druids borrow'd,
her world to be restored.
Sidrophel, To let you know
ng the art and artists too,
guments are lost on those
our principles oppose,
lthough I've done 't before)
rate to your sense once more,
w a figure that shall tell you
u perhaps forget befell you,
of horary inspection,
ome account our worst erection.
that he circles draws and squares,
hers, astral characters,
ks 'em o'er to understand 'em,
ı set down hab-nab at random.
he, This scheme of th' heavens set
ı how in fight you met
ıton with a May-pole idol,
y' were bang'd both back and side well;

And, though you overcame the Bear,
The dogs beat you at Brentford fair,
Where sturdy butchers broke your noddle,
And handled you like a fop-doodle.
  Quoth Hudibras, I now perceive
You are no conj'rer: by your leave:
That paltry story is untrue,
And forg'd to cheat such gulls as you.
  Not true! quoth he; Howe'er you vapour,
I can what I affirm make appear;
Whachum shall justify 't t' your face,
And prove he was upon the place:
He play'd the saltinbancho's part,
Transform'd t' a Frenchman by my art;
He stole your cloak, and pick'd your pocket,
Chous'd and caldes'd you like a blockhead,
And what you lost I can produce,
If you deny it, here i' th' house.
  Quoth Hudibras, I do believe
That argument 's demonstrative;
Ralpho, bear witness, and go fetch us
A constable to seize the wretches:
For though th' are both false knaves and cheats,
Impostors, jugglers, counterfeits,
I'll make them serve for perpendic'lars
As true as e'er were us'd by bricklayers.
They're guilty, by their own confessions,
Of felony, and at the Sessions,
Upon the bench, I will so handle 'em,
That the vibration of this pendulum
Shall make all tailors' yards of one
Unanimous opinion;

[1010] VAR. 'Caldes'd.' Put the fortune-teller on him.

e long has vapour'd of,
ıhall make it out by proof.
Sidrophel, I do not doubt
iends that will bear me out;
I hazarded my art
so long on the State's part
os'd i' th' end to suffer
braggadocio huffer.
! quoth Hudibras, this sword
n thy false throat cram that word.
ıake haste, and call an officer
ıend this Stygian sophister;
e I'll hold 'em at a bay,
ıd Whachum run away.
lrophel, who from th' aspect
ras, did now erect
vorse portending far
; of most malignant star,
t now the fittest moment
he danger that might come on 't,
ıdibras was all alone,
ıd Whachum two to one.
g resolv'd, he spy'd by chance
ıe door an iron lance,
y a sturdy limb had gor'd,
and loins, and shoulders bor'd;
ı'd it up, and made a pass
his way through Hudibras.
ı had got a fire-fork,
ch he vow'd to do his work;
bras was well prepar'd,
ly stood upon his guard:
y Sidrophello's thrust,

And in right manfully he rusht;
The weapon from his gripe he wrung,
And laid him on the earth along.
Whachum his sea-coal prong threw by,
And basely turn'd his back to fly;
But Hudibras gave him a twitch,
As quick as lightning, in the breech,
Just in the place where honour 's lodg'd,
As wise philosophers have judg'd.
Because a kick in that part more
Hurts honour than deep wounds before.
  Quoth Hudibras, The stars determine
You are my prisoners, base vermin:
Could they not tell you so, as well
As what I came to know foretell?
By this what cheats you are we find,
That in your own concerns are blind.
Your lives are now at my dispose,
To be redeem'd by fine or blows;
But who his honour would defile
To take or sell two lives so vile?
I'll give you quarter; but your pillage,
The conqu'ring warrior's crop and tillage
Which with his sword he reaps and ploughs,
That 's mine, the law of arms allows.
  This said in haste, in haste he fell
To rummaging of Sidrophel.
First he expounded both his pockets,
And found a watch, with rings and lockets,
Which had been left with him t' erect
A figure for, and so detect;
A copper-plate, with almanacks
Engrav'd upon 't, with other knacks

Of Booker's, Lilly's, Sarah Jimmers',
And blank schemes to discover nimmers;
A moon-dial, with Napier's bones,
And several constellation-stones,
Engrav'd in planetary hours,
That over mortals had strange powers
To make them thrive in law or trade,
And stab or poison to evade,
In wit or wisdom to improve,
And be victorious in love.
Whachum had neither cross nor pile,
His plunder was not worth the while.
All which the conqu'ror did discompt,
To pay for curing of his rump.
But Sidrophel, as full of tricks
As Rota-men of politics,
Straight cast about to overreach
Th' unwary conqu'ror with a fetch,
And make him glad at least to quit
His victory, and fly the pit,
Before the secular prince of darkness
Arriv'd to seize upon his carcass:
And as a fox, with hot pursuit
Chas'd through a warren, casts about
To save his credit, and among
Dead vermin on a gallows hung,
And while the dogs run underneath,

1093 John Booker was born in Manchester, and was a famous astrologer in the time of the civil wars. He was a great acquaintance of Lilly's; and so was this Sarah Jimmers, whom Lilly calls 'Sarah Shelhorn,' a great speculatrix. He owns he was very familiar with her ('quod nota'), so that it is no wonder that the Knight found several of their knick-knacks in Sidrophel's cabinet.

Escap'd (by counterfeiting death),
Not out of cunning, but a train
Of atoms justling in his brain,
As learn'd philosophers give out;
So Sidrophello cast about,
And fell t' his wonted trade again
To feign himself in earnest slain.
First stretch'd out one leg, then another,
And, seeming in his breast to smother
A broken sigh; quoth he, Where am I?
Alive or dead? or which way came I
Through so immense a space so soon?
But now I thought myself i' th' moon,
And that a monster, with huge whiskers
More formidable than a Switzer's,
My body through and through had drill'd,
And Whachum by my side had kill'd;
Had cross-examin'd both our hose,
And plunder'd all we had to lose:
Look! there he is! I see him now,
And feel the place I am run through!
And there lies Whachum by my side
Stone dead, and in his own blood dy'd!
Oh! oh!—With that he fetch'd a groan,
And fell again into a swoon,
Shut both his eyes, and stopp'd his breath,
And to the life outacted death,
That Hudibras, to all appearing,
Believ'd him to be dead as herring.
He held it now no longer safe
To tarry the return of Ralph,
But rather leave him in the lurch:
Thought he, He has abus'd our Church,

d to give himself one firk
ry on the Public Work;
'd our Synod-men like dirt,
ade their discipline his sport;
'd the secrets of their Classes,
eir Conventions prov'd high-places;
ag'd their tithe-pigs as Pagan,
t at nought their cheese and bacon;
at their Covenant, and jeer'd
rev'rend Parsons to my beard;
. which scandals to be quit
e this juncture falls out fit.
ke him henceforth to beware,
mpt my fury if he dare:
st at least hold up his hand,
lve freeholders to be scann'd,
y their skill in palmistry,
uickly read his destiny,
ake him glad to read his lesson,
e a turn for 't at the Session,
his Light and gifts prove truer
ver yet they did, I'm sure:
he 'scape with whipping now,
ore than he can hope to do;
at will disengage my conscience
obligation, in his own sense.
ke him now by force abide,
he by gentle means deny'd,
e my honour satisfaction,
ght the Brethren in the action.
. being resolv'd, with equal speed
nduct he approach'd his steed,
ith activity unwont,

Assay'd the lofty beast to mount;
Which once achiev'd, he spurr'd his palfrey
To get from th' enemy and Ralph free;
Left danger, fears, and foes behind,
And beat, at least three lengths, the wind.

AN HEROICAL EPISTLE*

OF HUDIBRAS TO SIDROPHEL.

Ecce iterum Crispinus....

WELL, Sidrophel, though 'tis in vain
To tamper with your crazy brain,
Without trepanning of your scull
As often as the moon 's at full,
'Tis not amiss, ere y' are giv'n o'er,
To try one desp'rate med'cine more;
For where your case can be no worse

* This Epistle was published ten years after the Third Canto of the Second Part, to which it is now annexed, namely, in the year 1674; and is said in a key to a Burlesque Poem of Mr. Butler's, published 1706, p. 13, to have been occasioned by Sir Paul Neal, a conceited virtuoso, and member of the Royal Society, who constantly affirmed that Mr. Butler was not the author of Hudibras, which gave rise to this Epistle; and by some he has been taken for the real Sidrophel of the poem. This was the gentleman, who, I am told, made a great discovery of an elephant in the moon, which, upon examination, proved to be no other than a mouse which had mistaken its way, and got into his telescope. See 'The Elephant in the Moon,' vol. ii.

The desp'rat'st is the wisest course.
Is 't possible that you, whose ears
Are of the tribe of Issachar's,
And might (with equal reason) either
For merit or extent of leather,
With William Pryn's, before they were
Retrench'd and crucify'd, compare,
Should yet be deaf against a noise
So roaring as the public voice?
That speaks your virtues free and loud,
And openly in every crowd,
As loud as one that sings his part
I' a wheelbarrow or turnip-cart,
Or your new nick-nam'd old invention
To cry green hastings with an engine,
As if the vehemence had stunn'd
And torn your drum-heads with the sound);
And 'cause your folly 's now no news,
But overgrown and out of use,
Persuade yourself there 's no such matter,
But that 'tis vanish'd out of nature;
When Folly, as it grows in years,
The more extravagant appears;
For who but you could be possest
With so much ignorance and beast,
That neither all men's scorn and hate,
Nor being laugh'd and pointed at,
Nor bray'd so often in a mortar,
Can teach you wholesome sense and nurture,
But (like a reprobate) what course
Soever us'd, grow worse and worse?
Can no transfusion of the blood,
That makes fools cattle, do you good?

Nor putting pigs t' a bitch to nurse,
To turn them into mongrel curs,
Put you into a way at least
To make yourself a better beast?
Can all your critical intrigues
Of trying sound from rotten eggs;
Your sev'ral new-found remedies
Of curing wounds and scabs in trees;
Your arts of fluxing them for claps,
And purging their infected saps;
Recov'ring shankers, crystallines,
And nodes and blotches in their rinds;
Have no effect to operate
Upon that duller block, your pate?
But still it must be lewdly bent
To tempt your own due punishment;
And, like your whimsy'd chariots, draw
The boys to course you without law;
As if the art you have so long
Profess'd, of making old dogs young,
In you had virtue to renew
Not only youth but childhood too.
Can you, that understand all books,
By judging only with your looks,
Resolve all problems with your face,
As others do with B's and A's;
Unriddle all that mankind knows
With solid bending of your brows;
All arts and sciences advance
With screwing of your countenance,
And with a penetrating eye
Into th' abstrusest learning pry;
Know more of any trade b' a hint

Than those that have been bred up in 't,
And yet have no art, true or false,
To help your own bad naturals?
But still the more you strive t' appear
Are found to be the wretcheder:
For fools are known by looking wise,
As men find woodcocks by their eyes.
Hence 'tis that 'cause y' have gain'd o' th' college
A quarter share (at most) of knowledge,
And brought in none, but spent repute,
Y' assume a pow'r as absolute
To judge, and censure, and control,
As if you were the sole Sir Poll,
And saucily pretend to know
More than your dividend comes to.
You'll find the thing will not be done
With ignorance and face alone;
No, though y' have purchas'd to your name
In history so great a fame;
That now your talent 's so well known

[86] Sir Politic Would-be, in Ben Jonson's 'Volpone.'

[91 92] These two lines, I think, plainly discover that Lilly, and not Sir Paul Neal, was here lashed under the name of 'Sidrophel;' for Lilly's fame abroad was indisputable. Mr. Strickland, who was many years agent for the Parliament in Holland, thus publishes it: "I came purposely into the committee this day to see the man who is so famous in those parts where I have so long continued: I assure you his name is famous all over Europe. I came to do him justice." Lilly is also careful to tell us, that the King of Sweden sent him a gold chain and medal, worth about fifty pounds, for making honourable mention of his Majesty in one of his almanacks, which, he says, was translated into the language spoken at Hamburgh, and printed and cried about the streets, as it was in London. Thus he trumpets to the world the fame he acquired by his infamous practices, if we may credit his own history.

For having all belief outgrown,
That ev'ry strange prodigious tale
Is measur'd by your German scale—
By which the virtuosi try
The magnitude of ev'ry lie,
Cast up to what it does amount,
And place the bigg'st to your account:
That all those stories that are laid
Too truly to you, and those made,
Are now still charg'd upon your score,
And lesser authors nam'd no more.
Alas! that faculty betrays
Those soonest it designs to raise;
And all your vain renown will spoil,
As guns o'ercharg'd the more recoil;
Though he that has but impudence
To all things has a fair pretence;
And put among his wants but shame,
To all the world may lay his claim:
Though you have try'd that nothing 's borne
With greater ease than public scorn,
That all affronts do still give place
To your impenetrable face;
That makes your way through all affairs,
As pigs through hedges creep with theirs:
Yet as 'tis counterfeit, and brass,
You must not think 'twill always pass;
For all impostors, when they're known,
Are past their labour and undone;
And all the best that can befall
An artificial natural,
Is that which madmen find as soon

[105] VAR. 'Destroys.'

As once they're broke loose from the moon,
And, proof against her influence,
Relapse to e'er so little sense,
To turn stark fools, and subjects fit
For sport of boys and rabble-wit.

PART III. CANTO I.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Knight and Squire resolve at once,
The one the other to renounce;
They both approach the Lady's bower,
The Squire t' inform, the Knight to woo her.
She treats them with a masquerade,
By Furies and Hobgoblins made;
From which the Squire conveys the Knight,
And steals him from himself by night.

'TIS true no lover has that pow'r
T' enforce a desperate amour,
As he that has two strings t' his bow,
And burns for love and money too;
For then he 's brave and resolute,
Disdains to render in his suit;
Has all his flames and raptures double,
And hangs or drowns with half the trouble;
While those who sillily pursue
The simple downright way and true,
Make as unlucky applications,
And steer against the stream, their passions.
Some forge their mistresses of stars,
And when the ladies prove averse,

And more untoward to be won
Than by Caligula the moon,
Cry out upon the stars for doing
Ill offices, to cross their wooing,
When only by themselves they're hind'red,
For trusting those they made her kindred,
And still the harsher and hide-bounder
The damsels prove, become the fonder;
For what mad lover ever died
To gain a soft and gentle bride?
Or for a lady tender-hearted,
In purling streams or hemp departed?
Leap'd headlong int' Elysium,
Through th' windows of a dazzling room?
But for some cross ill-natur'd dame,
The am'rous fly burnt in his flame.
This to the Knight could be no news,
With all mankind so much in use,
Who therefore took the wiser course,
To make the most of his amours,
Resolv'd to try all sorts of ways,
As follows in due time and place.
  No sooner was the bloody fight
Between the Wizard and the Knight,
With all th' appurtenances, over,
But he relaps'd again t' a lover,
As he was always wont to do
When h' had discomfited a foe,
And us'd the only antique philters
Deriv'd from old heroic tilters.
But now triumphant and victorious,
He held th' achievement was too glorious
For such a conqueror to meddle

[43] VAR. 'And us'd as.'

With petty constable or beadle,
Or fly for refuge to the hostess
Of th' inns of Court and Chancery, Justice;
Who might perhaps reduce his cause
To th' ordeal trial of the laws,
Where none escape but such as branded
With red-hot irons have past bare-handed;
And, if they cannot read one verse
I' th' Psalms, must sing it, and that 's worse.
He, therefore, judging it below him
To tempt a shame the dev'l might owe him,
Resolv'd to leave the Squire for bail
And mainprize for him to the jail,
To answer, with his vessel all
That might disastrously befall,
And thought it now the fittest juncture
To give the Lady a rencounter,
T' acquaint her with his expedition,
And conquest o'er the fierce magician;
Describe the manner of the fray,
And shew the spoils he brought away;
His bloody scourging aggravate,
The number of the blows, and weight;
All which might probably succeed,
And gain belief h' had done the deed:
Which he resolv'd t' enforce, and spare
No pawning of his soul to swear;
But rather than produce his back,
To set his conscience on the rack;
And, in pursuance of his urging
Of articles perform'd, and scourging,
And all things else, upon his part
Demand deliv'ry of her heart,

Her goods, and chattels, and good graces,
And person, up to his embraces.
Thought he, The ancient errant knights
Won all their ladies' hearts in fights,
And cut whole giants into fritters,
To put them into am'rous twitters;
Whose stubborn bowels scorn'd to yield,
Until their gallants were half kill'd;
But when their bones were drubb'd so sore,
They durst not woo one combat more,
The ladies' hearts began to melt,
Subdu'd by blows their lovers felt.
So Spanish heroes with their lances,
At once wound bulls and ladies' fancies;
And he acquires the noblest spouse
That widows greatest herds of cows;
Then what may I expect to do,
Wh' have quell'd so vast a buffalo?
  Meanwhile the Squire was on his way,
The Knight's late orders to obey;
Who sent him for a strong detachment
Of beadles, constables, and watchmen,
T' attack the cunning-man, for plunder
Committed falsely on his lumber;
When he who had so lately sack'd
The enemy, had done the fact;
Had rifled all his pokes and fobs
Of gimcracks, whims, and jiggumbobs,
Which he by hook or crook had gather'd,
And for his own inventions father'd;
And when they should, at gaol delivery,
Unriddle one another's thievery,
Both might have evidence enough

To render neither halter-proof:
He thought it desperate to tarry,
And venture to be accessary;
But rather wisely slip his fetters,
And leave them for the Knight, his betters.
He call'd to mind th' unjust foul play,
He would have offer'd him that day,
To make him curry his own hide,
Which no beast ever did beside
Without all possible evasion,
But of the riding dispensation:
And therefore much about the hour
The Knight (for reasons told before)
Resolv'd to leave him to the fury
Of Justice, and an unpack'd jury,
The Squire concurr'd t' abandon him,
And serve him in the self-same trim;
T' acquaint the Lady what h' had done,
And what he meant to carry on;
What project 'twas he went about,
When Sidrophel and he fell out:
His firm and steadfast resolution,
To swear her to an execution;
To pawn his inward ears to marry her,
And bribe the devil himself to carry her;
In which both dealt, as if they meant
Their party-saints to represent,
Who never fail'd upon their sharing
In any prosperous arms-bearing,
To lay themselves out, to supplant
Each other cousin-german saint.
But ere the Knight could do his part,
The Squire had got so much the start,

H' had to the Lady done his errand,
And told her all his tricks aforehand.
  Just as he finish'd his report,
The Knight alighted in the court,
And having ty'd his beast t' a pale,
And taking time for both to stale,
He put his band and beard in order,
The sprucer to accost and board her:
And now began t' approach the door,
When she, wh' had spy'd him out before,
Convey'd th' informer out of sight,
And went to entertain the Knight;
With whom encount'ring, after longees
Of humble and submissive congees,
And all due ceremonies paid,
He strok'd his beard, and thus he said:
  Madam, I do, as is my duty,
Honour the shadow of your shoe-tye;
And now am come to bring your ear
A present you'll be glad to hear;
At least I hope so: the thing 's done,
Or may I never see the sun;
For which I humbly now demand
Performance at your gentle hand;
And that you 'd please to do your part
As I have done mine, to my smart.
  With that he shrugg'd his sturdy back,
As if he felt his shoulders ache:
But she, who well enough knew what
(Before he spoke) he would be at,
Pretended not to apprehend
The mystery of what he mean'd.
And therefore wish'd him to expound

His dark expressions less profound.
  Madam, quoth he, I come to prove
How much I've suffer'd for your love,
Which (like your votary) to win,
I have not spar'd my tatter'd skin:
And, for those meritorious lashes,
To claim your favour and good graces.
  Quoth she, I do remember once
I freed you from th' inchanted sconce,
And that you promis'd for that favour
To bind your back to 'ts good behaviour;
And, for my sake and service, vow'd
To lay upon 't a heavy load,
And what 'twould bear t' a scruple prove,
As other knights do oft make love;
Which, whether you have done or no,
Concerns yourself, not me, to know;
But if you have, I shall confess
Y' are honester than I could guess.
  Quoth he, If you suspect my troth,
I cannot prove it but by oath;
And if you make a question on 't,
I 'll pawn my soul that I have done 't:
And he that makes his soul his surety,
I think, does give the best security.
  Quoth she, Some say the soul 's secure
Against distress and forfeiture;
Is free from action, and exempt
From execution and contempt;
And to be summon'd to appear
In th' other world 's illegal here,
And therefore few make any account
Int' what incumbrances they run 't;

For most men carry things so even
Between this world, and hell, and heaven,
Without the least offence to either,
They freely deal in all together,
And equally abhor to quit
This world for both, or both for it;
And when they pawn and damn their souls,
They are but pris'ners on paroles.
  For that, quoth he, 'tis rational,
They may b' accomptable in all:
For when there is that intercourse
Between divine and human pow'rs,
That all that we determine here
Commands obedience every-where;
When penalties may be commuted
For fines, or ears, and executed,
It follows nothing binds so fast
As souls in pawn and mortgage past;
For oaths are th' only tests and scales
Of right and wrong, and true and false;
And there 's no other way to try
The doubts of law and justice by.
  Quoth she, What is it you would swear?
There 's no believing till I hear:
For till they 're understood, all tales
(Like nonsense) are not true nor false.
  Quoth he, When I resolv'd t' obey
What you commanded th' other day,
And to perform my exercise
(As schools are wont) for your fair eyes,
T' avoid all scruples in the case,
I went to do 't upon the place;
But as the castle is inchanted

By Sidrophel the witch, and haunted
With evil spirits, as you know,
Who took my Squire and me for two,
Before I 'd hardly time to lay
My weapons by, and disarray,
I heard a formidable noise,
Loud as the Stentrophonic voice,
That roar'd far off,—Despatch, and strip,
I 'm ready with th' infernal whip,
That shall divest thy ribs of skin,
To expiate thy ling'ring sin;
Th' hast broke perfidiously thy oath,
And not perform'd thy plighted troth,
But spar'd thy renegado back,
Where th' hadst so great a prize at stake,
Which now the Fates have order'd me,
For penance and revenge to flea,
Unless thou presently make haste;
Time is, time was:—and there it ceas'd.
With which, though startled, I confess,
Yet th' horror of the thing was less
Than th' other dismal apprehension
Of interruption or prevention;
And therefore snatching up the rod,
I laid upon my back a load,
Resolv'd to spare no flesh and blood,
To make my word and honour good:
Till tir'd, and taking truce at length,
For new recruits of breath and strength,
I felt the blows still ply'd as fast
As if th' had been by lovers plac'd
In raptures of Platonic lashing,
And chaste contemplative bardashing;

When facing hastily about,
To stand upon my guard and scout,
I found th' infernal cunning-man,
And th' under-witch, his Caliban,
With scourges (like the Furies) arm'd,
That on my outward quarters storm'd.
In haste I snatch'd my weapon up,
And gave their hellish rage a stop;
Call'd thrice upon your name, and fell
Courageously on Sidrophel;
Who now transform'd himself t' a bear,
Began to roar aloud and tear;
When I as furiously press'd on,
My weapon down his throat to run,
Laid hold on him, but he broke loose,
And turn'd himself into a goose,
Div'd under water in a pond,
To hide himself from being found.
In vain I sought him; but as soon
As I perceiv'd him fled and gone,
Prepar'd, with equal haste and rage,
His under-sorcerer t' engage;
But bravely scorning to defile
My sword with feeble blood, and vile,
I judg'd it better from a quick-
Set hedge to cut a knotted stick;
With which I furiously laid on,
Till in a harsh and doleful tone
It roar'd, O hold, for pity, Sir!
I am too great a sufferer,
Abus'd, as you have been, b' a witch,
But conjur'd into a worse caprich:
Who sends me out on many a jaunt,

ouses in the night to haunt,
pportunities t' improve
ns of thievery or love;
drugs convey'd in drink or meat,
ats of witches counterfeit,
igs and geese with powder'd glass,
nake it for inchantment pass;
cow-itch measle like a leper,
hoke with fumes of Guinea-pepper;
lechers, and their punks, with dewtry,
iit phantastical advowtry;
ch Hermetic-men to run
staring mad with manicon;
e mechanic virtuosi
aise them mountains in Potosi;
sillier than the antic fools,
treasure for a heap of coals;
out for plants with signatures,
ack off universal cures;
figures ground on panes of glass,
people on their heads to pass;
nighty heaps of coin increase,
ted from a single piece;
aw in fools, whose nat'ral itches
e perpetually to witches,
eep me in continual fears,
langer of my neck and ears;
less delinquents have been scourg'd,
iemp on wooden anvils forg'd,
1 others for cravats have worn
their necks, and took a turn.
ity'd the sad punishment
retched caitiff underwent,

And held my drubbing of his bones
Too great an honour for pultroons;
For knights are bound to feel no blows
From paltry and unequal foes,
Who, when they slash and cut to pieces,
Do all with civilest addresses:
Their horses never give a blow,
But when they make a leg and bow.
I therefore spar'd his flesh, and prest him
About the witch with many a question.
  Quoth he, For many years he drove
A kind of broking-trade in love:
Employ'd in all th' intrigues and trust,
Of feeble speculative lust;
Procurer to th' extravagancy
And crazy ribaldry of fancy,
By those the devil had forsook,
As things below him, to provoke;
But b'ing a virtuoso, able
To smatter, quack, and cant, and dabble,
He held his talent most adroit,
For any mystical exploit,
As others of his tribe had done,
And rais'd their prices three to one:
For one predicting pimp has th' odds
Of chaldrons of plain downright bawds.
But as an elf (the dev'l's valet)
Is not so slight a thing to get,
For those that do his bûs'ness best,
In hell are us'd the ruggedest,
Before so meriting a person
Could get a grant, but in reversion,
He serv'd two prenticeships, and longer,

I' th' myst'ry of a lady-monger.
For (as some write) a witch's ghost,
As soon as from the body loos'd,
Becomes a puisney-imp itself,
And is another witch's elf.
He, after searching far and near,
At length found one in Lancashire,
With whom he bargain'd before-hand,
And, after hanging, entertain'd:
Since which h' has play'd a thousand feats.
And practis'd all mechanic cheats;
Transform'd himself to th' ugly shapes
Of wolves, and bears, baboons, and apes,
Which he has vary'd more than witches,
Or Pharaoh's wizards, could their switches;
And all with whom h' has had to do,
Turn'd to as monstrous figures too;
Witness myself, whom h' has abus'd,
And to this beastly shape reduc'd,
By feeding me on beans and pease
He crams in nasty crevices,
And turns to comfits by his arts,
To make me relish for desserts,
And one by one, with shame and fear,
Lick up the candy'd provender.
Beside—But as h' was running on,
To tell what other feats h' had done,
The Lady stopt his full career,
And told him now 'twas time to hear.
If half those things (said she) be true—
They 're all (quoth he), I swear by you:—
Why then (said she) that Sidrophel
Has damn'd himself to th' pit of hell,

Who, mounted on a broom, the nag
And hackney of a Lapland hag,
In quest of you came hither post,
Within an hour (I 'm sure) at most,
Who told me all you swear and say,
Quite contrary another way;
Vow'd that you came to him, to know
If you should carry me or no;
And would have hir'd him and his imps,
To be your match-makers and pimps,
T' engage the devil on your side,
And steal (like Proserpine) your bride;
But he disdaining to embrace
So filthy a design and base,
You fell to vapouring and huffing,
And drew upon him like a ruffin;
Surpris'd him meanly, unprepar'd,
Before h' had time to mount his guard,
And left him dead upon the ground,
With many a bruise and desp'rate wound:
Swore you had broke and robb'd his house,
And stole his talismanic louse,
And all his new-found old inventions,
With flat felonious intentions;
Which he could bring out where he had,
And what he bought them for, and paid:
His flea, his morpion, and punese,
H' had gotten for his proper ease,
And all in perfect minutes made,
By th' ablest artist of the trade;
Which (he could prove it) since he lost
He has been eaten up almost;
And altogether might amount

To many hundreds on account:
For which h' had got sufficient warrant
To seize the malefactors errant,
Without capacity of bail,
But of a cart's or horse's tail;
And did not doubt to bring the wretches
To serve for pendulums to watches;
Which, modern virtuosis say,
Incline to hanging every way.
Beside, he swore, and swore 'twas true,
That ere he went in quest of you,
He set a figure to discover
If you were fled to Rye or Dover;
And found it clear that, to betray
Yourselves and me, you fled this way;
And that he was upon pursuit,
To take you somewhere hereabout.
He vow'd he had intelligence
Of all that pass'd before and since,
And found that, ere you came to him,
Y' had been engaging life and limb
About a case of tender conscience,
Where both abounded in your own sense,
Till Ralpho, by his light and grace,
Had clear'd all scruples in the case;
And prov'd that you might swear and own
Whatever 's by the Wicked done;
For which, most basely to requite
The service of his gifts and light,
You strove t' oblige him, by main force,
To scourge his ribs instead of yours;
But that he stood upon his guard,
And all your vapouring out-dar'd;

For which, between you both, the feat
Has never been perform'd as yet.
  While thus the Lady talk'd, the Knight
Turn'd th' outside of his eyes to white,
(As men of inward light are wont
To turn their optics in upon't);
He wonder'd how she came to know
What he had done, and meant to do:
Held up his affidavit-hand,
As if h' had been to be arraign'd;
Cast towards the door a ghastly look,
In dread of Sidrophel, and spoke:
  Madam, if but one word be true
Of all the wizard has told you,
Or but one single circumstance
In all th' apocryphal romance,
May dreadful earthquakes swallow down
This vessel, that is all your own;
Or may the heavens fall and cover
These reliques of your constant lover.
  You have provided well (quoth she),
(I thank you) for yourself and me,
And shewn your Presbyterian wits
Jump punctual with the Jesuits';
A most compendious way and civil,
At once to cheat the world, the devil,
And heaven and hell, yourselves, and those
On whom you vainly think t' impose.
  Why then (quoth he), may hell surprise—
That trick (said she) will not pass twice:
I've learn'd how far I'm to believe
Your pinning oaths upon your sleeve;
But there 's a better way of clearing

What you would prove, than downright swearing;
For if you have perform'd the feat,
The blows are visible as yet,
Enough to serve for satisfaction
Of nicest scruples in the action;
And if you can produce those knobs,
Although they're but the witch's drubs,
I'll pass them all upon account,
As if your nat'ral self had done 't;
Provided that they pass th' opinion
Of able juries of old women;
Who, us'd to judge all matter of facts
For bellies, may do so for backs.
  Madam (quoth he), your love 's a million,
To do is less than to be willing,
As I am, were it in my power
T' obey what you command, and more;
But for performing what you bid,
I thank you as much as if I did.
You know I ought to have a care
To keep my wounds from taking air;
For wounds in those that are all heart,
Are dangerous in any part.
  I find (quoth she) my goods and chattels
Are like to prove but mere drawn battles;
For still the longer we contend,
We are but farther off the end;
But granting now we should agree,
What is it you expect from me?
  Your plighted faith (quoth he) and word
You pass'd in heaven on record,
Where all contracts, to have and t' hold,
Are everlastingly enroll'd;

And if 'tis counted treason here
To raze records, 'tis much more there.
  Quoth she, There are no bargains driv'n,
Nor marriages clapp'd up in heav'n,
And that 's the reason, as some guess,
There is no heav'n in marriages;
Two things that naturally press
Too narrowly, to be at ease;
Their bus'ness there is only love,
Which marriage is not like t' improve;
Love, that 's too generous t' abide
To be against its nature ty'd;
For where 'tis of itself inclin'd,
It breaks loose when it is confin'd,
And like the soul, its harbourer,
Debarr'd the freedom of the air,
Disdains against its will to stay,
But struggles out and flies away;
And therefore never can comply
T' endure the matrimonial tie,
That binds the female and the male,
Where th' one is but the other's bail;
Like Roman gaolers, when they slept
Chain'd to the prisoners they kept.
Of which the true and faithful'st lover
Gives best security to suffer.
Marriage is but a beast some say,
That carries double in foul way,
And therefore 'tis not to b' admir'd
It should so suddenly be tir'd:
A bargain, at a venture made,
Between two partners in a trade;
(For what 's inferr'd by t' have and t' hold,

But something past away, and sold?)
That, as it makes but one of two,
Reduces all things else as low;
And at the best is but a mart,
Between the one and th' other part,
That on the marriage-day is paid,
Or hour of death, the bet is laid;
And all the rest of better or worse,
Both are but losers out of purse:
For when upon their ungot heirs
Th' entail themselves, and all that's theirs,
What blinder bargain e'er was driv'n,
Or wager laid at six and sev'n?
To pass themselves away, and turn
Their children's tenants ere they're born?
Beg one another idiot
To guardians, ere they are begot;
Or ever shall, perhaps, by th' one
Who 's bound to vouch 'em for his own,
Though got b' implicit generation,
And gen'ral club of all the nation;
For which she's fortify'd no less
Than all the island, with four seas;
Exacts the tribute of her dower,
In ready insolence and power,
And makes him pass away, to have
And hold, to her, himself, her slave,
More wretched than an ancient villain,
Condemn'd to drudgery and tilling:
While all he does upon the by,
She is not bound to justify,
Nor at her proper cost and charge
Maintain the feats he does at large.

Such hideous sots were those obedient
Old vassals, to their ladies regent,
To give the cheats the eldest hand
In foul play, by the laws o' th' land;
For which so many a legal cuckold
Has been run down in courts, and truckled:
A law that most unjustly yokes
All Johns of Stiles to Joans of Noakes,
Without distinction of degree,
Condition, age, or quality;
Admits no pow'r of revocation,
Nor valuable consideration,
Nor writ of Error, nor reverse
Of judgment past, for better or worse;
Will not allow the privileges
That beggars challenge under hedges,
Who, when they're griev'd, can make dead horses
Their sp'ritual judges of divorces,
While nothing else but *rem* in *re*
Can set the proudest wretches free;
A slavery beyond enduring,
But that 'tis of their own procuring.
As spiders never seek the fly,
But leave him of himself t' apply;
So men are by themselves employ'd,
To quit the freedom they enjoy'd,
And run their necks into a noose,
They'd break 'em after to break loose.
As some whom death would not depart,
Have done the feat themselves by art:
Like Indian widows, gone to bed,
In flaming curtains, to the dead;
And men as often dangled for 't,

And yet will never leave the sport.
Nor do the ladies want excuse
For all the stratagems they use,
To gain th' advantage of the set,
And lurch the amorous rook and cheat.
For as the Pythagorean soul
Runs through all beasts, and fish, and fowl,
And has a smack of ev'ry one,
So love does, and has ever done;
And therefore though 'tis ne'er so fond,
Takes strangely to the vagabond.
'Tis but an ague that 's reverst,
Whose hot fit takes the patient first,
That after burns with cold as much
As iron in Greenland does the touch;
Melts in the furnace of desire
Like glass, that 's but the ice of fire;
And when his heat of fancy's over,
Becomes as hard and frail a lover:
For when he 's with love-powder laden,
And prim'd and cock'd by Miss or Madam,
The smallest sparkle of an eye
Gives fire to his artillery,
And off the loud oaths go, but, while
They're in the very act, recoil:
Hence 'tis so few dare take their chance
Without a sep'rate maintenance;
And widows, who have try'd one lover,
Trust none again till they've made over;
Or if they do, before they marry
The foxes weigh the geese they carry;
And ere they venture o'er a stream,
Know how to size themselves and them.

Whence wittiest ladies always choose
To undertake the heaviest goose:
For now the world is grown so wary,
That few of either sex dare marry,
But rather trust on tick t' amours,
The cross and pile for bett'r or worse;
A mode that is held honourable,
As well as French and fashionable:
For when it falls out for the best,
Where both are incommoded least,
In soul and body two unite
To make up one hermaphrodite;
Still amorous, and fond, and billing,
Like Philip and Mary on a shilling,
They've more punctilios and capriches
Between the petticoat and breeches,
More petulant extravagances
Than poets make 'em in romances;
Though when their heroes 'spouse the dame
We hear no more of charms and flames;
For then their late attracts decline
And turn as eager as prick'd wine;
And all their caterwauling tricks,
In earnest to as jealous piques:
Which th' ancients wisely signify'd
By th' yellow manteaus of the bride;
For jealousy is but a kind
Of clap and grincam of the mind,
The natural effects of love,
As other flames and aches prove:
But all the mischief is the doubt
On whose account they first broke out.
For though Chineses go to bed

And lie-in, in their ladies' stead;
And, for the pains they took before,
Are nurs'd and pamper'd to do more;
Our green-men do it worse, when th' hap
To fall in labour of a clap;
Both lay the child to one another,
But who 's the father? who the mother?
'Tis hard to say in multitudes,
Or who imported the French goods.
But health and sickness b'ing all one,
Which both engag'd before to own,
And are not with their bodies bound
To worship, only when they're sound;
Both give and take their equal shares
Of all they suffer by false wares;
A fate no lover can divert
With all his caution, wit, and art:
For 'tis in vain to think to guess
At women by appearances;
That paint and patch their imperfections,
Of intellectual complexions,
And daub their tempers o'er with washes
As artificial as their faces:
Wear, under vizard-masks, their talents
And mother-wits, before their gallants;
Until they're hamper'd in the noose,
Too fast to dream of breaking loose:
When all the flaws they strove to hide
Are made unready with the bride,
That with her wedding clothes undresses
Her complaisance and gentilesses;
Tries all her arts to take upon her
The government from th' easy owner;

Until the wretch is glad to wave
His lawful right, and turn her slave;
Find all his having and his holding
Reduc'd t' eternal noise and scolding;
The conjugal petard, that tears
Down all portcullises of ears,
And makes the volley of one tongue
For all their leathern shields too strong;
When only arm'd with noise and nails,
The female silk-worms ride the males;
Transform 'em into rams and goats
Like Syrens, with their charming notes;
Sweet as a screech-owl's serenade,
Or those enchanting murmurs made
By th' husband mandrake, and the wife,
Both bury'd (like themselves) alive.
  Quoth he, These reasons are but strains
Of wanton, over-heated brains,
Which ralliers in their wit or drink
Do rather wheedle with, than think.
Man was not man in Paradise,
Until he was created twice;
And had his better half, his bride,
Carv'd from th' original, his side,
T' amend his natural defects,
And perfect his recruiting sex;
Enlarge his breed at once, and lessen
The pains and labour of increasing,
By changing them for other cares,
As by his dried-up paps appears.
His body, that stupendous frame,
Of all the world the anagram,
Is of two equal parts compact,

ıape and symmetry exact;
hich the left and female side
the manly right a bride;
join'd together with such art,
nothing else but death can part.
ɜ heav'nly attracts of yours, your eyes.
face, that all the world surprise,
dazzle all that look upon ye,
scorch all other ladies tawny;
ɜ ravishing and charming graces,
ıll made up of two half faces,
, in a mathematic line,
those in other heavens, join:
hich, if either grew alone,
uld fright as much to look upon:
so would that sweet bud, your lip,
out the other's fellowship.
noblest senses act by pairs,
eyes to see; to hear, two ears;
ntelligencers of the mind,
ait upon the soul design'd:
hose that serve the body' alone
ingle and confin'd to one.
world is but two parts, that meet
close at th' equinoctial fit;
so are all the works of Nature,
p'd with her signature on matter;
h all her creatures, to a leaf,
nallest blade of grass, receive.
hich sufficiently declare
entirely marriage is her care,
nly method that she uses
l the wonders she produces;

And those that take their rules from her
Can never be deceiv'd, nor err:
For what secures the civil life,
But pawns of children, and a wife?
That lie, like hostages, at stake,
To pay for all men undertake;
To whom it is as necessary,
As to be born and breathe, to marry;
So universal, all mankind
In nothing else is of one mind;
For in what stupid age or nation
Was marriage ever out of fashion?
Unless among the Amazons,
Or cloister'd Friars and vestal Nuns,
Or Stoics, who, to bar the freaks
And loose excesses of the sex,
Prepost'rously would have all women
Turn'd up to all the world in common.
Though men would find such mortal feuds
In sharing of their public goods,
'Twould put them to more charge of lives
Than they're supply'd with now by wives,
Until they graze, and wear their clothes,
As beasts do, of their native growths;
For simple wearing of their horns
Will not suffice to serve their turns.
For what can we pretend t' inherit,
Unless the marriage-deed will bear it?
Could claim no right to lands or rents,
But for our parents' settlements;
Had been but younger sons o' th' earth,
Debarr'd it all, but for our birth.
What honours, or estates of peers,

Could be preserv'd but by their heirs?
And what security maintains
Their right and title, but the banns?
What crowns could be hereditary,
If greatest monarchs did not marry,
And with their consorts consummate
Their weightiest interests of state?
For all th' amours of princes are
But guarantees of peace or war.
Or what but marriage has a charm,
The rage of empires to disarm?
Make blood and desolation cease,
And fire and sword unite in peace;
When all their fierce contests for forage
Conclude in articles of marriage.
Nor does the genial bed provide
Less for the int'rests of the bride,
Who else had not the least pretence
T' as much as due benevolence;
Could no more title take upon her
To virtue, quality, and honour,
Than ladies errant unconfin'd,
And femme-coverts to all mankind.
All women would be of one piece,
The virtuous matron, and the miss;
The nymphs of chaste Diana's train,
The same with those in Lewkner's lane;
But for the diff'rence marriage makes
'Twixt wives and ladies of the Lakes:
Besides the joys of place and birth,
The sex's paradise on earth,
A privilege so sacred held
That none will to their mothers yield,

But, rather than not go before,
Abandon heaven at the door:
And if th' indulgent law allows
A greater freedom to the spouse,
The reason is, because the wife
Runs greater hazards of her life;
Is trusted with the form and matter
Of all mankind, by careful Nature;
Where man brings nothing but the stuff
She frames the wondrous fabric of;
Who therefore, in a strait, may freely
Demand the clergy of her belly;
And make it save her the same way
It seldom misses to betray,
Unless both parties wisely enter
Into the Liturgy indenture.
And though some fits of small contest
Sometimes fall out among the best,
That is no more than every lover
Does from his hackney-lady suffer;
That makes no breach of faith and love,
But rather sometimes serves t' improve:
For as, in running, every pace
Is but between two legs a race,
In which both do their uttermost
To get before and win the post,
Yet, when they're at their races' ends,
They're still as kind and constant friends,
And, to relieve their weariness,
By turns give one another ease;
So all those false alarms of strife
Between the husband and the wife,
And little quarrels, often prove

but new recruits of love,
those who 're always kind or coy
ıe must either tire or cloy.
re their loudest clamours more
as they're relish'd sweet or sour;
nusic, that proves bad or good
ling as 'tis understood.
amours a lover burns
rowns, as well as smiles, by turns;
earts have been as oft with sullen,
ırming looks, surpris'd and stolen:
why should more bewitching clamour
lovers not as much enamour?
ɜcords make the sweetest airs,
ırses are a kind of pray'rs;
ight alloys for all those grand
ies by marriage gain'd:
thing else has power to settle
terests of love perpetual.
and deed that makes one heart
e another's counterpart,
ısses fines on faith and love,
l and register'd above,
l the slippery knots of vows,
nothing else but death can loose.
hat security 's too strong
rd that gentle heart from wrong
› its friend is glad to pass
ıway and all it has,
ke an anchorite, gives over
orld for th' heaven of a lover?
ant (quoth she) there are some few
ıke that course, and find it true,

But millions whom the same does sentence
To heav'n b' another way, repentance.
Love's arrows are but shot at rovers,
Though all they hit they turn to lovers,
And all the weighty consequents
Depend upon more blind events
Than gamesters, when they play a set
With greatest cunning at Piquet,
Put out with caution, but take in
They know not what, unsight, unseen.
For what do lovers, when they're fast
In one another's arms embrac'd,
But strive to plunder, and convey
Each other, like a prize, away?
To change the property of selves,
As sucking children are by elves?
And if they use their persons so,
What will they to their fortunes do?
Their fortunes! the perpetual aims
Of all their ecstasies and flames.
For when the money 's on the book,
And 'All my worldly goods' but spoke
(The formal livery and seisin
That puts a lover in possession),
To that alone the bridegroom 's wedded,
The bride a flam that 's superseded:
To that their faith is still made good,
And all the oaths to us they vow'd;
For when we once resign our pow'rs,
We've nothing left we can call ours;
Our money 's now become the Miss
Of all your lives and services,
And we, forsaken and postpon'd,

But bawds to what before we own'd;
Which, as it made y' at first gallant us,
So now hires others to supplant us,
Until 'tis all turn'd out of doors
(As we had been) for new amours.
For what did ever heiress yet,
By being born to lordships, get?
When, the more lady she 's of manors,
She 's but expos'd to more trepanners,
Pays for their projects and designs,
And for her own destruction fines;
And does but tempt them with her riches,
To use her as the dev'l does witches,
Who takes it for a special grace
To be their cully for a space,
That, when the time 's expir'd, the drazels
For ever may become his vassals;
So she, bewitch'd by rooks and spirits,
Betrays herself and all sh' inherits;
Is bought and sold, like stolen goods,
By pimps, and match-makers, and bawds;
Until they force her to convey
And steal the thief himself away.
These are the everlasting fruits
Of all your passionate love-suits,
Th' effects of all your am'rous fancies
To portions and inheritances;
Your love-sick rapture, for fruition
Of dowry, jointure, and tuition;
To which you make address and courtship,
And with your bodies strive to worship,
That th' infant's fortunes may partake
Of love too for the mother's sake.

For these you play at purposes,
And love your loves with A's and B's;
For these at Beste and L'Ombre woo,
And play for love and money too:
Strive who shall be the ablest man
At right gallanting of a fan;
And who the most genteelly bred
At sucking of a vizard-bead;
How best t' accost us in all quarters,
T' our question-and-command new garters;
And solidly discourse upon
All sorts of dresses *pro* and *con*:
For there 's no mystery nor trade
But in the art of love is made;
And when you have more debts to pay
Than Michaelmas and Lady-day,
And no way possible to do 't
But love and oaths, and restless suit,
To us y' apply to pay the scores
Of all your cully'd past amours;
Act o'er your flames and darts again,
And charge us with your wounds and pain,
Which others' influences long since
Have charm'd your noses with and shins,
For which the surgeon is unpaid,
And like to be without our aid.
Lord! what an am'rous thing is want!
How debts and mortgages enchant!
What graces must that lady have
That can from executions save!
What charms that can reverse extent,
And null decree and exigent!
What magical attracts and graces

That can redeem from *Scire facias!*
From bonds and statutes can discharge,
And from contempts of courts enlarge!
These are the highest excellences
Of all your true or false pretences;
And you would damn yourselves, and swear
As much t' an hostess dowager,
Grown fat and pursy by retail
Of pots of beer and bottled ale,
And find her fitter for your turn,
For fat is wondrous apt to burn;
Who at your flames would soon take fire,
Relent, and melt to your desire,
And, like a candle in the socket,
Dissolve her graces int' your pocket.
By this time 'twas grown dark and late,
When they' heard a knocking at the gate,
Laid on in haste, with such a powder,
The blows grew louder still and louder;
Which Hudibras, as if they 'd been
Bestow'd as freely on his skin,
Expounding by his inward light,
Or rather more prophetic fright,
To be the Wizard come to search,
And take him napping in the lurch,

1053 1054 The persons who knocked at the gate were, probably, two of the lady's own servants: for as she and Ralpho (who all the time lay in ambuscade) had been descanting on the Knight's villanies, so they had undoubtedly laid this scheme to be revenged of him: the servants were disguised, and acted in a bold and hectoring manner, pursuant to the instructions given them by the Widow. The Knight was to be made believe they were Sidrophel and Whachum, which made his fright and consternation so great that we find him falling into a swoon.

Turn'd pale as ashes or a clout,
But why or wherefore is a doubt;
For men will tremble, and turn paler,
With too much or too little valour.
His heart laid on, as if it try'd
To force a passage through his side,
Impatient (as he vow'd) to wait 'em,
But in a fury to fly at 'em;
And therefore beat and laid about,
To find a cranny to creep out.
But she, who saw in what a taking
The Knight was by his furious quaking,
Undaunted cry'd, Courage, Sir Knight,
Know I 'm resolv'd to break no rite
Of hospital'ty to a stranger,
But, to secure you out of danger,
Will here myself stand sentinel
To guard this pass 'gainst Sidrophel.
Women, you know, do seldom fail
To make the stoutest men turn tail,
And bravely scorn to turn their backs
Upon the desp'ratest attacks.
At this the Knight grew resolute
As Ironside or Hardiknute;
His fortitude began to rally,
And out he cry'd aloud to sally:
But she besought him to convey
His courage rather out o' th' way,
And lodge in ambush on the floor,
Or fortify'd behind a door,
That, if the enemy should enter,

[1096] Two famous and valiant princes of this country, the one a Saxon, the other a Dane.

He might relieve her in th' adventure.
Meanwhile they knock'd against the door
As fierce as at the gate before;
Which made the renegado Knight
Relapse again t' his former fright.
He thought it desperate to stay
Till th' enemy had forc'd his way,
But rather post himself, to serve
The Lady for a fresh reserve.
His duty was not to dispute,
But what sh' had order'd execute;
Which he resolv'd in haste t' obey,
And therefore stoutly march'd away,
And all h' encounter'd fell upon,
Though in the dark, and all alone;
Till fear, that braver feats performs
Than ever courage dar'd in arms,
Had drawn him up before a pass,
To stand upon his guard, and face:
This he courageously invaded,
And, having enter'd, barricaded;
Ensconc'd himself as formidable
As could be underneath a table,
Where he lay down in ambush close,
T' expect th' arrival of his foes.
Few minutes he had lain perdue,
To guard his desp'rate avenue,
Before he heard a dreadful shout,
As loud as putting to the rout,
With which impatiently alarm'd,
He fancy'd th' enemy had storm'd,
And, after ent'ring, Sidrophel
Was fall'n upon the guards pell-mell:

He therefore sent out all his senses
To bring him in intelligences,
Which vulgars, out of ignorance,
Mistake for falling in a trance;
But those that trade in geomancy
Affirm to be the strength of fancy,
In which the Lapland Magi deal,
And things incredible reveal.
Meanwhile the foe beat up his quarters,
And storm'd the outworks of his fortress;
And as another of the same
Degree and party in arms and fame,
That in the same cause had engag'd,
And war with equal conduct wag'd,
By vent'ring only but to thrust
His head a span beyond his post,
B' a general of the Cavaliers
Was dragg'd through a window by the ears;
So he was serv'd in his redoubt,
And by the other end pull'd out.
  Soon as they had him at their mercy,
They put him to the cudgel fiercely,
As if they scorn to trade or barter,
By giving or by taking quarter;
They stoutly on his quarters laid,
Until his scouts came in t' his aid:
For when a man is past his sense,
There 's no way to reduce him thence
But twinging him by th' ears or nose,
Or laying on of heavy blows;
And, if that will not do the deed,
To burning with hot irons proceed.
  No sooner was he come t' himself,

But on his neck a sturdy elf
Clapp'd, in a trice, his cloven hoof,
And thus attack'd him with reproof:
  Mortal, thou art betray'd to us
B' our friend, thy evil genius,
Who, for thy horrid perjuries,
Thy breach of faith, and turning lies,
The Brethren's privilege (against
The Wicked), on themselves, the Saints,
Has here thy wretched carcass sent
For just revenge and punishment,
Which thou hast now no way to lessen
But by an open, free confession;
For if we catch thee failing once,
'Twill fall the heavier on thy bones.
  What made thee venture to betray
And filch the Lady's heart away,
To spirit her to matrimony?—
That which contracts all matches, money.
It was th' enchantment of her riches
That made m' apply t' your crony witches;
That in return would pay th' expense,
The wear and tear of conscience,
Which I could have patch'd up and turn'd
For th' hundredth part of what I earn'd.—
  Didst thou not love her then? speak true.—
No more (quoth he) than I love you.—
  How would'st th' have us'd her and her money?—
First turn'd her up to alimony,
And laid her dowry out in law
To null her jointure with a flaw,
Which I beforehand had agreed
T' have put on purpose in the deed,

And bar her widow's making over
T' a friend in trust, or private lover.—
  What made thee pick and choose her out
T' employ their sorceries about?—
That which makes gamesters play with those
Who have least wit, and most to lose.—
  But didst thou scourge thy vessel thus,
As thou hast damn'd thyself to us?
  I see you take me for an ass:
'Tis true, I thought the trick would pass
Upon a woman well enough,
As 't has been often found by proof,
Whose humours are not to be won
But when they are impos'd upon;
For love approves of all they do
That stand for candidates, and woo.—
  Why didst thou forge those shameful lies
Of bears and witches in disguise?—
  That is no more than authors give
The rabble credit to believe;
A trick of following their leaders
To entertain their gentle readers:
And we have now no other way
Of passing all we do or say;
Which, when 'tis natural and true,
Will be believ'd b' a very few,
Beside the danger of offence,
The fatal enemy of sense.—
  Why didst thou choose that cursed sin,
Hypocrisy, to set up in?
  Because it is the thriving'st calling,
The only saints'-bell that rings all in,
In which all Churches are concern'd,

And is the easiest to be learn'd:
For no degrees, unless they employ 't,
Can ever gain much or enjoy 't:
A gift that is not only able
To domineer among the rabble,
But by the laws impower'd to rout
And awe the greatest that stand out;
Which few hold forth against, for fear
Their hands should slip and come too near;
For no sin else, among the Saints,
Is taught so tenderly against.—
What made thee break thy plighted vows?—
That which makes others break a house,
And hang, and scorn you all, before
Endure the plague of being poor.
Quoth he, I see you have more tricks
Than all our doting politics,
That are grown old and out of fashion,
Compar'd with your new Reformation;
That we must come to school to you
To learn your more refin'd and new.
Quoth he, If you will give me leave
To tell you what I now perceive,
You'll find yourself an errant chouse
If y' were but at a Meeting-house.
'Tis true (quoth he), we ne'er come there,
Because w' have let 'em out by th' year.
Truly (quoth he), you can't imagine
What wondrous things they will engage in;
That as your fellow fiends in hell
Were angels all before they fell,
So are you like to be agen
Compar'd with th' angels of us men.

Quoth he, I am resolv'd to be
Thy scholar in this mystery;
And therefore first desire to know
Some principles on which you go.
What makes a knave a child of God,
And one of us?—A livelihood.—
What renders beating out of brains
And murther godliness?—Great gains.
What's tender conscience?—'Tis a botch
That will not bear the gentlest touch;
But, breaking out, dispatches more
Than th' epidemical'st plague-sore.
What makes y' encroach upon our trade,
And damn all others?—To be paid.—
What 's orthodox and true believing
Against a conscience?—A good living.
What makes rebelling against kings
A good old Cause?—Administ'rings.
What makes all doctrines plain and clear?—
About two hundred pounds a-year.
And that which was prov'd true before
Prove false again?—Two hundred more.
What makes the breaking of all oaths
A holy duty?—Food and clothes.
What laws and freedom, persecution?—
B'ing out of power and contribution.
What makes a church a den of thieves?—
A Dean and Chapter and white sleeves.
And what would serve, if those were gone,
To make it orthodox?—Our own.
What makes morality a crime
The most notorious of the time;
Morality, which both the Saints

And Wicked too cry out against?—
'Cause grace and virtue are within
Prohibited degrees of kin;
And therefore no true Saint allows
They shall be suffer'd to espouse;
For Saints can need no conscience
That with morality dispense;
As virtue's impious when 'tis rooted
In nature only, and not imputed:
But why the Wicked should do so
We neither know, nor care to do.
  What's liberty of conscience,
I' th' natural and genuine sense?—
'Tis to restore with more security
Rebellion to its ancient purity;
And Christian liberty reduce
To th' elder practice of the Jews:
For a large conscience is all one,
And signifies the same with none.
  It is enough (quoth he) for once,
And has repriev'd thy forfeit bones:
Nick Machiavel had ne'er a trick
(Though he gave his name to our Old Nick)
But was below the least of these
That pass i' th' world for holiness.
  This said, the Furies and the light
In th' instant vanish'd out of sight,
And left him in the dark alone,
With stinks of brimstone and his own.
  The Queen of Night, whose large command
Rules all the sea and half the land,
And over moist and crazy brains,
In high spring-tides, at midnight reigns,

Was now declining to the west,
To go to bed and take her rest;
When Hudibras, whose stubborn blows
Deny'd his bones that soft repose,
Lay still, expecting worse and more,
Stretch'd out at length upon the floor;
And, though he shut his eyes as fast
As if h' had been to sleep his last,
Saw all the shapes that fear or wizards
Do make the devil wear for vizards,
And, pricking up his ears to hark
If he could hear too in the dark,
Was first invaded with a groan,
And after, in a feeble tone,
These trembling words: Unhappy wretch!
What hast thou gotten by this fetch,
Or all thy tricks, in this new trade,
Thy holy Brotherhood o' th' blade?
By saunt'ring still on some adventure,
And growing to thy horse a Centaur?
To stuff thy skin with swelling knobs
Of cruel and hard-wooded drubs?
For still th' hast had the worst on 't yet,
As well in conquest as defeat.
Night is the sabbath of mankind,
To rest the body and the mind,
Which now thou art deny'd to keep,
And cure thy labour'd corpse with sleep.
  The Knight, who heard the words, explain'd
As meant to him this reprimand,
Because the character did hit
Point-blank upon his case so fit;
Believ'd it was some drolling spright

That stay'd upon the guard that night,
And one of those h' had seen, and felt
The drubs he had so freely dealt;
When, after a short pause and groan,
The doleful Spirit thus went on:
  This 'tis t' engage with Dogs and Bears
Pell-mell together by the ears,
And, after painful bangs and knocks,
To lie in limbo in the stocks,
And from the pinnacle of glory
Fall headlong into purgatory—
  (Thought he, This devil 's full of malice,
That on my late disaster rallies;)—
Condemn'd to whipping, but declin'd it,
By being more heroic-minded;
And at a riding handled worse,
With treats more slovenly and coarse;
Engag'd with fiends in stubborn wars,
And hot disputes with conjurers;
And, when th' hadst bravely won the day,
Wast fain to steal thyself away—
  (I see, thought he, this shameless elf
Would fain steal me too from myself,
That impudently dares to own
What I have suffer'd for and done)—
And now, but vent'ring to betray,
Hast met with vengeance the same way.
  Thought he, How does the devil know
What 'twas that I design'd to do?
His office of intelligence,
His oracles are ceas'd long since;
And he knows nothing of the Saints,
But what some treach'rous spy acquaints.

This is some pettifogging fiend,
Some under door-keeper's friend's friend,
That undertakes to understand,
And juggles at the second-hand,
And now would pass for Spirit Po,
And all men's dark concerns foreknow.
I think I need not fear him for 't;
These rallying devils do no hurt.
With that he rous'd his drooping heart,
And hastily cry'd out, What art?
A wretch (quoth he) whom want of grace
Has brought to this unhappy place.—
I do believe thee, quoth the Knight;
Thus far I 'm sure thou 'rt in the right,
And know what 'tis that troubles thee
Better than thou hast guess'd of me.
Thou art some paltry blackguard spright,
Condemn'd to drudg'ry in the night;
Thou hast no work to do in th' house,
Nor halfpenny to drop in shoes;
Without the raising of which sum
You dare not be so troublesome,
To pinch the slatterns black and blue,
For leaving you their work to do.
This is your bus'ness, good Pug-Robin,
And your diversion dull dry bobbing,
T' entice fanatics in the dirt,
And wash 'em clean in ditches for 't;
Of which conceit you are so proud,
At ev'ry jest you laugh aloud,
As now you would have done by me,
But that I barr'd your raillery.
Sir (quoth the Voice), y' are no such sophy

As you would have world judge of ye.
If you design to weigh our talents
I' th' standard of your own false balance,
Or think it possible to know
Us ghosts, as well as we do you,
We who have been the everlasting
Companions of your drubs and basting,
And never left you in contest,
With male or female, man or beast,
But prov'd as true t' ye, and entire,
In all adventures as your Squire.
  Quoth he, That may be said as true
By th' idlest pug of all your crew:
For none could have betray'd us worse
Than those allies of ours and yours.
But I have sent him for a token
To your low country Hogen-Mogen,
To whose infernal shores I hope
He'll swing like skippers in a rope:
And if y' have been more just to me
(As I am apt to think) than he,
I am afraid it is as true
What th' ill-affected say of you;
Y' have 'spous'd the Covenant and Cause,
By holding up your cloven paws.
  Sir (quoth the Voice), 'tis true I grant,
We made and took the Covenant;
But that no more concerns the Cause,
Than other perj'ries do the laws,
Which, when they 're prov'd in open court,
Wear wooden peccadilloes for 't:
And that 's the reason Cov'nanters
Hold up their hands, like rogues at bars.

And for a groat unpaid that 's due,
Distrain on soul and body too.
  Thought he, 'Tis no mean part of civil
State-prudence, to cajole the devil,
And not to handle him too rough,
When h' has us in his cloven hoof.
  'Tis true (quoth he), that intercourse
Has pass'd between your friends and ours,
That, as you trust us, in our way,
To raise your members and to lay,
We send you others of our own,
Denounc'd to hang themselves or drown,
Or, frighted with our oratory,
To leap down headlong many a story;
Have us'd all means to propagate
Your mighty interests of state,
Laid out our sp'ritual gifts to further
Your great designs of rage and murther:
For if the Saints are nam'd from blood,
We only 've made that title good;
And, if it were but in our power,
We should not scruple to do more,
And not be half a soul behind
Of all Dissenters of mankind.
  Right (quoth the Voice), and, as I scorn
To be ungrateful, in return
Of all those kind good offices,
I 'll free you out of this distress,
And set you down in safety, where
It is no time to tell you here.
The cock crows, and the morn draws on,
When 'tis decreed I must be gone;
And if I leave you here till day,

You 'll find it hard to get away.
With that the Spirit grop'd about
To find th' enchanted hero out,
And try'd with haste to lift him up,
But found his forlorn hope, his crup,
Unserviceable with kicks and blows
Receiv'd from harden'd-hearted foes.
He thought to drag him by the heels,
Like Gresham-carts with legs for wheels;
But fear, that soonest cures those sores,
In danger of relapse to worse,
Came in t' assist him with its aid,
And up his sinking vessel weigh'd.
No sooner was he fit to trudge,
But both made ready to dislodge;
The Spirit hors'd him like a sack,
Upon the vehicle his back,
And bore him headlong into th' hall,
With some few rubs against the wall;
Where, finding out the postern lock'd,
And th' avenues as strongly block'd,
H' attack'd the window, storm'd the glass,
And in a moment gain'd the pass;
Through which he dragg'd the worsted soldier's
Fore-quarters out by th' head and shoulders,
And cautiously began to scout
To find their fellow-cattle out;
Nor was it half a minute's quest
Ere he retriev'd the champion's beast,
Ty'd to a pale, instead of rack,
But ne'er a saddle on his back,
Nor pistols at the saddle bow,

1575 VAR. 'th' outer postern.'

Convey'd away, the Lord knows how.
He thought it was no time to stay,
And let the night, too, steal away;
But in a trice advanc'd the Knight
Upon the bare ridge, bolt upright,
And, groping out for Ralpho's jade,
He found the saddle, too, was stray'd,
And, in the place a lump of soap,
On which he speedily leap'd up;
And, turning to the gate the rein,
He kick'd and cudgel'd on amain;
While Hudibras with equal haste
On both sides laid about as fast,
And spurr'd, as jockeys use to break,
Or padders to secure, a neck:
Where let us leave 'em for a time,
And to their Churches turn our rhyme;
To hold forth their declining state,
Which now come near an even rate.

END OF VOL. I.

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